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THE ACTORS' EDITION

SHAKESPEARE

COMPLETE AND UNABRIDGED

VOLUME VII



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## *ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.*

FANNY DAVENPORT AS CLEOPATRA.

---

The daughter of a house of actors, Fanny Davenport, has won an independent fame due to her power and art. She is here portrayed from life as the heroine of "Antony and Cleopatra," a part in which she has secured wide popular favor.

THE ACTORS' EDITION  
THE  
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OF  
SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY CLARK & WRIGHT

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AN HISTORICAL SUMMARY OF THE PLOT AND CHARACTERS  
AND VARIORUM READINGS TO EACH PLAY

BY CHARLES KNIGHT, ESQ.  
THE EMINENT SHAKESPEARIAN SCHOLAR

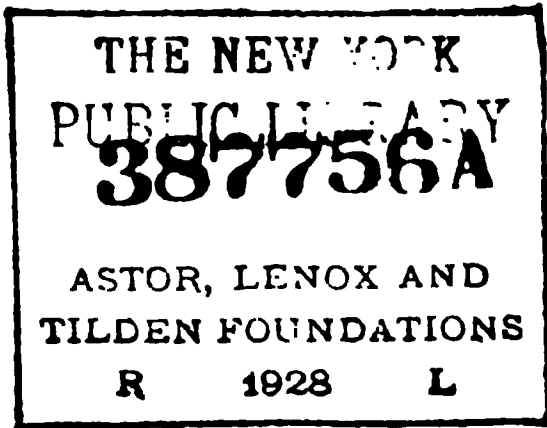
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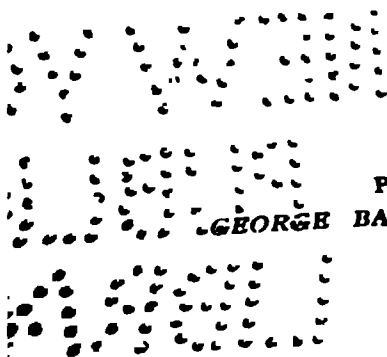
ILLUSTRATED WITH FIFTY-ONE PHOTOGRAVURES  
OF SCENES AFTER CELEBRATED PAINTINGS, AND PORTRAITS  
IN COSTUME OF EMINENT ACTORS AND ACTRESSES  
OF EUROPE AND AMERICA.

*VOLUME SEVEN*

PHILADELPHIA  
GEORGE BARRIE, PUBLISHER



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# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARK ANTONY, OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS,	}	triumvirs.
--------------------------------------------------------	---	------------

SEXTUS POMPEIUS.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS, VENTIDIUS, EROS, SCARUS, DERCEITAS, DEMETRIUS, PHILO,	}	friends to Antony.
---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	---	--------------------

MECÆNAS, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, PROCULEIUS, THYREUS, GALLUS,	}	friends to Cæsar.
--------------------------------------------------------------------------	---	-------------------

MENAS, MENECRATES, VARRIUS,	}	friends to Pompey.
-----------------------------------	---	--------------------

TAURUS, lieutenant-general to Cæsar.

CANIDIUS, lieutenant-general to Antony.

SILIUS, an officer in Ventidius's army.

EUPHRONIUS, an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.

ALEXAS, MARDIAN, a Eunuch, SELEUCUS, DIOMEDES,	}	attendants on Cleopatra.
---------------------------------------------------------	---	--------------------------

A Soothsayer.

A Clown.

CLEOPATRA, queen of Egypt.

OCTAVIA, sister to Cæsar and wife to Antony.

CHARMIAN, IRAS,	}	attendants on Cleopatra.
--------------------	---	--------------------------

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *In several parts of the Roman empire.*

# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *Alexandria. A room in Cleopatra's palace.*

*Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.*

*Phi.* Nay, but this dotage of our general's  
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,  
That o'er the files and musters of the war  
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now  
turn,  
The office and devotion of their view  
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,  
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst  
The buckles on his breast, reneges\* all temper,  
And is become the bellows and the fan \*Renounces.  
To cool a gipsy's lust.

*Flourish. Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, her Ladies, the Train, with Eunuchs fanning her.*

Look, where they come: io  
Take but good note, and you shall see in him  
The triple† pillar of the world transform'd †Third.  
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

*Cleo.* If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

*Ant.* There's beggary in the love that can be  
reckon'd.

*Cleo.* I'll set a bourn\* how far to be beloved.

*Ant.* Then must thou needs find out new  
heaven, new earth. \*Limit.

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Att.* News, my good lord, from Rome.

*Ant.* Grates\* me: the sum.

*Cleo.* Nay, hear them, Antony: \*Offends.  
 Fulvia perchance is angry; or, who knows 20  
 If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent  
 His powerful mandate to you, 'Do this, or this;  
 Take in† that kingdom, and enfranchise that;  
 Perform't, or else we damn thee.' †Subdue.

*Ant.* How, my love!

*Cleo.* Perchance! nay, and most like:  
 You must not stay here longer, your dismissal  
 Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.  
 Where's Fulvia's process? \* Cæsar's I would say?  
both? \*Summons.

Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's queen,  
 Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine  
 Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays  
 shame 31  
 When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds. The mes-  
 sengers!

*Ant.* Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide  
 arch  
 Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space.  
 Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike  
 Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life  
 Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair

[Embracing.]  
 And such a twain can do't, in which I bind,  
 On pain of punishment, the world to weet\* \*Know.  
 We stand up peerless.

*Cleo.* Excellent falsehood! 40  
 Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?  
 I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony  
 Will be himself.

*Ant.* But stirr'd by Cleopatra.  
 Now, for the love-of Love and her soft hours,  
 Let's not confound\* the time with conference  
 harsh: \*Consume.

There's not a minute of our lives should stretch  
 Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night?

*Cleo.* Hear the ambassadors.

*Ant.* Fie, wrangling queen!  
 Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,  
 To weep; whose every passion fully strives 50  
 To make itself, in thee, fair and admired!

No messenger, but thine; and all alone  
To-night we'll wander through the streets and  
note

The qualities of people. Come, my queen;  
Last night you did desire it: speak not to us.

[*Exeunt Ant. and Cleo. with their train.*]

*Dem.* Is Cæsar with Antonius prized so slight?

*Phi.* Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,  
He comes too short of that great property  
Which still should go with Antony.

*Dem.* I am full sorry  
That he approves the common liar, who 60  
Thus speaks of him at Rome: but I will hope  
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Another room.*

*Enter* CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Sooth-  
sayer.

*Char.* Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any  
thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's  
the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen?  
O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must  
charge his horns with garlands!

*Alex.* Soothsayer!

*Sooth.* Your will?

*Char.* Is this the man? Is't you, sir, that  
know things?

*Sooth.* In nature's infinite book of secrecy  
A little I can read.

*Alex.* Show him your hand. 10

*Enter* ENOBARBUS.

*Eno.* Bring in the banquet quickly; wine  
enough  
Cleopatra's health to drink.

*Char.* Good sir, give me good fortune.

*Sooth.* I make not, but foresee.

*Char.* Pray, then, foresee me one.

*Sooth.* You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

*Char.* He means in flesh.

*Irás.* No, you shall paint when you are old.

*Char.* Wrinkles forbid!

*Alex.* Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

*Char.* Hush! 21

*Sooth.* You shall be more loving than beloved.

*Char.* I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

*Alex.* Nay, hear him.

*Char.* Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress. 30

*Sooth.* You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

*Char.* O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

*Sooth.* You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune

Than that which is to approach.

*Char.* Then belike my children shall have no names: prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

*Sooth.* If every of your wishes had a womb, And fertile every wish, a million.

*Char.* Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch. 40

*Alex.* You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

*Char.* Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

*Alex.* We'll know all our fortunes.

*Eno.* Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

*Iras.* There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

*Char.* E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine. 50

*Iras.* Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot sooth-say.

*Char.* Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Prithee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

*Sooth.* Your fortunes are alike.

*Iras.* But how, but how? give me particulars.



*Sooth.* I have said.

*Iras.* Am I not an inch of fortune better than she? 60

*Char.* Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

*Iras.* Not in my husband's nose.

*Char.* Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune! O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! and let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

*Iras.* Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

*Char.* Amen. 79

*Alex.* Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do 't!

*Eno.* Hush! here comes Antony.

*Char.* Not he; the queen.

*Enter CLEOPATRA.*

*Cleo.* Saw you my lord?

*Eno.* No, lady.

*Cleo.* Was he not here?

*Char.* No, madam.

*Cleo.* He was disposed to mirth; but on the sudden

A Roman thought hath struck him. Enobarbus!

*Eno.* Madam?

*Cleo.* Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

*Alex.* Here, at your service. My lord approaches. 90

*Cleo.* We will not look upon him: go with us.  
[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter ANTONY with a Messenger and Attendants.*

*Mess.* Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

*Ant.* Against my brother Lucius?

*Mess.* Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state  
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst  
Cæsar;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,  
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

*Ant.* Well, what worst?

*Mess.* The nature of bad news infects the  
teller. 99

*Ant.* When it concerns the fool or coward. On:  
Things that are past are done with me. 'Tis thus;  
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,  
I hear him as he flatter'd.

*Mess.* Labienus—

This is stiff news—hath, with his Parthian force,  
Extended\* Asia from Euphrates; \*Seized.

His conquering banner shook from Syria  
To Lydia and to Ionia;  
Whilst—

*Ant.* Antony, thou wouldst say,—

*Mess.* O, my lord!

*Ant.* Speak to me home, mince not the gene-  
ral tongue:

Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome; 110  
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults  
With such full license as both truth and malice  
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth  
weeds,

When our quick minds lie still; and our ills told us  
Is as our earring.\* Fare thee well awhile. \*Ploughing.

*Mess.* At your noble pleasure. [*Ex.*

*Ant.* From Sicyon, ho, the news! Speak  
there!

*First Att.* The man from Sicyon,—is there  
such an one?

*Sec. Att.* He stays upon your will.

*Ant.* Let him appear.

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break, 120  
Or lose myself in dotage.

*ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.*

MEETING OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

*After the Painting by G. Wertheimer.*

---

This splendid conception of Cleopatra's visit to Antony is from the brush of Wertheimer, and well sustains his ample reputation. The oriental luxury of the barge and its surroundings is in harmony with the spirit of Shakespeare's wonderful text.





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*Enter another Messenger.*

What are you?

*Sec. Mess.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

*Ant.* Where died she?

*Sec. Mess.* In Sicyon:  
Her length of sickness, with what else more  
serious  
Importeth thee to know, this bears.

[*Gives a letter.*

*Ant.* Forbear me.

[*Exit Sec. Messenger.*

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I de-  
sire it:

What our contempt doth often hurl from us,  
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,  
By revolution lowering, does become 129  
The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;  
The hand could pluck her back that shoved  
her on.

I must from this enchanting queen break off:  
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,  
My idleness doth hatch. How now! Enobarbus!

*Re-enter ENOBARBUS.*

*Eno.* What's your pleasure, sir?

*Ant.* I must with haste from hence.

*Eno.* Why, then, we kill all our women: we  
see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they  
suffer our departure, death's the word.

*Ant.* I must be gone. 140

*Eno.* Under a compelling occasion, let women  
die: it were pity to cast them away for nothing;  
though, between them and a great cause, they  
should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catch-  
ing but the least noise of this, dies instantly;  
I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer  
moment: I do think there is mettle in death,  
which commits some loving act upon her, she  
hath such a celerity in dying.

*Ant.* She is cunning past man's thought. 150

*Eno.* Alack, sir, no; her passions are made  
of nothing but the finest part of pure love: we



cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears; They are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

*Ant.* Would I had never seen her!

*Eno.* O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blest withal would have discredited your travel.

*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.

*Eno.* Sir?

*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.

*Eno.* Fulvia!

*Ant.* Dead.

*Eno.* Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat: and indeed the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

*Ant.* The business she hath broached in the state

Cannot endure my absence. 179

*Eno.* And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

*Ant.* No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose. I shall break The cause of our expedience\* to the queen, And get her leave to part. For not alone The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches, Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too Of many our contriving friends in Rome \*Expedition. Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius 190 Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands The empire of the sea: our slippery people, Whose love is never link'd to the deserver Till his deserts are past, begin to throw

Pompey the Great and all his dignities  
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,  
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up  
For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,  
The sides o' the world may danger: much is  
breeding,  
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,<sup>199</sup>  
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,  
To such whose place is under us, requires  
Our quick remove from hence.

*Eno.* I shall do't.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Another room.*

*Enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and  
ALEXAS.

*Cleo.* Where is he?

*Char.* I did not see him since.

*Cleo.* See where he is, who's with him, what  
he does:

I did not send you: if you find him sad,  
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report  
That I am sudden sick: quick, and return

[*Exit Alexas.*

*Char.* Madam, methinks, if you did love him  
dearly,  
You do not hold the method to enforce  
The like from him.

*Cleo.* What should I do, I do not?

*Char.* In each thing give him way, cross him  
in nothing.

*Cleo.* Thou teachest like a fool; the way to lose  
him.<sup>10</sup>

*Char.* Tempt him not so too far; I wish,  
forbear:

In time we hate that which we often fear.  
But here comes Antony.

*Enter* ANTONY.

*Cleo.* I am sick and sullen.

*Ant.* I am sorry to give breathing to my  
purpose,—

*Cleo.* Help me away, dear Charmian; I shall fall:

It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature  
Will not sustain it.

*Ant.* Now, my dearest queen,—

*Cleo.* Pray you, stand farther from me.

*Ant.* What's the matter?

*Cleo.* I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.

What says the married woman? You may go: 20  
Would she had never given you leave to come!  
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here:  
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

*Ant.* The gods best know,—

*Cleo.* O, never was there queen  
So mightily betray'd! yet at the first  
I saw the treasons planted.

*Ant.* Cleopatra,—

*Cleo.* Why should I think you can be mine and true,  
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,  
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous mad-  
ness,

To be entangled with those mouth-made vows, 30  
Which break themselves in swearing!

*Ant.* Most sweet queen,—

*Cleo.* Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,  
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued  
staying,

Then was the time for words; no going then;  
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,  
Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,  
But was a race of heaven: they are so still,  
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,  
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

*Ant.* How now, lady!

*Cleo.* I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst  
know

40

There were a heart in Egypt.

*Ant.* Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands  
Our services awhile; but my full heart

Remains in use with you. Our Italy  
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius  
Makes his approaches to the port\* of Rome: \*Gate.  
Equality of two domestic powers  
Breed scrupulous faction: the hated, grown to  
strength,  
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,  
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace 50  
Into the hearts of such as have not thrived  
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;  
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge  
By any desperate change: my more particular,  
And that which most with you should save my  
going,  
Is Fulvia's death.

*Cleo.* Though age from folly could not give me  
freedom,  
It does from childishness: can Fulvia die?

*Ant.* She's dead, my queen:  
Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read 60  
The garboils\* she awaked; at the last, best: \*Uproar.  
See when and where she died.

*Cleo.* O most false love!  
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill  
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,  
In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be.

*Ant.* Quarrel no more, but be prepared to  
know  
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,  
As you shall give the advice. By the fire  
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence  
Thy soldier, servant; making peace or war 70  
As thou affect'st.

*Cleo.* Cut my lace, Charmian, come;  
But let it be: I am quickly ill, and well,  
So Antony loves.

*Ant.* My precious queen, forbear;  
And give true evidence to his love, which stands  
An honourable trial.

*Cleo.* So Fulvia told me.  
I prithee, turn aside and weep for her;  
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears  
Belong to Egypt: good now, play one scene

Of excellent dissembling; and let it look  
Like perfect honour.

*Ant.* You'll heat my blood: no more. 80

*Cleo.* You can do better yet; but this is  
meetly.

*Ant.* Now, by my sword,—

*Cleo.* And target. Still he mends;  
But this is not the best. Look, prithee, Char-  
mian,

How this Herculean Roman does become  
The carriage of his chafe.

*Ant.* I'll leave you, lady.

*Cleo.* Courteous lord, one word.  
Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it:  
Sir, you and I have loved, but there's not it;  
That you know well: something it is I would,—  
O, my oblivion is a very Antony, 90  
And I am all forgotten.

*Ant.* But that your royalty  
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you  
For idleness itself.

*Cleo.* 'Tis sweating labour  
To bear such idleness so near the heart.  
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;  
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not  
Eye well to you: your honour calls you hence;  
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly.  
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword  
Sit laurel victory! and smooth success 100  
Be strew'd before your feet!

*Ant.* Let us go. Come;  
Our separation so abides, and flies,  
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,  
And I, hence fleeting,\* here remain with thee.  
Away! \*Passing away. [*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV. *Rome. Cæsar's house.*

*Enter* OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, *reading a letter*, LEPIDUS,  
*and their Train.*

*Cæs.* You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth  
know,

It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate  
Our great competitor: from Alexandria  
This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes  
The lamps of night in revel; is not more man-  
like

Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy  
More womanly than he; hardly gave audience, or  
Vouchsafed to think he had partners: you shall  
find there

A man who is the abstract of all faults  
That all men follow.

*Lep.* I must not think there are 10  
Evils enow to darken all his goodness:  
His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven,  
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,  
Rather than purchased: what he cannot change,  
Than what he chooses.

*Cæs.* You are too indulgent. Let us grant, it  
is not  
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;  
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit  
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave; 19  
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet  
With knaves that smell of sweat: say this be-  
comes him,—

As his composure must be rare indeed  
Whom these things cannot blemish,—yet must  
Antony

No way excuse his soils, when we do bear  
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd  
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,  
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,  
Call on him for't: but to confound\* such time,  
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as  
loud

As his own state and ours,—'tis to be chid 30  
As we rate boys, who, being mature in know-  
ledge,

Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,  
And so rebel to judgement.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Lep.*

Here's more news.

*Mess.* Thy biddings have been done: and every hour,  
 Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report  
 How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;  
 And it appears he is beloved of those  
 That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports  
 The discontents\* repair, and men's reports  
 Give him much wrong'd. \*Malcontents.

*Cæs.* I should have known no less.  
 It hath been taught us from the primal state, 41  
 That he which is was wish'd until he were;  
 And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth  
 love,  
 Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common  
 body,  
 Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,  
 Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,  
 To rot itself with motion.

*Mess.* Cæsar, I bring thee word,  
 Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,  
 Make the sea serve them, which they ear\* and  
 wound \*Plough.  
 With keels of every kind: many hot inroads 50  
 They make in Italy; the borders maritime  
 Lack blood to think on't, and flush†-youth revolt:  
 No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon †Fresh.  
 Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more  
 Than could his war resisted.

*Cæs.* Antony,  
 Leave thy lascivious wassails.\* When thou once  
 Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st  
 Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel  
 Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,  
 Though daintily brought up, with patience more  
 Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink 61  
 The stale† of horses, and the gilded puddle  
 Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did  
 deign \*Drinking-bouts. †Urine.  
 The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;  
 Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,  
 The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps  
 It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,  
 Which some did die to look on: and all this —

It wounds thine honour that I speak it now—  
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek 70  
So much as lank'd not.

*Lep.* 'Tis pity of him.

*Cæs.* Let his shames quickly  
Drive him to Rome: 'tis time we twain  
Did show ourselves i' the field; and to that end  
Assemble we immediate council: Pompey  
Thrives in our idleness.

*Lep.* To-morrow, Cæsar,  
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly  
Both what by sea and land I can be able  
To front this present time.

*Cæs.* Till which encounter,  
It is my business too. Farewell. 80

*Lep.* Farewell, my lord: what you shall know  
meantime  
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,  
To let me be partaker.

*Cæs.* Doubt not, sir;  
I knew it for my bond. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and  
MARDIAN.*

*Cleo.* Charmian!

*Char.* Madam?

*Cleo.* Ha, ha!

Give me to drink mandragora.

*Char.* Why, madam?

*Cleo.* That I might sleep out this great gap of  
time

My Antony is away.

*Char.* You think of him too much.

*Cleo.* O, 'tis treason!

*Char.* Madam, I trust, not so.

*Cleo.* Thou, eunuch Mardian!

*Mar.* What's your highness' pleasure?

*Cleo.* Not now to hear thee sing; I take no  
pleasure

In aught an eunuch has: 'tis well for thee, 10  
That, being unseminar'd,\* thy freer thoughts



May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

*Mar.* Yes, gracious madam. \*Unmanned.

*Cleo.* Indeed!

*Mar.* Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing

But what indeed is honest to be done:

Yet have I fierce affections, and think

What Venus did with Mars.

*Cleo.* O Charmian,  
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or  
sits he?

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse? 20

O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!

Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou  
movest?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm

And burgonet\* of men. He's speaking now,

Or murmuring 'Where's my serpent of old  
Nile?' \*Helmet.

For so he calls me: now I feed myself

With most delicious poison. Think on me,

That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,

And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,

When thou wast here above the ground, I was 30

A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey

Would stand and make his eyes grow in my  
brow;

There would he anchor his aspect† and die †Looks.

With looking on his life.

*Enter ALEXAS.*

*Alex.* Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

*Cleo.* How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!  
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath  
With his tinct\* gilded thee. \*Stain.

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

*Alex.* Last thing he did, dear queen, 39  
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—  
This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my heart.

*Cleo.* Mine ear must pluck it thence.

*Alex.* 'Good friend,' quoth he,  
'Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends  
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,

To mend the pretty present, I will piece  
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; all the east,  
Say thou, shall call her mistress.' So he nodded,  
† And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,  
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have  
spoke

Was beastly dumb'd by him.

*Cleo.* What, was he sad or merry? 50

*Alex.* Like to the time o' the year between the  
extremes

Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.

*Cleo.* O well-divided disposition! Note him,  
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but  
note him:

He was not sad, for he would shine on those  
'That make their looks by his; he was not merry,  
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay  
In Egypt with his joy; but between both:

O heavenly mingle! Be'st thou sad or merry,  
The violence of either thee becomes, 60  
So does it no man else. Met'st thou my posts?

*Alex.* Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:  
Why do you send so thick?

*Cleo.* Who's born that day  
When I forget to send to Antony,  
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmian.  
Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian,  
Ever love Cæsar so?

*Char.* O that brave Cæsar!

*Cleo.* Be choked with such another emphasis!  
Say, the brave Antony.

*Char.* The valiant Cæsar!

*Cleo.* By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,  
If thou with Cæsar paragon again 71  
My man of men.

*Char.* By your most gracious pardon,  
I sing but after you.

*Cleo.* My salad days,  
When I was green in judgement: cold in blood,  
To say as I said then! But, come, away;  
Get me ink and paper:  
He shall have every day a several greeting,  
Or I'll unpeople Egypt. [Exeunt.

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *Messina. Pompey's house.*

*Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES. and MENAS, in warlike manner.*

*Pom.* If the great gods be just, they shall assist  
The deeds of justest men.

*Mene.* Know, worthy Pompey,  
That what they do delay, they not deny.

*Pom.* Whiles we are suitors to their throne,  
decays  
The thing we sue for.

*Mene.* We, ignorant of ourselves,  
Beg often our own harms, which the wise  
powers  
Deny us for our good ; so find we profit  
By losing of our prayers.

*Pom.* I shall do well :  
The people love me, and the sea is mine ;  
My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope  
Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony II  
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make  
No wars without doors : Cæsar gets money where  
He loses hearts : Lepidus flatters both,  
Of both is flatter'd ; but he neither loves,  
Nor either cares for him.

*Men.* Cæsar and Lepidus  
Are in the field : a mighty strength they carry.

*Pom.* Where have you this ? 'tis false.

*Men.* From Silvius, sir.

*Pom.* He dreams : I know they are in Rome  
together,  
Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,  
Salt\* Cleopatra, soften thy waned† lip ! \*Lascivious.  
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both !  
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts, †Faded. 23  
Keep his brain fuming ; Epicurean cooks  
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite ;  
That sleep and feeding may prorogue‡ his honour  
Even till a Lethe'd dulness !

‡Defer.

*Enter VARRIUS.*

How now, Varrius!

*Var.* This is most certain that I shall deliver:  
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome  
Expected: since he went from Egypt 'tis 30  
A space for further travel.

*Pom.* I could have given less matter  
A better ear. Menas, I did not think  
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his  
helm\* \*Helmet.

For such a petty war: his soldiership  
Is twice the other twain: but let us rear  
The higher our opinion, that our stirring  
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck  
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

*Men.* I cannot hope  
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:  
His wife that's dead did trespasses to Cæsar;  
His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,  
Not moved by Antony.

*Pom.* I know not, Menas,  
How lesser enmities may give way to greater,  
Were't not that we stand up against them all,  
'Twere pregnant they should square\* between  
themselves; \*Quarrel.

For they have entertained cause enough  
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us  
May cement their divisions and bind up  
The petty difference, we yet not know.  
Be't as our gods will have 't! It only stands 50  
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.  
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Rome. The house of Lepidus.*

*Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.*

*Lep.* Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,  
And shall become you well, to entreat your cap-  
tain  
To soft and gentle speech.

*Eno.* I shall entreat him  
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,

Let Antony look over Cæsar's head  
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,  
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,  
I would not shave 't to-day.

*Lep.* 'Tis not a time  
For private stomaching.

*Eno.* Every time  
Serves for the matter that is then born in 't. 10

*Lep.* But small to greater matters must give  
way.

*Eno.* Not if the small come first.

*Lep.* Your speech is passion:  
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes  
The noble Antony.

*Enter* ANTONY *and* VENTIDIUS.

*Eno.* And yonder, Cæsar.

*Enter* CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

*Ant.* If we compose\* well here, to Parthia:  
Hark, Ventidius. \*Agree.

*Cæs.* I do not know,  
Mecænas; ask Agrippa.

*Lep.* Noble friends,  
That which combined us was most great, and let not  
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,  
May it be gently heard: when we debate 20  
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit  
Murder in healing wounds: then, noble partners,  
The rather, for I earnestly beseech,  
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,  
Nor curstness\* grow to the matter. \*Shrewishness.

*Ant.* 'Tis spoken well.  
Were we before our armies, and to fight,  
I should do thus. [*Flourish.*]

*Cæs.* Welcome to Rome.

*Ant.* Thank you.

*Cæs.* Sit.

*Ant.* Sit, sir.

*Cæs.* Nay, then.

*Ant.* I learn, you take things ill which are  
not so,  
Or being, concern you not.

*Cæs.* I must be laugh'd at, 30  
If, or for nothing or a little, I  
Should say myself offended, and with you  
Chiefly i' the world; more laugh'd at, that I  
should  
Once name you derogately, when to sound your  
name  
It not concern'd me.

*Ant.* My being in Egypt, Cæsar,  
What was't to you?

*Cæs.* No more than my residing here at Rome  
Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there  
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt  
Might be my question.

*Ant.* How intend you, practised? 40

*Cæs.* You may be pleased to catch at mine  
intent  
By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother

Made wars upon me; and their contestation  
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

*Ant.* You do mistake your business; my brother  
never  
Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it;  
And have my learning from some true reports,\*  
That drew their swords with you. Did he not  
rather

\*Reporters.

Discredit my authority with yours;  
And make the wars alike against my stomach, 50  
Having alike your cause? Of this my letters  
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,  
As matter whole you have not to make it with,  
It must not be with this.

*Cæs.* You praise yourself  
By laying defects of judgement to me; but  
You patch'd up your excuses.

*Ant.* Not so, not so;  
I know you could not lack, I am certain on 't,  
Very necessity of this thought, that I,  
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,  
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars 60  
Which fronted\* mine own peace. As for my wife,  
I would you had her spirit in such another:

The third o' the world is yours; which with a  
snaffle

\*Opposed.

You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

*Eno.* Would we had all such wives, that the  
men might go to wars with the women!

*Ant.* So much uncurbable, her garboils,\*

Cæsar,

\*Uproars

Made out of her impatience, which not wanted  
Shrewdness of policy too, I grieving grant  
Did you too much disquiet: for that you must 70  
But say, I could not help it.

*Cæs.* I wrote to you  
When rioting in Alexandria; you  
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts  
Did gibe my missive\* out of audience. \*Messenger.

*Ant.*

Sir,

He fell upon me ere admitted: then  
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want  
Of what I was i' the morning: but next day  
I told him of myself; which was as much  
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow  
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend, 80  
Out of our question\* wipe him. \*Conversation.

*Cæs.* You have broken  
The article of your oath; which you shall never  
Have tongue to charge me with.

*Lep.*

Soft, Cæsar!

*Ant.*

No,

Lepidus, let him speak:  
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,  
Supposing that I lack'd it. But, on, Cæsar;  
The article of my oath.

*Cæs.* To lend me arms and aid when I required  
them;  
The which you both denied.

*Ant.*

Neglected, rather;

And then when poison'd hours had bound me up 90  
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,  
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty  
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power  
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,  
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;  
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do

So far ask pardon as befits mine honour  
To stoop in such a case.

*Lep.* 'Tis noble spoken.

*Mec.* If it might please you, to enforce no further

The griefs between ye: to forget them quite 100  
Were to remember that the present need  
Speaks to atone\* you. \*Reconcile.

*Lep.* Worthily spoken, Mécænas.

*Eno.* Or, if you borrow one another's love  
for the instant, you may, when you hear no more  
words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have  
time to wrangle in when you have nothing else  
to do.

*Ant.* Thou art a soldier only: speak no more.

*Eno.* That truth should be silent I had almost  
forgot. 110

*Ant.* You wrong this presence; therefore speak  
no more.

*Eno.* Go to, then; your considerate stone.

*Cæs.* I do not much dislike the matter, but  
The manner of his speech; for't cannot be  
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions\*  
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew  
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to  
edge \*Dispositions.

O' the world I would pursue it.

*Agr.* Give me leave, Cæsar,—

*Cæs.* Speak, Agrippa.

*Agr.* Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,  
Admired Octavia: great Mark Antony 121  
Is now a widower.

*Cæs.* Say not so, Agrippa:  
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof  
Were well deserved of rashness.

*Ant.* I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear  
Agrippa further speak.

*Agr.* To hold you in perpetual amity,  
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts  
With an unslipping knot, take Antony  
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims 130  
No worse a husband than the best of men;  
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak



That which none else can utter. By this marriage,  
All little jealousies, which now seem great,  
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,  
Would then be nothing: truths would be tales,  
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both  
Would, each to other and all loves to both,  
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;  
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought, 140  
By duty ruminated.

*Ant.* Will Cæsar speak?

*Cæs.* Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd  
With what is spoke already.

*Ant.* What power is in Agrippa,  
If I would say, 'Agrippa, be it so,'  
To make this good?

*Cæs.* The power of Cæsar, and  
His power unto Octavia.

*Ant.* May I never  
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,  
Dream of impediment! Let me have thy hand:  
Further this act of grace; and from this hour  
The heart of brothers govern in our loves 150  
And sway our great designs!

*Cæs.* There is my hand.  
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother  
Did ever love so dearly: let her live  
To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and never  
Fly off our loves again!

*Lep.* Happily, amen!

*Ant.* I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst  
Pompey;  
For he hath laid strange courtesies and great  
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,  
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;  
At heel of that, defy him.

*Lep.* Time calls upon's: 160  
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,  
Or else he seeks out us.

*Ant.* Where lies he?

*Cæs.* About the mount Misenum.

*Ant.* What is his strength by land?

*Cæs.* Great and increasing: but by sea  
He is an absolute master.

*Ant.* So is the fame.  
Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it:  
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we  
The business we have talk'd of.

*Cæs.* With most gladness:  
And do invite you to my sister's view, 170  
Whither straight I'll lead you.

*Ant.* Let us, Lepidus,  
Not lack your company.

*Lep.* Noble Antony,  
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar, Antony,  
and Lepidus.*]

*Mec.* Welcome from Egypt, sir.

*Eno.* Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecæ-  
nas! My honourable friend, Agrippa!

*Agr.* Good Enobarbus!

*Mec.* We have cause to be glad that matters  
are so well digested. You stayed well by 't in  
Egypt. 180

*Eno.* Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of counte-  
nance, and made the night light with drinking.

*Mec.* Eight wild-boars roasted whole at a  
breakfast, and but twelve persons there; is this  
true?

*Eno.* This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had  
much more monstrous matter of feast, which  
worthily deserved noting.

*Mec.* She's a most triumphant lady, if report  
be square to her. 190

*Eno.* When she first met Mark Antony, she  
pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

*Agr.* There she appeared indeed; or my re-  
porter devised well for her.

*Eno.* I will tell you.  
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,  
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;  
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that  
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were  
silver,  
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made

The water which they beat to follow faster, 201  
 As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,  
 It beggar'd all description: she did lie  
 In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold of tissue—  
 O'er-picturing that Venus where we see  
 The fancy outwork nature: on each side her  
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,  
 With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem  
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,  
 And what they undid did.

*Agr.* O, rare for Antony! 210

*Eno.* Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,  
 So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,  
 And made their bends adornings: at the helm  
 A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle  
 Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,  
 That yarely\* frame the office. From the barge  
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense \*Readily.  
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast  
 Her people out upon her; and Antony,  
 Enthroned i' the market-place, did sit alone, 220  
 Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,  
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too  
 And made a gap in nature.

*Agr.* Rare Egyptian!

*Eno.* Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,  
 Invited her to supper: she replied,  
 It should be better he became her guest;  
 Which she entreated: our courteous Antony,  
 Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard speak,  
 Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,  
 And for his ordinary pays his heart 230  
 For what his eyes eat only.

*Agr.* Royal wench!  
 She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed:  
 He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

*Eno.* I saw her once  
 Hop forty paces through the public street;  
 And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,  
 That she did make defect perfection,  
 And, breathless, power breathe forth.

*Mec.* Now Antony must leave her utterly.

*Eno.* Never; he will not:

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale 240  
Her infinite variety: other women cloy  
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry  
Where most she satisfies: for vilest things  
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests  
Bless her when she is riggish.\*

\*Wanton.

*Mec.* If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle  
The heart of Antony, Octavia is  
A blessed lottery\* to him.

\*Allotment.

*Agr.* Let us go.  
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest 249  
Whilst you abide here.

*Eno.* Humbly, sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Cæsar's house.*

*Enter* ANTONY, CÆSAR, OCTAVIA *between them, and*  
*Attendants.*

*Ant.* The world and my great office will some-  
times  
Divide me from your bosom.

*Octa.* All which time  
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers  
To them for you.

*Ant.* Good night, sir. My Octavia,  
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:  
I have not kept my square; but that to come  
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.  
Good night, sir.

*Cæs.* Good night. [*Exeunt Cæsar and Octavia.*

*Enter* Soothsayer.

*Ant.* Now, sirrah; you do wish yourself in  
Egypt? 10

*Sooth.* Would I had never come from thence,  
nor you  
Thither!

*Ant.* If you can, your reason?

*Sooth.* I see it in  
My motion, have it not in my tongue: but yet  
Hie you to Egypt again.

*Ant.* Say to me,  
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?

*Sooth.* Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:  
Thy demon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is  
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable, 20  
Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy angel  
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd: therefore  
Make space enough between you.

*Ant.* Speak this no more.

*Sooth.* To none but thee; no more, but when to  
thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,  
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,  
He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy lustre  
thickens,

When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit  
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;  
But, he away, 'tis noble.

*Ant.* Get thee gone: 30

Say to Ventidius I would speak with him:

[*Exit Soothsayer.*

He shall to Parthia. Be it art or hap,  
He hath spoken true: the very dice obey him;  
And in our sports my better cunning faints  
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds;  
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,  
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever  
Beat mine, inhoop'd,\* at odds. I will to Egypt:  
And though I make this marriage for my peace,  
I' the east my pleasure lies. \*Enclosed.

*Enter VENTIDIUS.*

O, come, Ventidius, 40  
You must to Parthia: your commission's ready;  
Follow me, and receive 't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A street.*

*Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.*

*Lep.* Trouble yourselves no further: pray you,  
hasten  
Your generals after.

*Agr.* Sir, Mark Antony  
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we 'll follow.

*Lep.* Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,  
Which will become you both, farewell.

*Mec.* We shall,  
As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount  
Before you, Lepidus.

*Lep.* Your way is shorter;  
My purposes do draw me much about:  
You'll win two days upon me.

*Mec.* } Sir, good success!  
*Agr.* }

*Lep.* Farewell. [Exeunt. 10

SCENE V. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.*

*Cleo.* Give me some music; music, moody food  
Of us that trade in love.

*Attend.* The music, ho!

*Enter MARDIAN the Eunuch.*

*Cleo.* Let it alone; let's to billiards: come,  
Charmian.

*Char.* My arm is sore; best play with Mardian.

*Cleo.* As well a woman with an eunuch play'd  
As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me,  
sir?

*Mar.* • As well as I can, madam.

*Cleo.* And when good will is show'd, though 't  
come too short,  
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:  
Give me mine angle; we'll to the river: there,  
My music playing far off, I will betray 11  
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce  
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,  
I'll think them every one an Antony,  
And say 'Ah, ha! you 're caught.'

*Char.* 'Twas merry when  
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver  
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he  
With fervency drew up.

*Cleo.* That time,—O times!—  
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night  
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn, 20  
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;  
Then put my tires\* and mantles on him,  
whilst  
\*Head-dress.  
I wore his sword Philippan.

*Enter a Messenger.*

O, from Italy!  
 Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,  
 That long time have been barren.

*Mess.* Madam, madam,—

*Cleo.* Antonius dead!—If thou say so, villain,  
Thou kill'st thy mistress: but well and free,  
If thou so yield\* him, there is gold, and here  
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings \*Report.  
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing. 30

*Mess.* First, madam, he is well.

*Cleo.* Why, there's more gold.  
But, sirrah, mark, we use  
To say the dead are well: bring it to that,  
The gold I give thee will I melt and pour  
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

*Mess.* Good madam, hear me.

*Cleo.* Well, go to, I will;  
But there's no goodness in thy face: if Antony  
Be free and healthful,—so tart a favour\* \*Countenance.  
To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,  
Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with  
snakes,

Not like a formal† man. †Man in his senses.

*Mess.* Will 't please you hear me?

*Cleo.* I have a mind to strike thee ere thou  
speak'st:

Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,  
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,  
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail  
Rich pearls upon thee.

*Mess.* Madam, he 's well.

**Cleo.** Well said.

*Mess.* And friends with Cæsar.

*Cleo.* Thou 'rt an honest man.

*Mess.* Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

*Cleo.* Make thee a fortune from me.

*Mess.* But yet, madam,—

*Cleo.* I do not like 'But yet,' it does allay 50  
The good precedence; fie upon 'But yet!'  
'But yet' is as a gaoler to bring forth  
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,  
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,  
The good and bad together: he's friends with  
Cæsar;  
In state of health thou say'st; and thou say'st  
free.

*Mess.* Free, madam! no; I made no such  
report:  
He's bound unto Octavia.

*Cleo.* For what good turn?

*Mess.* For the best turn i' the bed.

*Cleo.* I am pale, Charmian.

*Mess.* Madam, he's married to Octavia. 60

*Cleo.* The most infectious pestilence upon  
thee! [Strikes him down.

*Mess.* Good madam, patience.

*Cleo.* What say you? Hence,  
[Strikes him again.

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes  
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head:  
[She hales him up and down.

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd  
in brine,  
Smarting in lingering pickle.

*Mess.* Gracious madam,  
I that do bring the news made not the match.

*Cleo.* Say 'tis not so, a province I will give  
thee,  
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou  
hadst

Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage; 70  
And I will boot\* thee with what gift beside  
Thy modesty can beg.

\*Recompense.

*Mess.* He's married, madam.

*Cleo.* Rogue, thou hast lived too long.  
[Draws a knife.



*Mess.* Nay, then I'll run.  
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.  
[*Exit.*

*Char.* Good madam, keep yourself within yourself:  
The man is innocent.

*Cleo.* Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.  
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures  
Turn all to serpents! Call the slave again:  
Though I am mad, I will not bite him: call. 80

*Char.* He is afraid to come.

*Cleo.* I will not hurt him.  
[*Exit Charmian.*

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike  
A meaner than myself; since I myself  
Have given myself the cause.

*Re-enter CHARMIAN and Messenger.*

Come hither, sir.  
Though it be honest, it is never good  
To bring bad news: give to a gracious message  
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell  
Themselves when they be felt.

*Mess.* I have done my duty.

*Cleo.* Is he married?  
I cannot hate thee worser than I do, 90  
If thou again say 'Yes.'

*Mess.* He's married, madam.

*Cleo.* The gods confound thee! dost thou hold  
there still?

*Mess.* Should I lie, madam?

*Cleo.* O, I would thou didst,  
So half my Egypt were submerged and made  
A cistern for scaled snakes! Go, get thee hence:  
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me  
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

*Mess.* I crave your highness' pardon.

*Cleo.* He is married?

*Mess.* Taken no offence that I would not offend you:  
To punish me for what you make me do 100  
Seems much unequal: he's married to Octavia.

*Cleo.* O, that his fault should make a knave  
of thee,

That art not what thou'rt sure of! Get thee hence:  
The merchandise which thou hast brought from  
Rome

Are all too dear for me: lie they upon thy hand,  
And be undone by 'em! *[Exit Messenger.*

*Char.* Good your highness, patience.

*Cleo.* In praising Antony, I have dispraised  
Cæsar.

*Char.* Many times, madam.

*Cleo.* I am paid for't now.

Lead me from hence;

I faint: O Iras, Charmian! 'tis no matter. 110

Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him

Report the feature\* of Octavia, her years,

Her inclination, let him not leave out

The colour of her hair: bring me word quickly.

*\*Person in general. [Exit Alexas.*

Let him for ever go:—let him not—Charmian,

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

The other way's a Mars. Bid you Alexas

*[To Mardian.*

Bring me word how tall she is. Pity me, Char-  
mian,

But do not speak to me. Lead me to my chamber.

*[Exeunt.*

#### SCENE VI. *Near Misenum.*

*Flourish. Enter POMPEY and MENAS at one side, with drum and trumpet: at another, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, with Soldiers marching.*

*Pom.* Your hostages I have, so have you mine;  
And we shall talk before we fight.

*Cæs.* Most meet  
That first we come to words; and therefore have  
we

Our written purposes before us sent;

Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know

If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword,

And carry back to Sicily much tall\* youth *\*Brave.*

That else must perish here.

*Pom.* To you all three,

The senators alone of this great world,  
 Chief factors for the gods, I do not know 10  
 Wherefore my father should revengers want,  
 Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,  
 Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,  
 There saw you labouring for him. What was't  
 That moved pale Cassius to conspire; and what  
 Made the all-honour'd, honest Roman, Brutus,  
 With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous free-  
 dom,

To drench the Capitol; but that they would  
 Have one man but a man? And that is it 19  
 Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burthen  
 The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant  
 To scourge the ingratitude that spiteful Rome  
 Cast on my noble father.

*Cæs.* Take your time.

*Ant.* Thou canst not fear\* us, Pompey, with thy  
 sails; \*Affright.  
 We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou  
 know'st

How much we do o'er-count thee.

*Pom.* At land, indeed,  
 Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house:  
 But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,  
 Remain in't as thou mayst.

*Lep.* Be pleased to tell us—  
 For this is from the present—how you take 30  
 The offers we have sent you.

*Cæs.* There's the point.

*Ant.* Which do not be entreated to, but weigh  
 What it is worth embraced.

*Cæs.* And what may follow,  
 To try a larger fortune.

*Pom.* You have made me offer  
 Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must  
 Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send  
 Measures of wheat to Rome; this 'greed upon,  
 To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back  
 Our targes\* undinted \*Targets.

*Cæs. Ant. Lep.* That's our offer.

*Pom.* Know, then, 40  
 I came before you here a man prepared

To take this offer: but Mark Antony  
 Put me to some impatience: though I lose  
 The praise of it by telling, you must know,  
 When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,  
 Your mother came to Sicily and did find  
 Her welcome friendly.

*Ant.* I have heard it, Pompey;  
 And am well studied for a liberal thanks  
 Which I do owe you.

*Pom.* Let me have your hand:  
 I did not think, sir, to have met you here. 50

*Ant.* The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks  
 to you,  
 That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither;  
 For I have gain'd by't.

*Cæs.* Since I saw you last,  
 There is a change upon you.

*Pom.* Well, I know not  
 What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face;  
 But in my bosom shall she never come,  
 To make my heart her vassal.

*Lep.* Well met here.

*Pom.* I hope so, Lepidus. Thus we are  
 agreed:  
 I crave our composition may be written,  
 And seal'd between us.

*Cæs.* That's the next to do. 60

*Pom.* We'll feast each other ere we part;  
 and let's  
 Draw lots who shall begin.

*Ant.* That will I, Pompey.

*Pom.* No, Antony, take the lot: but, first  
 Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery  
 Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius  
 Cæsar

Grew fat with feasting there.

*Ant.* You have heard much.

*Pom.* I have fair meanings, sir.

*Ant.* And fair words to them.

*Pom.* Then so much have I heard:  
 And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

*Eno.* No more of that: he did so.

*Pom.* What, I pray you? 70

*Eno.* A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

*Pom.* I know thee now: how farest thou, soldier?

*Eno.* Well;

And well am like to do; for, I perceive,  
Four feasts are toward.

*Pom.* Let me shake thy hand;  
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,  
When I have envied thy behaviour.

*Eno.* Sir,  
I never loved you much; but I ha' praised ye,  
When you have well deserved ten times as much  
As I have said you did.

*Pom.* Enjoy thy plainness, 80  
It nothing ill becomes thee.

Aboard my galley I invite you all:  
Will you lead, lords?

*Cæs. Ant. Lep.* Show us the way, sir.

*Pom.* Come.

[*Exeunt all but Menas and Enobarbus.*]

*Men.* [*Aside*] Thy father, Pompey, would  
ne'er have made this treaty.—You and I have  
known, sir.

*Eno.* At sea, I think.

*Men.* We have, sir.

*Eno.* You have done well by water.

*Men.* And you by land. 90

*Eno.* I will praise any man that will praise  
me; though it cannot be denied what I have done  
by land.

*Men.* Nor what I have done by water.

*Eno.* Yes, something you can deny for your  
own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

*Men.* And you by land.

*Eno.* There I deny my land service. But  
give me your hand, Menas: if our eyes had  
authority, here they might take two thieves  
kissing. 101

*Men.* All men's faces are true, whatsome'er  
their hands are.

*Eno.* But there is never a fair woman has a  
true face.

*Men.* No slander; they steal hearts.

*Eno.* We came hither to fight with you.

*Men.* For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune. 110

*Eno.* If he do, sure, he cannot weep't back again.

*Men.* You've said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here: pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

*Eno.* Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

*Men.* True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

*Eno.* But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

*Men.* Pray ye, sir? 120

*Eno.* 'Tis true.

*Men.* Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

*Eno.* If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

*Men.* I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

*Eno.* I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.\* 131

*Men.* Who would not have his wife so?

*Eno.* Not he that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is: he married but his occasion here.

\*Behaviour. 140

*Men.* And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

*Eno.* I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

*Men.* Come, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *On board Pompey's galley, off Misenum.*

*Music plays. Enter two or three Servants with a banquet.*

*First Serv.* Here they'll be, man. Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

*Sec. Serv.* Lepidus is high-coloured.

*First Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

*Sec. Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out 'No more;' reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

*First Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion. II

*Sec. Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service as a partisan\* I could not heave. \*Pike.

*First Serv.* To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

*A sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POMPEY, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other captains.*

*Ant.* [To Cæsar] Thus do they, sir: they take the flow o' the Nile 20

By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,  
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth  
Or foison\* follow: the higher Nilus swells, \*Plenty.  
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman  
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,  
And shortly comes to harvest.

*Lep.* You 've strange serpents there.

*Ant.* Ay, Lepidus.

*Lep.* Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile. 31

*Ant.* They are so.

*Pom.* Sit,—and some wine! A health to Lepidus!

*Lep.* I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

*Eno.* Not till you have slept; I fear me you'll be in till then.

*Lep.* Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramises\* are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that. \*Pyramids. 41

*Men.* [*Aside to Pom.*] Pompey, a word.

*Pom.* [*Aside to Men.*] Say in mine ear: what is 't?

*Men.* [*Aside to Pom.*] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain, And hear me speak a word.

*Pom.* [*Aside to Men.*] Forbear me till anon. This wine for Lepidus!

*Lep.* What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

*Ant.* It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with it own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates. 51

*Lep.* What colour is it of?

*Ant.* Of it own colour too.

*Lep.* 'Tis a strange serpent.

*Ant.* 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

*Cæs.* Will this description satisfy him?

*Ant.* With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

*Pom.* [*Aside to Men.*] Go hang, sir, hang!

Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you. Where's this cup I call'd for?

*Men.* [*Aside to Pom.*] If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me, 61

Rise from thy stool.

*Pom.* [*Aside to Men.*] I think thou'rt mad. The matter? [*Rises, and walks aside.*

*Men.* I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

*Pom.* Thou hast served me with much faith.

What's else to say?

Be jolly, lords.



*Ant.* These quick-sands, Lepidus,  
Keep off them, for you sink.

*Men.* Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

*Pom.* What say'st thou?

*Men.* Wilt thou be lord of the whole world?  
That's twice.

*Pom.* How should that be?

*Men.* But entertain\* it, 69  
And, though thou think me poor, I am the man  
Will give thee all the world.

\*Experience.

*Pom.* Hast thou drunk well?

*Men.* No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.  
Thou art, if thou darest be, the earthly Jove:  
Whate'er the ocean pales\* or sky inclips,†  
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

\*Encloses. †Embraces.

*Pom.* Show me which way.

*Men.* These three world-sharers, these competitors,  
Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;  
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:  
All there is thine.

*Pom.* Ah, this thou shouldst have done,  
And not have spoke on 't! In me 'tis villany; 80  
In thee 't had been good service. Thou must know,  
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;  
Mine honour, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue  
Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unknown,  
I should have found it afterwards well done;  
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

*Men.* [*Aside*] For this,  
I'll never follow thy pall'd\* fortunes more.  
Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis  
offer'd, 81  
Shall never find it more.

\*Impaired.

*Pom.* This health to Lepidus! 90

*Ant.* Bear him ashore. I'll pledge it for him,  
Pompey.

*Eno.* Here's to thee, Menas!

*Men.* Enobarbus, welcome!

*Pom.* Fill till the cup be hid.

*Eno.* There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries  
off Lepidus.*]

*Men.* Why?

*Eno.* A' bears the third part of the world, man; see'st not?

*Men.* The third part, then, is drunk: would it were all,  
That it might go on wheels!

*Eno.* Drink thou; increase the reels. 100

*Men.* Come.

*Pom.* This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

*Ant.* It ripens towards it. Strike the vessels,  
ho!

Here is to Cæsar!

*Cæs.* I could well forbear 't.  
It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,  
And it grows fouler.

*Ant.* Be a child o' the time.

*Cæs.* Possess it, I'll make answer:  
But I had rather fast from all four days  
Than drink so much in one.

*Eno.* Ha, my brave emperor! [*To Antony.*  
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,  
And celebrate our drink?

*Pom.* Let's ha't, good soldier. 111

*Ant.* Come, let's all take hands,  
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our  
sense

In soft and delicate Lethe.

*Eno.* All take hands.  
Make battery to our ears with the loud music:  
The while I'll place you: then the boy shall sing;  
The holding\* every man shall bear as loud \*Chorus.  
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays. Enobarbus places them hand  
in hand.*

### THE SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine, 120  
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne! \*  
In thy fats our cares be drown'd,  
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:  
Cup us, till the world go round,  
Cup us, till the world go round!

\* Eyes.

*Cæs.* What would you more? Pompey, good night. Good brother,  
 Let me request you off: our graver business  
 Frowns at this levity. Gentle lords, let's part;  
 You see we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarb  
 Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue  
 Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath  
 almost  
 Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good night. 131

Good Antony, your hand.

*Pom.* I'll try you on the shore.

*Ant.* And shall, sir: give's your hand.

*Pom.* O Antony,  
 You have my father's house,—But, what? we are friends.

Come, down into the boat.

*Eno.* Take heed you fall not.

[*Exeunt all but Enobarbus and Menas.*  
*Menas,* I'll not on shore.

*Men.* No, to my cabin.  
 These drums! these trumpets, flutes! what!  
 Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell  
 To these great fellows: sound and be hang'd,  
 sound out! [*Sound a flourish, with drums.*

*Eno.* Ho! says a'. There's my cap. 141

*Men.* Ho! Noble captain, come. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I. *A plain in Syria.*

*Enter VENTIDIUS as it were in triumph, with SILIUS, and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead body of PACORUS borne before him.*

*Ven.* Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck;  
 and now  
 Pleased fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death  
 Make me revenger. Bear the king's son's body  
 Before our army. Thy Pacorus, Orodes,

Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

*Sil.* Noble Ventidius,  
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,  
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through  
Media,  
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither  
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony  
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots and 10  
Put garlands on thy head.

*Ven.* O Silius, Silius,  
I have done enough; a lower place, note well,  
May make too great an act: for learn this, Silius;  
Better to leave undone, than by our deed  
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's  
away.

Caesar and Antony have ever won  
More in their officer than person: Sossius,  
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,  
For quick accumulation of renown, 19  
Which he achieved by the minute, lost his favour.  
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can  
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,  
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,  
Than gain which darkens him.  
I could do more to do Antonius good,  
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence  
Should my performance perish.

*Sil.* Thou hast, Ventidius, that  
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,  
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to  
Antony?

*Ven.* I'll humbly signify what in his name, 30  
That magical word of war, we have effected;  
How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,  
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia  
We have jaded\* out o' the field. \*Whipped.

*Sil.* Where is he now?

*Ven.* He purposeth to Athens: whither, with  
what haste  
The weight we must convey with 's will permit,  
We shall appear before him. On, there; pass  
along! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Rome. An ante-chamber in Cæsar's house.*

*Enter* AGRIPPA *at one door*, ENOBARBUS *at another.*

*Agr.* What, are the brothers parted?

*Eno.* They have dispatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;

The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus, Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled With the green sickness.

*Agr.* 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

*Eno.* A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!

*Agr.* Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

*Eno.* Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

*Agr.* What's Antony? The god of Jupiter. 10

*Eno.* Spake you of Cæsar? How! the non-pareil!

*Agr.* O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

*Eno.* Would you praise Cæsar, say 'Cæsar:' go no further.

*Agr.* Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

*Eno.* But he loves Cæsar best; yet he loves Antony:

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho!

His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,

Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

*Agr.* Both he loves.

*Eno.* They are his shards,\* and he their beetle.

[*Trumpets within.*] So; \*Wing-cases. 20  
This is to horse. Adieu, noble Agrippa.

*Agr.* Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

*Enter* CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, *and* OCTAVIA.

*Ant.* No further, sir.

*Cæs.* You take from me a great part of myself;

Use me well in 't. Sister, prove such a wife  
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest  
band

Shall pass on thy approof. Most noble Antony,  
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set  
Betwixt us as the cement of our love,  
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter 30  
The fortress of it; for better might we  
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts  
This be not cherish'd.

*Ant.* Make me not offended  
In your distrust.

*Cæs.* I have said.

*Ant.* You shall not find,  
Though you be therein curious, the least cause  
For what you seem to fear: so, the gods keep you,  
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!  
We will here part.

*Cæs.* Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee  
well:

The elements be kind to thee, and make 40  
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

*Oct.* My noble brother!

*Ant.* The April's in her eyes: it is love's  
spring,  
And these the showers to bring it on. Be cheerful.

*Oct.* Sir, look well to my husband's house;  
and—

*Cæs.* What,  
Octavia?

*Oct.* I'll tell you in your ear.

*Ant.* Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor  
can  
Her heart inform her tongue,—the swan's down-  
feather,

That stands upon the swell at full of tide,  
And neither way inclines. 50

*Eno.* [*Aside to Agr.*] Will Cæsar weep?

*Agr.* [*Aside to Eno.*] He has a cloud in 's face.

*Eno.* [*Aside to Agr.*] He were the worse for that,  
were he a horse;

So is he, being a man.

*Agr.* [*Aside to Eno.*] Why, Enobarbus,

When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,  
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept  
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

*Eno.* [*Aside to Agr.*] That year, indeed, he was  
troubled with a rheum;  
What willingly he did confound\* he wail'd,  
Believe 't, till I wept too. \*Destroy.

*Cæs.* No, sweet Octavia,  
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not  
Out-go my thinking on you.

*Ant.* Come, sir, come; 61  
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:  
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,  
And give you to the gods.

*Cæs.* Adieu; be happy!

*Lep.* Let all the number of the stars give light  
To thy fair way!

*Cæs.* Farewell, farewell! [Kisses Octavia.]

*Ant.* Farewell!

[Trumpets sound. Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's  
palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and  
ALEXAS.*

*Cleo.* Where is the fellow?

*Alex.* Half afraid to come.

*Cleo.* Go to, go to.

*Enter the Messenger as before.*

Come hither, sir.

*Alex.* Good majesty,  
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you  
But when you are well pleased.

*Cleo.* That Herod's head  
I'll have: but how, when Antony is gone  
Through whom I might command it? Come thou  
near.

*Mess.* Most gracious majesty,—

*Cleo.* Didst thou behold Octavia?

*Mess.* Ay, dread queen.

*Cleo.* Where?

*Mess.* Madam, in Rome;  
I look'd her in the face, and saw her led  
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

*Cleo.* Is she as tall as me?

*Mess.* She is not, madam.

*Cleo.* Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-  
tongued or low?

*Mess.* Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-  
voiced.

*Cleo.* That's not so good: he cannot like her  
long.

*Char.* Like her! O Isis! 'tis impossible.

*Cleo.* I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue,  
and dwarfish!

What majesty is in her gait? Remember, 20  
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

*Mess.* She creeps:  
Her motion and her station\* are as one;  
She shows a body rather than a life, \*Act of standing.  
A statue than a breather.

*Cleo.* Is this certain?

*Mess.* Or I have no observance.

*Char.* Three in Egypt  
Cannot make better note.

*Cleo.* He's very knowing;  
I do perceive 't: there's nothing in her yet:  
The fellow has good judgement.

*Char.* Excellent.

*Cleo.* Guess at her years, I prithee.

*Mess.* Madam,  
She was a widow,—

*Cleo.* Widow! Charmian, hark. 30

*Mess.* And I do think she's thirty.

*Cleo.* Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long  
or round?

*Mess.* Round even to faultiness.

*Cleo.* For the most part, too, they are foolish  
that are so.

Her hair, what colour?

*Mess.* Brown, madam: and her forehead  
As low as she would wish it.

*Cleo.* There's gold for thee.  
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:



I will employ thee back again; I find thee  
 Most fit for business: go make thee ready; 40  
 Our letters are prepared. [*Exit Messenger.*

*Char.* A proper man.

*Cleo.* Indeed, he is so: I repent me much  
 That so I harried\* him. Why, methinks, by him,  
 This creature's no such thing. \*Harassed.

*Char.* Nothing, madam.

*Cleo.* The man hath seen some majesty, and  
 should know.

*Char.* Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,  
 And serving you so long!

*Cleo.* I have one thing more to ask him yet,  
 good Charmian:

But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me  
 Where I will write. All may be well enough. 50

*Char.* I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Athens. A room in Antony's house.*

*Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.*

*Ant.* Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—  
 That were excusable, that, and thousands more  
 Of semblable import,—but he hath waged  
 New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and  
 read it

To public ear:

Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he could not  
 But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly  
 He vented them; most narrow measure lent me:  
 When the best hint was given him, he not took't,  
 Or did it from his teeth.

*Oct.* O my good lord, 10  
 Believe not all; or, if you must believe,  
 Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,  
 If this division chance, ne'er stood between,  
 Praying for both parts:  
 The good gods will mock me presently,  
 When I shall pray, 'O, bless my lord and hus-  
 band!'

Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,  
 'O, bless my brother!' Husband win, win brother,  
 Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway

'Twixt these extremes at all.

*Ant.* Gentle Octavia, 20  
Let your best love draw to that point, which  
seeks  
Best to preserve it: if I lose mine honour,  
I lose myself: better I were not yours  
Than yours so branchless. But, as you re-  
quested,  
Yourself shall go between's: the mean time, lady,  
I'll raise the preparation of a war  
Shall stain your brother: make your soonest  
haste;  
So your desires are yours.

*Oct.* Thanks to my lord.  
The Jove of power make me most weak, most  
weak,  
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be  
As if the world should cleave, and that slain  
men 31  
Should solder up the rift.

*Ant.* When it appears to you where this begins,  
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults  
Can never be so equal, that your love  
Can equally move with them. Provide your  
going;  
Choose your own company, and command what  
cost  
Your heart has mind to. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. *The same. Another room.*

*Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.*

*Eno.* How now, friend Eros!

*Eros.* There's strange news come, sir.

*Eno.* What, man?

*Eros.* Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon  
Pompey.

*Eno.* This is old: what is the success?

*Eros.* Cæsar, having made use of him in the  
wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rival-  
ity;\* would not let him partake in the glory of the  
action: and not resting here, accuses him of letters  
he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own

appeal,† seizes him: so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine. \*Equal rank. †Accusation.

*Eno.* Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;

And throw between them all the food thou hast, They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?

*Eros.* He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns

The rush that lies before him; cries, 'Fool Lepidus!'

And threatens the throat of that his officer That murder'd Pompey.

*Eno.* Our great navy's rigg'd. 20

*Eros.* For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius; My lord desires you presently: my news I might have told hereafter.

*Eno.* 'Twill be naught: But let it be. Bring me to Antony.

*Eros.* Come, sir. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE VI. *Rome. Cæsar's house.*

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS.*

*Cæs.* Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and more,

In Alexandria: here's the manner of't:  
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,  
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold  
Were publicly enthroned: at the feet sat  
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,  
And all the unlawful issue that their lust  
Since then hath made between them. Unto her  
He gave the stablishment of Egypt; made her  
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, 10  
Absolute queen.

*Mec.* This in the public eye?

*Cæs.* I' the common show-place, where they exercise.

His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings:  
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,  
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd  
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: she  
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis

That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,  
As 'tis reported, so.

*Mec.* Let Rome be thus  
Inform'd.

*Agr.* Who, queasy\* with his insolence \*Sick. 20  
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

*Cæs.* The people know it; and have now re-  
ceived  
His accusations.

*Agr.* Who does he accuse?

*Cæs.* Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily  
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated\* him  
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me  
Some shipping unrestored: lastly, he frets \*Assigned.  
That Lepidus of the triumvirate  
Should be deposed; and, being,† that we detain  
All his revenue. †Inasmuch as.

*Agr.* Sir, this should be answer'd. 30

*Cæs.* 'Tis done already, and the messenger  
gone.

I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;  
That he his high authority abused,  
And did deserve his change: for what I have  
conquer'd,  
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,  
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I  
Demand the like.

*Mec.* He'll never yield to that.

*Cæs.* Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

*Enter OCTAVIA with her train.*

*Oct.* Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most  
dear Cæsar! 39

*Cæs.* That ever I should call thee castaway!

*Oct.* You have not call'd me so, nor have you  
cause.

*Cæs.* Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You  
come not

Like Cæsar's sister: the wife of Antony  
Should have an army for an usher, and  
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach  
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way  
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,

Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust  
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven, 49  
Raised by your populous troops: but you are come  
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented  
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,  
Is often left unloved: we should have met you  
By sea and land; supplying every stage  
With an augmented greeting.

*Oct.* Good my lord,  
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did  
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,  
Hearing that you prepared for war, acquainted  
My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd  
His pardon for return.

*Cæs.* Which soon he granted, 60  
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

*Oct.* Do not say so, my lord.

*Cæs.* I have eyes upon him,  
And his affairs come to me on the wind.  
Where is he now?

*Oct.* My lord, in Athens.

*Cæs.* No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra  
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his  
empire

Up to a whore; who now are levying  
The kings o' the earth for war: he hath assembled  
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,  
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king 70  
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;  
King Malchus of Arabia; King of Pont;  
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king  
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amyntas,  
The kings of Mede and Lycaonia,  
With a more larger list of sceptres.

*Oct.* Ay me, most wretched,  
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends  
That do afflict each other!

*Cæs.* Welcome hither:  
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth; 79  
Till we perceived, both how you were wrong led,  
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:  
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives  
O'er your content these strong necessities;

But let determined things to destiny  
 Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome;  
 Nothing more dear to me. You are abused  
 Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,  
 To do you justice, make them ministers  
 Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort;  
 And ever welcome to us. 90

*Agr.* Welcome, lady.

*Mec.* Welcome, dear madam.  
 Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:  
 Only the adulterous Antony, most large  
 In his abominations, turns you off;  
 And gives his potent regiment\* to a trull,  
 That noises it against us. \*Government.

*Off.* Is it so, sir?

*Cæs.* Most certain. Sister, welcome: pray you,  
 Be ever known to patience: my dear'st sister!  
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Near Actium. Antony's camp.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.*

*Cleo.* I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

*Eno.* But why, why, why?

*Cleo.* Thou hast forspoke\* my being in these  
 wars, \*Spoken against.

And say'st it is not fit.

*Eno.* Well, is it, is it?

*Cleo.* If not denounced against us, why should  
 not we  
 Be there in person?

*Eno.* [*Aside*] Well, I could reply:  
 If we should serve with horse and mares together,  
 The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear  
 A soldier and his horse.

*Cleo.* What is 't you say? 10

*Eno.* Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;  
 Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's  
 time,

What should not then be spared. He is already  
 Traduced for levity; and 'tis said in Rome  
 That Photinus an eunuch and your maids  
 Manage this war.

*Cleo.* Sink Rome, and their tongues rot  
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the  
war,  
And, as the president of my kingdom, will  
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;  
I will not stay behind.

*Eno.* Nay, I have done. 20  
Here comes the emperor.

*Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.*

*Ant.* Is it not strange, Canidius,  
That from Tarentum and Brundisium  
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,  
And take in\* Toryne? You have heard on 't,  
sweet? \*Conquer.

*Cleo.* Celerity is never more admired  
Than by the negligent.

*Ant.* A good rebuke,  
Which might have well becomeed the best of men,  
To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we  
Will fight with him by sea.

*Cleo.* By sea! what else?

*Can.* Why will my lord do so?

*Ant.* For that he dares us to 't. 30

*Eno.* So hath my lord dared him to single fight.

*Can.* Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,  
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: but these  
offers,  
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;  
And so should you.

*Eno.* Your ships are not well mann'd;  
Your mariners are muleters, reapers, people  
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet  
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:  
Their ships are yare;\* yours, heavy: no disgrace  
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea, \*Ready. 40  
Being prepared for land.

*Ant.* By sea, by sea.

*Eno.* Most worthy sir, you therein throw away  
The absolute soldiership you have by land;  
Distract your army, which doth most consist  
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted  
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego

The way which promises assurance; and  
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,  
From firm security.

*Ant.* I'll fight at sea.

*Cleo.* I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better. 50

*Ant.* Our overplus of shipping will we burn;  
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of  
Actium

Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,  
We then can do't at land.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thy business?

*Mess.* The news is true, my lord; he is des-  
cried;  
Cæsar has taken Tornyne.

*Ant.* Can he be there in person? 'tis impos-  
sible;

Strange that his power should be. Canidius,  
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,  
And our twelve thousand horse. We'll to our ship:  
Away, my Thetis!

*Enter a Soldier.*

How now, worthy soldier! 61

*Sold.* O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;  
Trust not to rotten planks: do you misdoubt  
This sword and these my wounds? Let the  
Egyptians

And the Phœnicians go a-ducking: we  
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,  
And fighting foot to foot.

*Ant.* Well, well: away!

[*Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.*

*Sold.* By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.

*Can.* Soldier, thou art: but his whole action  
grows

Not in the power on 't: so our leader's led, 70  
And we are women's men.

*Sold.* You keep by land  
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

*Can.* Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,  
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:



But we keep whole by land. This speed of  
 Cæsar's  
 Carries\* beyond belief. \*Goes.

*Sold.* While he was yet in Rome,  
 His power\* went out in such distractions† as  
 Beguiled all spies. \*Forces. †Detachments.

*Can.* Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

*Sold.* They say, one Taurus.

*Can.* Well I know the man.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The emperor calls Canidius. 80

*Can.* With news the time's with labour, and  
 throes\* forth, \*Agonizes.  
 Each minute, some. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *A plain near Actium.*

*Enter CÆSAR, and TAURUS, with his army,  
 marching.*

*Cæs.* Taurus!

*Taur.* My lord?

*Cæs.* Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke  
 not battle,  
 Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed  
 The prescript of this scroll: our fortune lies  
 Upon this jump.\* \*Hazard. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX. *Another part of the plain.*

*Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.*

*Ant.* Set we our squadron on yond side o'  
 the hill,  
 In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place  
 We may the number of the ships behold,  
 And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X. *Another part of the plain.*

CANIDIUS *marcheth with his land army one way over the stage; and TAURUS, the lieutenant of CÆSAR, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.*

*Alarum. Enter ENOBARBUS.*

*Eno.* Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer:  
The Antoniads, the Egyptian admiral,  
With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder:  
To see 't mine eyes are blasted.

*Enter SCARUS.*

*Scar.* Gods and goddesses,  
All the whole synod of them!

*Eno.* What's thy passion?

*Scar.* The greater cantle\* of the world is lost  
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away \*Corner.  
Kingdoms and provinces.

*Eno.* How appears the fight?

*Scar.* On our side like the token'd\* pestilence,  
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag of  
Egypt,—

Whom leprosy o'ertake!—i' the midst o' the fight,  
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,  
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,  
The breese† upon her, like a cow in June, †Gad-fly.  
Hoists sails and flies.

*Eno.* That I beheld:  
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not  
Endure a further view.

*Scar.* She once being loof'd\*,  
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,  
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doting mallard,  
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her: 21  
I never saw an action of such shame;  
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before  
Did violate so itself.

\*Brought close to the wind.

*Eno.* Alack, alack!

*Enter CANIDIUS.*

*Can.* Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,

And sinks most lamentably. Had our general  
 Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:  
 O, he has given example for our flight,  
 Most grossly, by his own!

*Eno.* Ay, are you thereabouts?  
 Why, then, good night indeed. 30

*Can.* Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

*Scar.* 'Tis easy to't; and there I will attend  
 What further comes.

*Can.* To Cæsar will I render  
 My legions and my horse: six kings already  
 Show me the way of yielding.

*Eno.* I'll yet follow  
 The wounded chance of Antony, though my  
 reason  
 Sits in the wind against me. [Exeunt.

SCENE XI. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's  
 palace.*

*Enter ANTONY with Attendants.*

*Ant.* Hark! the land bids me tread no more  
 upon't;  
 It is ashamed to bear me! Friends, come hither:  
 I am so lated\* in the world, that I \*Belated.  
 Have lost my way for ever: I have a ship  
 Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,  
 And make your peace with Cæsar.

*All.* Fly! not we.

*Ant.* I have fled myself; and have instructed  
 cowards  
 To run and show their shoulders. Friends, be  
 gone;  
 I have myself resolved upon a course  
 Which has no need of you; be gone: 10  
 My treasure's in the harbour, take it. O,  
 I follow'd that I blush to look upon:  
 My very hairs do mutiny; for the white  
 Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them  
 For fear and doting. Friends, be gone: you  
 shall  
 Have letters from me to some friends that will  
 Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,

Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint  
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left  
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway:  
I will possess you of that ship and treasure. 21  
Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now:  
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,  
Therefore I pray you: I'll see you by and by.  
[Sits down.

*Enter CLEOPATRA led by CHARMIAN and IRAS;  
EROS following.*

*Eros.* Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort  
him.

*Iras.* Do, most dear queen.

*Char.* Do! why: what else?

*Cleo.* Let me sit down. O Juno!

*Ant.* No, no, no, no, no.

*Eros.* See you here, sir? 30

*Ant.* O fie, fie, fie!

*Char.* Madam!

*Iras.* Madam, O good empress!

*Eros.* Sir, sir,—

*Ant.* Yes, my lord, yes; he at Philippi kept  
His sword e'en like a dancer; while I struck  
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I  
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone  
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had  
In the brave squares of war: yet now—No matter.

*Cleo.* Ah, stand by. 41

*Eros.* The queen, my lord, the queen.

*Iras.* Go to him, madam, speak to him:  
He is unqualitied with very shame.

*Cleo.* Well then, sustain me: O!

*Eros.* Most noble sir, arise; the queen ap-  
proaches:

Her head's declined, and death will seize her, but\*  
Your comfort makes the rescue. \*Unless.

*Ant.* I have offended reputation,  
A most unnoble swerving.

*Eros.* Sir, the queen. 50

*Ant.* O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt?  
See,

How I convey my shame out of thine eyes

By looking back what I have left behind  
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

*Cleo.* O my lord, my lord,  
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought  
You would have follow'd.

*Ant.* Egypt, thou knew'st too well  
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,  
And thou shouldst tow me after: o'er my spirit  
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that  
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods 60  
Command me.

*Cleo.* O, my pardon!

*Ant.* Now I must  
To the young man send humble treaties;\* dodge  
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who \*Entreaties.  
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I  
pleased,  
Making and marring fortunes. You did know  
How much you were my conqueror; and that  
My sword, made weak by my affection, would  
Obey it on all cause.

*Cleo.* Pardon, pardon!

*Ant.* Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates\*  
All that is won and lost: give me a kiss; \*Values.  
Even this repays me. We sent our schoolmaster;  
Is he come back? Love, I am full of lead. 72  
Some wine, within there, and our viands! For-  
tune knows

We scorn her most when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE XII. *Egypt. Cæsar's camp.*

*Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, with  
others.*

*Cæs.* Let him appear that's come from Antony.  
Know you him?

*Dol.* Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:  
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither  
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,  
Which had superfluous kings for messengers  
Not many moons gone by.

*Enter EUPHRONIUS, ambassador from Antony.*

*Cæs.* Approach, and speak.

*Euph.* Such as I am, I come from Antony:  
I was of late as petty to his ends  
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf  
To his grand sea.

*Cæs.* Be't so: declare thine office. 10

*Euph.* Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee,  
and  
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,  
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues  
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,  
A private man in Athens: this for him.  
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;  
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves  
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,  
Now hazarded to thy grace.

*Cæs.* For Antony,  
I have no ears to his request. The queen 20  
Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she  
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,  
Or take his life there: this if she perform,  
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

*Euph.* Fortune pursue thee!

*Cæs.* Bring him through the bands.  
[*Exit Euphronius.*

[*To Thyreus*] To try thy eloquence, now 'tis  
time: dispatch;

From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,  
And in our name, what she requires; add more,  
From thine invention, offers: women are not  
In their best fortunes strong; but want will  
perjure 30

The ne'er-touch'd vestal: try thy cunning, Thy-  
reus;

Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we  
Will answer as a law.

*Thyr.* Cæsar, I go.

*Cæs.* Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,\*  
And what thou think'st his very action speaks  
In every power that moves. \*Conforms to breach of fortune.

*Thyr.* Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*

*Enter* CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN,  
and IRAS.

*Cleo.* What shall we do, Enobarbus?

*Eno.* Think, and die.

*Cleo.* Is Antony or we in fault for this?

*Eno.* Antony only, that would make his will  
Lord of his reason. What though you fled  
From that great face of war, whose several  
ranges

Frighted each other? why should he follow?  
The itch of his affection should not then  
Have nick'd\* his captainship; at such a point,  
When half to half the world opposed, he being  
The †meered question: 'twas a shame no less 10  
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,  
And leave his navy gazing. \*Branded with folly.

*Cleo.* Prithee, peace.

*Enter* ANTONY with EUPHRONIUS, the  
Ambassador.

*Ant.* Is that his answer?

*Euph.* Ay, my lord.

*Ant.* The queen shall then have courtesy, so  
she  
Will yield us up.

*Euph.* He says so.

*Ant.* Let her know't.  
To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,  
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim  
With principalities.

*Cleo.* That head, my lord? 19

*Ant.* To him again: tell him he wears the rose  
Of youth upon him; from which the world should  
note

Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,  
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail  
Under the service of a child as soon  
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore  
To lay his gay comparisons apart,

And answer me declined, sword against sword,  
Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me.

[*Exeunt Antony and Euphronius.*

*Eno.* [*Aside*] Yes, like enough, high-battled  
Cæsar will 29  
Unstate his happiness, and be staged to the show,  
Against a sworder! I see men's judgements are  
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward  
Do draw the inward quality after them,  
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,  
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will  
Answer his emptiness! Cæsar, thou hast sub-  
dued  
His judgement too.

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Att.* A messenger from Cæsar.

*Cleo.* What, no more ceremony? See, my  
women!  
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose  
That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, sir. 40

[*Exit Attendant.*

*Eno.* [*Aside*] Mine honesty and I begin to  
square.\* \*Quarrel.  
The loyalty well held to fools does make  
Our faith mere folly: yet he that can endure  
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord  
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,  
And earns a place i' the story.

*Enter THYREUS.*

*Cleo.* Cæsar's will?

*Thyr.* Hear it apart.

*Cleo.* None but friends: say boldly.

*Thyr.* So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

*Eno.* He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has;  
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master 50  
Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know  
Whose he is we are, and that is, Cæsar's.

*Thyr.* So.

Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar entreats,  
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,  
Further than he is Cæsar.



*Cleo.* Go on: right royal.

*Thyr.* He knows that you embrace not Antony  
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

*Cleo.* O!

*Thyr.* The scars upon your honour, therefore, he  
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,  
Not as deserved.

*Cleo.* He is a god, and knows 60  
What is most right: mine honour was not yielded,  
But conquer'd merely.

*Eno.* [*Aside*] To be sure of that,  
I will ask Antony. Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,  
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for  
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit.*

*Thyr.* Shall I say to Cæsar  
What you require of him? for he partly begs  
To be desired to give. It much would please him,  
That of his fortunes you should make a staff  
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,  
To hear from me you had left Antony, 70  
†And put yourself under his shrowd,  
The universal landlord.

*Cleo.* What's your name?

*Thyr.* My name is Thyreus.

*Cleo.* Most kind messenger,  
Say to great Cæsar this: in deputation  
I kiss his conquering hand: tell him, I am prompt  
To lay my crown at 's feet, and there to kneel:  
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear  
The doom of Egypt.

*Thyr.* 'Tis your noblest course.  
Wisdom and fortune combating together,  
If that the former dare but what it can, 80  
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay  
My duty on your hand.

*Cleo.* Your Cæsar's father oft,  
When he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,  
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,  
As it rain'd kisses.

*Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.*

*Ant.* Favours, by Jove that thunders!  
What art thou, fellow?

*Thyr.* One that but performs  
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest  
To have command obey'd.

*Eno.* [*Aside*] You will be whipp'd.

*Ant.* Approach, there! Ah, you kite! Now,  
gods and devils! 89  
Authority melts from me: of late, when I cried 'Ho!'  
Like boys unto a muss,\* kings would start forth,  
And cry 'Your will?' Have you no ears? I am  
Antony yet. \*Scramble.

*Enter Attendants.*

Take hence this Jack,† and whip him.

*Eno.* [*Aside*] 'Tis better playing with a lion's  
whelp †Mean fellow.  
Than with an old one dying.

*Ant.* Moon and stars!  
Whip him. Were 't twenty of the greatest tribu-  
taries  
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them  
So saucy with the hand of she here,—what's her  
name,  
Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him, fellows,  
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face, 100  
And whine aloud for mercy: take him hence.

*Thyr.* Mark Antony!

*Ant.* Tug him away: being whipp'd,  
Bring him again: this Jack of Cæsar's shall  
Bear us an errand to him.

[*Exeunt Attendants with Thyreus.*

You were half blasted ere I knew you: ha!  
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,  
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,  
And by a gem of women, to be abused  
By one that looks on feeders?\*

*Cleo.* Good my lord,— \*Servants.

*Ant.* You have been a boggler ever: 110  
But when we in our viciousness grow hard—  
O misery on 't!—the wise gods seel\* our eyes:  
In our own filth drop our clear judgements;  
make us \*Close.  
Adore our errors; laugh at 's, while we strut  
To our confusion.

*Cleo.* O, is 't come to this?

*Ant.* I found you as a morsel cold upon  
Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment  
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,  
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have  
Luxuriously\* pick'd out: for, I am sure, 120  
Though you can guess what temperance should be,  
You know not what it is. \*Wantonly.

*Cleo.* Wherefore is this?

*Ant.* To let a fellow that will take rewards  
And say 'God quit you!' be familiar with  
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal  
And plighter of high hearts! O, that I were  
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar  
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;  
And to proclaim it civilly, were like  
A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank  
For being yare\* about him. \*Ready.

*Re-enter Attendants with THYREUS.*

Is he whipp'd? 131

*First Att.* Soundly, my lord.

*Ant.* Cried he? and begg'd a' pardon?

*First Att.* He did ask favour.

*Ant.* If that thy father live, let him repent  
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou  
sorry  
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since  
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: hence-  
forth

The white hand of a lady fever thee,  
Shake thou to look on 't. Get thee back to Cæsar,  
Tell him thy entertainment: look, thou say 140  
He makes me angry with him; for he seems  
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,  
Not what he knew I was: he makes me angry;  
And at this time most easy 'tis to do 't,  
When my good stars, that were my former guides,  
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires  
Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike  
My speech and what is done, tell him he has  
Hipparchus, my enfranchised bondman, whom  
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture.

As he shall like, to quit\* me: urge it thou: 151  
Hence with thy stripes, begone! [*Exit Thyreus.*

*Cleo.* Have you done yet? \*Requite.

*Ant.* Alack, our terrene\* moon  
Is now eclipsed; and it portends alone \*Earthly.  
The fall of Antony!

*Cleo.* I must stay his time.

*Ant.* To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes  
With one that ties his points?

*Cleo.* Not know me yet?

*Ant.* Cold-hearted toward me?

*Cleo.* Ah, dear, if I be so,  
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,  
And poison it in the source; and the first stone  
Drop in my neck: as it determines,\* so \*Dissolves.  
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite! 162  
Till by degrees the memory of my womb,  
Together with my brave Egyptians all,  
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,  
Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile  
Have buried them for prey!

*Ant.* I am satisfied.  
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where  
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land  
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too 170  
Have knit again, and fleet,\* threatening most sea-  
like. \*Float.

Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost thou  
hear, lady?

If from the field I shall return once more  
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;  
I and my sword will earn our chronicle:  
There's hope in 't yet.

*Cleo.* That's my brave lord!

*Ant.* I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breathed,  
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours  
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives 180  
Of me for jests; but now I'll set my teeth,  
And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,  
Let's have one other gaudy\* night: call to me  
All my sad captains; fill our bowls once more;  
Let's mock the midnight bell. \*Festive.

*Cleo.* It is my birth-day:

I had thought to have held it poor; but, since my  
lord

Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

*Ant.* We will yet do well.

*Cleo.* Call all his noble captains to my lord.

*Ant.* Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night  
I'll force 190

The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my  
queen;

There's sap in 't yet. The next time I do fight,  
I'll make death love me; for I will contend  
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt all but Enobarbus.*]

*Eno.* Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be  
furious,

Is to be frightened out of fear; and in that mood

The dove will peck the estridge;\* and I see still,

A diminution in our captain's brain \*Ostrich.

Restores his heart: when valour preys on reason,  
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek 200

Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Before Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.*

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS, with his  
Army; CÆSAR reading a letter.*

*Cæs.* He calls me boy; and chides, as he had  
power

To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger

He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal  
combat,

Cæsar to Antony: let the old ruffian know  
I have many other ways to die; meantime  
Laugh at his challenge.

*Mec.* Cæsar must think,

When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted

Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now

Make boot of his distraction: never anger

Made good guard for itself.

*Cæs.* Let our best heads 10

Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles  
We mean to fight: within our files there are,  
Of those that served Mark Antony but late,  
Enough to fetch him in. See it done:  
And feast the army; we have store to do 't,  
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*

*Enter* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *with others.*

*Ant.* He will not fight with me, Domitius.

*Eno.* No.

*Ant.* Why should he not?

*Eno.* He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,

He is twenty men to one.

*Ant.* To-morrow, soldier,  
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,  
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood  
Shall make it live again. Woo 't thou fight well?

*Eno.* I'll strike, and cry 'Take all.'

*Ant.* Well said; come on.  
Call forth my household servants: let's to-night  
Be bounteous at our meal.

*Enter three or four Servitors.*

Give me thy hand,                    10  
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou:—  
Thou,—and thou,—and thou:—you have served  
me well,  
And kings have been your fellows.

*Cleo.* [Aside to *Eno.*] What means this?

*Eno.* [Aside to *Cleo.*] 'Tis one of those odd  
tricks which sorrow shoots  
Out of the mind.

*Ant.* And thou art honest too.  
I wish I could be made so many men,  
And all of you clapp'd up together in  
An Antony, that I might do you service  
So good as you have done.

*All.* The gods forbid!

*Ant.* Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night: 20

Scant not my cups; and make as much of me  
As when mine empire was your fellow too,  
And suffer'd my command.

*Cleo.* [*Aside to Eno.*] What does he mean?

*Eno.* [*Aside to Cleo.*] To make his followers weep.

*Ant.* Tend me to-night;  
May be it is the period of your duty:  
Haply you shall not see me more; or if,  
A mangled shadow: perchance to-morrow  
You'll serve another master. I look on you  
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,  
I turn you not away; but, like a master 30  
Married to your good service, stay till death:  
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,  
And the gods yield\* you for 't! \*Reward.

*Eno.* What mean you, sir,  
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;  
And I, an ass, am onion-eyed: for shame,  
Transform us not to women.

*Ant.* Ho, ho, ho!  
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!  
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty  
friends,  
You take me in too dolorous a sense;  
For I spake to you for your comfort; did desire  
you 40  
To burn this night with torches: know, my hearts,  
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you  
Where rather I'll expect victorious life  
Than death and honour. Let's to supper, come,  
And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Before the palace.*

*Enter two Soldiers to their guard.*

*First Sold.* Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

*Sec. Sold.* It will determine one way: fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

*First Sold.* Nothing. What news?

*Sec. Sold.* Belike 'tis but a rumour. Good night to you.

*First Sold.* Well, sir, good night.

*Enter two other Soldiers.*

*Sec. Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.

*Third Sold.* And you. Good night, good night.

*[They place themselves in every corner of the stage.]*

*Fourth Sold.* Here we: and if to-morrow  
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope 10  
Our landmen will stand up.

*Third Sold.* 'Tis a brave army,  
And full of purpose.

*[Music of the hautboys as under the stage.]*

*Fourth Sold.* Peace! what noise?

*First Sold.* List, list!

*Sec. Sold.* Hark!

*First Sold.* Music i' the air.

*Third Sold.* Under the earth.

*Fourth Sold.* It signs\* well, does it not? \*Bodes.

*Third Sold.* No.

*First Sold.* Peace, I say!

What should this mean?

*Sec. Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony  
loved,  
Now leaves him.

*First Sold.* Walk; let's see if other watchmen  
Do hear what we do.

*[They advance to another post.]*

*Sec. Sold.* How now, masters!

*All.* *[Speaking together]* How now!

How now! do you hear this?

*First Sold.* Ay; is't not strange? 20

*Third Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you  
hear?

*First Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have  
quarter;

Let's see how it will give off.

*All.* Content. 'Tis strange. *[Exeunt.]*



SCENE IV. *The same. A room in the palace.*

*Enter* ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, *and others attending.*

*Ant.* Eros! mine armour, Eros!

*Cleo.* Sleep a little.

*Ant.* No, my chuck. Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

*Enter* EROS *with armour.*

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on:  
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is  
Because we brave her: come.

*Cleo.* Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for?

*Ant.* Ah, let be, let be! thou art  
The armourer of my heart: false, false; this, this.

*Cleo.* Sooth, la, I'll help: thus it must be.

*Ant.* Well, well:  
We shall thrive now. Seest thou, my good fellow?  
Go put on thy defences.

*Eros.* Briefly, sir. 10

*Cleo.* Is not this buckled well?

*Ant.* Rarely, rarely:  
He that unbuckles this, till we do please  
To daff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.  
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire  
More tight\* at this than thou: dispatch. O love,  
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st  
The royal occupation! thou shouldst see \*Nimble.  
A workman in 't.

*Enter an armed Soldier.*

Good morrow to thee; welcome:  
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:  
To business that we love we rise betime, 20  
And go to 't with delight.

*Sold.* A thousand, sir,  
Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim,  
And at the port expect you.

[*Shout. Trumpets flourish.*

*Enter Captains and Soldiers.*

*Capt.* The morn is fair. Good morrow, general.

*All.* Good morrow, general.

*Ant.* 'Tis well blown, lads:  
This morning, like the spirit of a youth  
That means to be of note, begins betimes.  
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.  
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:  
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukeable [*Kisses her.*  
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand 31  
On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee  
Now, like a man of steel. You that will fight,  
Follow me close; I'll bring you to 't. Adieu.

[*Exeunt Antony, Eros, Captains, and  
Soldiers.*

*Char.* Please you, retire to your chamber.

*Cleo.* Lead me.  
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might  
Determine this great war in single fight!  
Then, Antony,—but now—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Alexandria. Antony's camp.*

*Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS; a  
Soldier meeting them.*

*Sold.* The gods make this a happy day to  
Antony!

*Ant.* Would thou and those thy scars had  
once prevail'd  
To make me fight at land!

*Sold.* Hadst thou done so,  
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier  
That has this morning left thee, would have still  
Follow'd thy heels.

*Ant.* Who's gone this morning?

*Sold.* Who!  
One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus,  
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp  
Say 'I am none of thine.'

*Ant.* What say'st thou?

*Sold.* Sir,  
He is with Cæsar.

*Eros.* Sir, his chests and treasure 10  
He has not with him.

*Ant.* Is he gone?

*Sold.*

Most certain.

*Ant.* Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;  
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him—  
I will subscribe—gentle adieus and greetings;  
Say that I wish he never find more cause  
To change a master. O, my fortunes have  
Corrupted honest men! Dispatch.—Enobarbus!  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.*

*Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, with ENOBARBUS, and others.*

*Cæs.* Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:  
Our will is Antony be took alive;  
Make it so known.

*Agr.* Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit.*]

*Cæs.* The time of universal peace is near:  
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd  
world  
Shall bear the olive freely.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.*

Antony

Is come into the field.

*Cæs.*

Go charge Agrippa

Plant those that have revolted in the van,  
That Antony may seem to spend his fury 10  
Upon himself. [*Exeunt all but Enobarbus.*]

*Eno.* Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry on  
Affairs of Antony; there did persuade  
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,  
And leave his master Antony: for this pains  
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius and the rest  
That fell away have entertainment, but  
No honourable trust. I have done ill;  
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,  
That I will joy no more.

*Enter a Soldier of CÆSAR'S.*

*Sold.*

Enobarbus, Antony

20

Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with  
His bounty overplus: the messenger

Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now  
Unloading of his mules.

*Eno.* I give it you.

*Sold.* Mock not, Enobarbus.

I tell you true: best you safed\* the bringer  
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,  
Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor  
Continues still a Jove.

\*Made safe. [*Exit.*

*Eno.* I am alone the villain of the earth, 30  
And feel I am so most. O Antony,  
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid  
My better service, when my turpitude  
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows\* my  
heart:

\*Swells.

If swift thought† break it not, a swifter mean  
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do 't,  
I feel.

†Anxiety.

I fight against thee! No: I will go seek  
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits  
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *Field of battle between the camps.*

*Alarum.* *Drums and trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA  
and others.*

*Agr.* Retire, we have engaged ourselves too  
far:

Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression  
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*

*Alarums.* *Enter ANTONY, and SCARUS  
wounded.*

*Scar.* O my brave emperor, this is fought in-  
deed!

Had we done so at first, we had droven them home  
With clouts about their heads.

*Ant.* Thou bleed'st apace.

*Scar.* I had a wound here that was like a T,  
But now 'tis made an H.

*Ant.* They do retire.

*Scar.* We'll beat 'em into bench-holes: I have  
yet  
Room for six scotches\* more.

\*Cuts. 10

*Enter EROS.*

*Eros.* They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves  
For a fair victory.

*Scar.* Let us score their backs,  
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind:  
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

*Ant.* I will reward thee  
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold  
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

*Scar.* I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *Under the walls of Alexandria.*

*Alarum.* *Enter* ANTONY, *in a march*; SACRUS,  
*with others.*

*Ant.* We have beat him to his camp: run one  
before,  
And let the queen know of our gests. To-  
morrow,  
Before the sun shall see 's, we'll spill the blood  
That has to-day escaped. I thank you all;  
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought  
Not as you served the cause, but as 't had been  
Each man's like mine; you have shown all  
Hectors.

Enter the city, clip\* your wives, your friends,  
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful  
tears

Wash the congealment from your wounds, and  
kiss

The honour'd gashes whole. [*To Scarus*] Give  
me thy hand;

*Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.*

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,  
Make her thanks bless thee. [*To Cleo.*] O thou  
day o' the world,

Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and  
all,

Through proof of harness to my heart, and there  
Ride on the pants triumphing!

*Cleo.* Lord of lords!

O infinite virtue, comest thou smiling from  
The world's great snare uncaught?

*Ant.* My nightingale,  
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl!  
though grey  
Do something mingle with our younger brown,  
yet ha' we 20

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can  
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;  
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand:  
Kiss it, my warrior: he hath fought to-day  
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had  
Destroy'd in such a shape.

*Cleo.* I'll give thee, friend,  
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

*Ant.* He has deserved it, were it carbuncled  
Like holy Phœbus' car. Give me thy hand:  
Through Alexandria make a jolly march; 30  
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe  
them:

Had our great palace the capacity  
To camp this host, we all would sup together,  
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,  
Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters,  
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;  
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;\*  
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds  
together,

Applauding our approach. *\* Tambourines.*  
[*Exeunt.* 39

SCENE IX. *Cæsar's camp.*

*Sentinels at their post.*

*First Sold.* If we be not relieved within this  
hour,  
We must return to the court of guard: the night  
Is shiny; and they say we shall embattle  
By the second hour i' the morn.

*Sec. Sold.* This last day was  
A shrewd one to 's.

*Enter ENOBARBUS.*

*Eno.* O, bear me witness, night,—

*Third Sold.* What man is this?

*Sec. Sold.* Stand close, and list him.

*Eno.* Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,  
When men revolted shall upon record  
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did  
Before thy face repent!

*First Sold.* Enobarbus!

*Third Sold.* Peace! 10  
Hark further.

*Eno.* O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,  
The poisonous damp of night disponge\* upon me,  
That life, a very rebel to my will, \*Squeeze out.  
May hang no longer on me: throw my heart  
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;  
Which, being dried with grief, will break to  
powder,

And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,  
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,  
Forgive me in thine own particular; 20  
But let the world rank me in register  
A master-leaver and a fugitive:  
O Antony! O Antony! [Dies.

*Sec. Sold.* Let's speak  
To him.

*First Sold.* Let's hear him, for the things he  
speaks  
May concern Cæsar.

*Third Sold.* Let's do so. But he sleeps.

*First Sold.* Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer  
as his  
Was never yet for sleep.

*Sec. Sold.* Go we to him.

*Third Sold.* Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.

*Sec. Sold.* Hear you, sir?

*Third Sold.* The hand of death hath raught\*  
him. [Drums afar off.] Hark! the drums  
Demurely† wake the sleepers. Let us bear him 31  
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour  
Is fully out.

*Third Sold.* Come on, then;  
He may recover yet. \*Reached. †Solemnly. [Exeunt with the body.

SCENE X. *Between the two camps.*

*Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with their Army.*

*Ant.* Their preparation is to-day by sea;  
We please them not by land.

*Scar.* For both, my lord.

*Ant.* I would they'd fight i' the fire or i' the  
air;  
We'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot  
Upon the hills adjoining to the city  
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;  
†They have put forth the haven. . .  
Where their appointment we may best discover,  
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.* 9

SCENE XI. *Another part of the same.*

*Enter CÆSAR, and his Army.*

*Cæs.* But being charged, we will be still by  
land,  
Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best force  
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,  
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII. *Another part of the same.*

*Enter ANTONY and SCARUS.*

*Ant.* Yet they are not join'd: where yond  
pine does stand,  
I shall discover all; I'll bring thee word  
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*

*Scar.* Swallows have built  
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers  
Say they know not, they cannot tell; look grimly,  
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony  
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,  
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,  
Of what he has, and has not.

[*Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.*

*Re-enter ANTONY.*

*Ant.* All is lost;  
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:



My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder  
 They cast their caps up and carouse together  
 Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis  
 thou

Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart  
 Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly;  
 For when I am revenged upon my charm,  
 I have done all. Bid them all fly; begone.

[*Exit Scarus.*]

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:  
 Fortune and Antony part here; even here  
 Do we shake hands. All come to this? The hearts  
 That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave 21  
 Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets  
 On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,  
 That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:  
 O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,—  
 Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them  
 home;

Whose bosom was my crownet,\* my chief end,—  
 Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,  
 Beguiled me to the very heart of loss. \*Coronet.  
 What, Eros, Eros!

*Enter CLEOPATRA.*

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt! 30

*Cleo.* Why is my lord enraged against his love?

*Ant.* Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,  
 And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,  
 And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:  
 Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot  
 Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown  
 For poor'st diminutives, for doits; and let  
 Patient Octavia plough thy visage up  
 With her prepared nails.

[*Exit Cleopatra.*]

'Tis well thou'rt gone,

If it be well to live; but better 'twere 40  
 Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death  
 Might have prevented many. Eros, ho!  
 The shirt of Nessus is upon me: teach me,  
 Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:  
 Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;

And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,  
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die:  
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and  
I fall  
Under this plot; she dies for't. Eros, ho! [*Exit.*

SCENE XIII. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*

*Enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

*Cleo.* Help me, my women! O, he is more mad  
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly  
Was never so emboss'd.\*

\*Covered with foam.

*Char.* To the monument!  
There lock yourself, and send him word you are  
dead.

The soul and body rive not more in parting  
Than greatness going off.

*Cleo.* To the monument!  
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;  
Say, that the last I spoke was 'Antony,'  
And word it, prithee, piteously: hence, Mardian,  
And bring me how he takes my death. To the  
monument! [*Exeunt.* 10

SCENE XIV. *The same. Another room.*

*Enter* ANTONY and EROS.

*Ant.* Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

*Eros.* Ay, noble lord.

*Ant.* Sometime we see a cloud that's dragon-  
ish;

A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,  
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,  
A forked mountain, or blue promontory  
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,  
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these  
signs;

They are black vesper's pageants.

*Eros.* Ay, my lord.

*Ant.* That which is now a horse, even with a thought  
The rack dislimns,\* and makes it indistinct, 10  
As water is in water. \*Disfigures.

*Eros.* It does, my lord.

*Ant.* My good knave Eros, now thy captain is  
Even such a body: here I am Antony:  
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.  
I made these wars for Egypt: and the queen,—  
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine;  
Which whilst it was mine had annex'd unto't  
A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has  
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false-play'd my  
glory  
Unto an enemy's triumph. 20  
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us  
Ourselves to end ourselves.

*Enter MARDIAN.*

O, thy vile lady!  
She has robb'd me of my sword.

*Mar.* No, Antony;  
My mistress loved thee, and her fortunes mingled  
With thine entirely.

*Ant.* Hence, saucy eunuch; peace!  
She hath betray'd me and shall die the death.

*Mar.* Death of one person can be paid but once,  
And that she has discharged: what thou wouldst do  
Is done unto thy hand: the last she spake  
Was 'Antony! most noble Antony!' 30  
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break  
The name of Antony; it was divided  
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,  
Thy name so buried in her.

*Ant.* Dead, then?

*Mar.* Dead.

*Ant.* Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,  
And we must sleep. [*To Mar.*] That thou de-  
part'st hence safe,  
Does pay thy labour richly; go. [*Exit Mardian.*  
Off, pluck off:

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep  
The battery from my heart. O. cleave, my sides!

Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,\* 40  
 Crack thy frail case! Apace, Eros, apace.  
 No more a soldier: bruised pieces, go;  
 You have been nobly borne. From me awhile.

\*That which contains anything. [*Exit Eros.*]

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and  
 Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now  
 All length is torture: since the torch is out,  
 Lie down, and stray no farther: now all labour  
 Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles  
 Itself with strength: seal then, and all is done.  
 Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for me:  
 Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in  
 hand, 51  
 And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:  
 Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,  
 And all the haunt be ours. Come, Eros, Eros!

*Re-enter EROS.*

*Eros.* What would my lord?

*Ant.* Since Cleopatra died,  
 I have lived in such dishonour, that the gods  
 Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword  
 Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's  
 back

With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack  
 The courage of a woman; less noble mind 60  
 Than she which by her death our Cæsar tells  
 'I am conqueror of myself.' Thou art sworn, Eros,  
 That, when the exigent should come, which now  
 Is come indeed, when I should see behind me  
 The inevitable prosecution of  
 Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,  
 Thou then wouldst kill me: do't; the time is  
 come:

Thou strikest not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.  
 Put colour in thy cheek.

*Eros.* The gods withhold me!  
 Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts, 70  
 Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

*Ant.* Eros,  
 Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome and see

Thy master thus with pleach'd\* arms, bending  
down

\*Folded.

His corrigible† neck, his face subdued †Corrected.  
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat  
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded  
His baseness that ensued?

*Eros.* I would not see 't.

*Ant.* Come, then; for with a wound I must be  
cured.

Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast  
worn

Most useful for thy country.

*Eros.* O, sir, pardon me! 80

*Ant.* When I did make thee free, swore'st thou  
not then

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;

Or thy precedent services are all

But accidents unpurposed. Draw, and come.

*Eros.* Turn from me, then, that noble count-  
enance,

Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

*Ant.* Lo thee! [Turning from him.

*Eros.* My sword is drawn.

*Ant.* Then let it do at once

The thing why thou hast drawn it.

*Eros.* My dear master,

My captain, and my emperor, let me say, 90

Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

*Ant.* 'Tis said, man; and farewell.

*Eros.* Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike  
now?

*Ant.* Now, Eros.

*Eros.* Why, there then: thus I do escape the  
sorrow

Of Antony's death. [Kills himself.

*Ant.* Thrice-nobler than myself!

Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what

I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and

Eros,

Have by their brave instruction got upon me

A nobleness in record: but I will be

A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't 100

As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and, Eros,

Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus  
*[Falling on his sword.]*
I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?  
The guard, ho! O, dispatch me!

*Enter* DERCETAS *and* Guard.

*First Guard.* What's the noise?

*Ant.* I have done my work ill, friends: O,  
make an end  
Of what I have begun.

*Sec. Guard.*               8      The star is fall'n.

*First Guard.* And time is at his period.

*All.*                                  Álas, and woe !

*Ant.* Let him that loves me strike me dead.

*First Guard.* Not I.

*Sec. Guard.* Nor I. 109

*Third Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.*

*Der.* Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers  
fly.

**This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,  
Shall enter me with him.**

*Enter* DIOMEDES.

*Dio.* Where's Antony?

*Der.* There, Diomed there.

*Dio.* Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit Dercetas.*

*Ant.* Are thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me Sufficing strokes for death.

*Dio.* Most absolute lord,  
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

*Ant.* When did she send thee?

*Dio.* Now, my lord.

*Ant.* Where is she?

*Dio.* Lock'd in her monument. She had a  
 prophesying fear

120

Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw—  
Which never shall be found—you did suspect  
She had disposed\* with Cæsar, and that your rage  
Would not be purged, she sent you word she was  
dead;

\*Conspired.

**\*Conspired.**

But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent

*All.* ~ A heavy sight! 40

*Ant.* I am dying, Egypt, dying:  
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

*Cleo.* No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,  
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,  
Provoked by my offence.

*Ant.* One word, sweet queen:  
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety. O!

*Cleo.* They do not go together.

*Ant.* Gentle, hear me:  
None about Cæsar trust but Proculeius.

*Cleo.* My resolution and my hands I'll trust;  
None about Cæsar. 50

*Ant.* The miserable change now at my end  
Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts  
In feeding them with those my former fortunes  
Wherein I lived, the greatest prince o' the world,  
The noblest; and do now not basely die,  
Not cowardly put off my helmet to  
My countryman,—a Roman by a Roman  
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going;  
I can no more.

*Cleo.* Noblest of men, woo't die?  
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide 60  
In this dull world, which in thy absence is  
No better than a sty? O, see, my women,

[*Antony dies.*  
The crown o' the earth doth melt. My lord!  
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,  
The soldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and girls  
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,  
And there is nothing left remarkable  
Beneath the visiting moon. [*Faints.*

*Char.* O, quietness, lady!

*Iras.* She is dead too, our sovereign.

*Char.* Lady!

*Iras.* Madam!

*Char.* O madam, madam, madam!

*Iras.* Royal Egypt, 70  
Empress!

*Char.* Peace, peace, Iras!

*Cleo.* No more, but e'en a woman, and com-  
manded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks  
 And does the meanest chares.\* It were for me  
 To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;  
 To tell them that this world did equal theirs  
 Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but naught;  
 Patience is sottish, and impatience does \*Task-work.  
 Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin 80  
 To rush into the secret house of death,  
 Ere death dare come to us? How do you, women?  
 What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Char-  
 mian!

My noble girls! Ah, women, women, look,  
 Our lamp is spent, it's out! Good sirs, take  
 heart:

We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's  
 noble,

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,  
 And make death proud to take us. Come, away:  
 This case of that huge spirit now is cold:

Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend  
 But resolution, and the briefest end. 91

[*Exeunt; those above bearing off  
 Antony's body.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.*

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS,  
 GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and others, his council of  
 war.*

*Cæs.* Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;  
 Being so frustrate,\* tell him he mocks \*Frustrated.  
 The pauses that he makes.

*Dol.* Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*]

*Enter DERCEITAS, with the sword of ANTONY.*

*Cæs.* Wherefore is that? and what art thou that  
 darest  
 Appear thus to us?

*Der.* I am call'd Dercetas;  
 Mark Antony I served, who best was worthy  
 Best to be served: whilst he stood up and spoke,



He was my master; and I wore my life  
 To spend upon his haters. If thou please  
 To take me to thee, as I was to him 10  
 I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,  
 I yield thee up my life.

*Cæs.* What is 't thou say'st?

*Der.* I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

*Cæs.* The breaking of so great a thing should  
 make

A greater crack: †the round world  
 Should have shook lions into civil streets,  
 And citizens to their dens: the death of Antony  
 Is not a single doom; in the name lay  
 A moiety of the world.

*Der.* He is dead, Cæsar;  
 Not by a public minister of justice, 20  
 Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,  
 Which writ his honour in the acts it did,  
 Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,  
 Splitted the heart. This is his sword;  
 I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd  
 With his most noble blood.

*Cæs.* Look you sad, friends?  
 The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings  
 To wash the eyes of kings.

*Agr.* And strange it is,  
 That nature must compel us to lament  
 Our most persisted deeds.

*Mec.* His taints and honours 30  
 Waged equal with him.

*Agr.* A rarer spirit never  
 Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us  
 Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

*Mec.* When such a spacious mirror's set before  
 him,  
 He needs must see himself.

*Cæs.* O Antony!  
 I have follow'd thee to this; but we do lance  
 Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce  
 Have shown to thee such a declining day,  
 Or look on thine; we could not stall together  
 In the whole world: but yet let me lament, 40  
 With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts.

That thou, my brother, my competitor  
In top of all design, my mate in empire,  
Friend and companion in the front of war,  
The arm of mine own body, and the heart  
Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our  
stars,  
Unreconcilable, should divide  
Our equalness to this. Hear me, good friends,—  
But I will tell you at some meeter season:

*Enter an Egyptian.*

The business of this man looks out of him; 50  
We'll hear him what he says. Whence are you?

*Egypt.* A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my  
mistress,  
Confined in all she has, her monument,  
Of thy intents desires instruction,  
That she preparedly may frame herself  
To the way she's forced to.

*Cæs.* Bid her have good heart:  
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,  
How honourable and how kindly we  
Determine for her; for Cæsar cannot live  
To be ungentle.

*Egypt.* So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit.* 60

*Cæs.* Come hither, Proculeius. Go and say,  
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts  
The quality of her passion shall require,  
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke  
She do defeat us; for her life in Rome  
Would be eternal in our triumph: go,  
And with your speediest bring us what she says,  
And how you find of her.

*Pro.* Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*

*Cæs.* Gallus, go you along. [*Exit Gallus.*]  
Where's Dolabella,  
To second Proculeius?

*All.* Dolabella! 70

*Cæs.* Let him alone, for I remember now  
How he's employ'd: he shall in time be ready.  
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see  
How hardly I was drawn into this war;  
How calm and gentle I proceeded still

In all my writings: go with me, and see  
What I can show in this. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Alexandria. A room in the monument.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.*

*Cleo.* My desolation does begin to make  
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;  
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,  
A minister of her will: and it is great  
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;  
Which shackles accidents and bolts up change;  
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,  
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

*Enter, to the gates of the monument, PROCULEIUS,  
GALLUS, and Soldiers.*

*Pro.* Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of  
Egypt;  
And bids thee study on what fair demands 10  
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

*Cleo.* What's thy name?

*Pro.* My name is Proculeius.

*Cleo.* Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but  
I do not greatly care to be deceived,  
That have no use for trusting. If your master  
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,  
That majesty, to keep decorum, must  
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please  
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,  
He gives me so much of mine own, as I 20  
Will kneel to him with thanks.

*Pro.* Be of good cheer;  
You're fall'n into a princely hand, fear nothing:  
Make your full reference freely to my lord,  
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over  
On all that need: let me report to him  
Your sweet dependency; and you shall find  
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,  
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

*Cleo.* Pray you, tell him

I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him  
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn 30  
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly  
Look him i' the face.

*Pro.* This I'll report, dear lady.  
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied  
Of him that caused it.

*Gal.* You see how easily she may be surprised:  
[*Here Proculeius and two of the Guard  
ascend the monument by a ladder placed  
against a window, and, having descended,  
come behind Cleopatra. Some of the Guard  
unbar and open the gates.*

[*To Proculeius and the Guard*] Guard her till  
Cæsar come. [Exit.

*Iras.* Royal queen!

*Char.* O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen.

*Cleo.* Quick, quick, good hands.

[*Drawing a dagger.*  
*Pro.* Hold, worthy lady, hold:  
[*Seizes and disarms her.*

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this 40  
Relieved, but not betray'd.

*Cleo.* What, of death, too,  
That rids our dogs of languish?

*Pro.* Cleopatra,  
Do not abuse my master's bounty by  
The undoing of yourself: let the world see  
His nobleness well acted, which your death  
Will never let come forth.

*Cleo.* Where art thou, death?  
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a  
queen  
Worth many babes and beggars!

*Pro.* O, temperance, lady!

*Cleo.* Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;  
If idle talk will once be necessary, 50  
I'll not sleep neither: this mortal house I'll ruin,  
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I  
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;  
Nor once be chastised with the sober eye  
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up  
And show me to the shouting varletry\*      \*Rabble

Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt  
 Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud  
 Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies  
 Blow me into abhorring! rather make 60  
 My country's high pyramides my gibbet,  
 And hang me up in chains!

*Pro.* You do extend  
 These thoughts of horror further than you shall  
 Find cause in Cæsar.

*Enter DOLABELLA.*

*Dol.* Proculeius,  
 What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,  
 And he hath sent for thee: for the queen,  
 I'll take her to my guard.

*Pro.* So, Dolabella,  
 It shall content me best: be gentle to her.  
 [*To Cleo.*] To Cæsar I will speak what you shall  
 please,  
 If you'll employ me to him.

*Cleo.* Say, I would die. 70

[*Exeunt Proculeius and Soldiers.*]

*Dol.* Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

*Cleo.* I cannot tell.

*Dol.* Assuredly you know me.

*Cleo.* No matter, sir, what I have heard or  
 known.

You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;  
 Is't not your trick?

*Dol.* I understand not, madam.

*Cleo.* I dream'd there was an Emperor Antony:  
 O, such another sleep, that I might see  
 But such another man!

*Dol.* If it might please ye,—

*Cleo.* His face was as the heavens; and therein  
 stuck

A sun and moon, which kept their course, and  
 lighted 80

The little O, the earth.

*Dol.* Most sovereign creature,—

*Cleo.* His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm  
 Crested the world: his voice was propertied\*  
 As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;

But when he meant to quail† and shake the orb,  
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,  
'There was no winter in 't; an autumn 'twas  
That grew the more by reaping: his delights  
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above  
The element they lived: in his livery 90  
Walk'd crowns and crownets;‡ realms and islands

were                      \*Endowed with properties.                      †Cause to quail.  
 As plates? dropp'd from his pocket.                      ‡Coronets.

*Dol.* Cleopatra!

*Cleo.* Think you there was, or might be, such a  
man Silver money.

As this I dream'd of?

*Dol.* Gentle madam, no.

*Cleo.* You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.  
But, if there be, or ever were, one such,  
It's past the size of dreaming: nature wants  
stuff

To vie\* strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine  
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,  
Condemning shadows quite. . \*Challenge.

*Dol.* Hear me, good madam. 100  
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it  
As answering to the weight: would I might never  
O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,  
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites  
My very heart at root.

*Cleo.* I thank you, sir.  
Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

*Dol.* I am loath to tell you what I would you  
knew.

*Cleo.* Nay, pray you, sir,—

*Dol.* Though he be honourable,—

*Cleo.* He'll lead me, then, in triumph?

*Dol.* Madam, he will; I know 't. 110

[*Flourish, and shout within, 'Make way there: Cæsar!'*]

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS, SELEUCUS, and others of his Train.*

*Cæs.* Which is the Queen of Egypt?

*Dol.* It is the emperor, madam.

[*Cleopatra kneels.*

Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,  
I dread, too late.

*Ant.* Too late, good Diomed: call my guard, I  
prithée.

*Dio.* What, ho, the emperor's guard! The  
guard, what, ho!  
Come, your lord calls! 130

*Enter four or five of the Guard of ANTONY.*

*Ant.* Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra  
bides;

'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

*First Guard.* Woe, woe are we, sir, you may  
not live to wear

All your true followers out.

*All.* Most heavy day!

*Ant.* Nay, good my fellows, do not please  
sharp fate

To grace it with your sorrows: bid that wel-  
come

Which comes to punish us, and we punish it  
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:

I have led you oft: carry me now, good friends,

And have my thanks for all. 140

*[Exeunt, bearing Antony.]*

SCENE XV. *The same. A monument.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, and her maids aloft, with  
CHARMIAN and IRAS.*

*Cleo.* O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

*Char.* Be comforted, dear madam.

*Cleo.* No, I will not:

All strange and terrible events are welcome,  
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,  
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great  
As that which makes it.

*Enter, below, DIOMEDES.*

How now! is he dead?

*Dio.* His death's upon him, but not dead.  
Look out o' the other side your monument:  
His guard have brought him thither.

*Enter, below, ANTONY, borne by the Guard.*

*Cleo.* O sun,  
Burn the great sphere thou movest in! darkling  
stand 10

The varying shore o' the world. O Antony,  
Antony, Antony! Help, Charmian, help, Iras,  
help;

Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.

*Ant.* Peace!

Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,  
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

*Cleo.* So it should be, that none but Antony  
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

*Ant.* I am dying, Egypt, dying; only  
I here importune death awhile, until  
Of many thousand kisses the poor last 20  
I lay upon thy lips.

*Cleo.* I dare not, dear,—  
Dear my lord, pardon,—I dare not,  
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show  
Of the full-fortuned Cæsar ever shall  
Be brooch'd\* with me; if knife, drugs, serpents,  
have \*Ornamented.

Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:  
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes  
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour  
Demuring upon me. But come, come, Antony,—  
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up:  
Assist, good friends. 31

*Ant.* O, quick, or I am gone.

*Cleo.* Here's sport indeed! How heavy weighs  
my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,  
That makes the weight: had I great Juno's power,  
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,  
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—  
Wishers were ever fools,—O, come, come, come;

[*They heave Antony aloft to Cleopatra.*

And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast  
lived:

Quicken with kissing: had my lips that power,  
Thus would I wear them out.



For things that others do; and, when we fall,  
We answer others' merits in our name,  
Are therefore to be pitied.

*Cæs.* Cleopatra,  
Not what you have reserved, nor what acknow-  
ledged, 18  
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be 't yours,  
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,  
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you  
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be  
cheer'd;  
Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear  
queen;  
For we intend so to dispose you as  
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:  
Our care and pity is so much upon you,  
That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.

*Cleo.* My master, and my lord!

*Cæs.* Not so. Adieu. 19

[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar and his train*

*Cleo.* He words\* me, girls, he words me, that  
I should not \*Flatter

Be noble to myself: but, hark thee, Charmian.  
[*Whispers Charmian*

*Iras.* Finish, good lady; the bright day is done  
And we are for the dark.

*Cleo.* Hie thee again:  
I have spoke already, and it is provided;  
Go put it to the haste.

*Char.* Madam, I will.

*Re-enter DOLABELLA.*

*Dol.* Where is the queen?

*Char.* Behold, sir. [*Exit*

*Cleo.* Dolabella

*Dol.* Madam, as thereto sworn by your com-  
mand,

Which my love makes religion to obey,  
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria 20  
Intends his journey; and within three days  
You with your children will he send before:  
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd.  
Your pleasure and my promise.

*Cleo.* Dolabella,  
I shall remain your debtor.

*Dol.* I your servant.  
Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

*Cleo.* Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit Dolabella.*]  
Now, Iras, what think'st thou?  
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown  
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves  
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall  
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,  
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,  
And forced to drink their vapour.

*Iras.* The gods forbid!

*Cleo.* Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras: saucy  
lictors  
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald  
rhymers  
Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians,  
Extemporally will stage us, and present  
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony  
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see  
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness 220  
I' the posture of a whore.

*Iras.* O the good gods!

*Cleo.* Nay, that's certain.

*Iras.* I'll never see't; for, I am sure, my nails  
Are stronger than mine eyes.

*Cleo.* Why, that's the way  
To fool their preparation, and to conquer  
Their most absurd intents.

*Re-enter CHARMIAN.*

Now, Charmian!  
Show me, my women, like a queen: go fetch  
My best attires: I am again for Cydnus,  
To meet Mark Antony: sirrah Iras, go.  
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed; 230  
And, when thou hast done this chare,\* I'll give  
thee leave  
To play till doomsday. Bring our crown and all.  
Wherefore's this noise?

[*Exit Iras. A noise within.*]

*Enter a Guardsman.*

*Guard.* Here is a rural fellow  
That will not be denied your highness' presence:  
He brings you figs.

*Cleo.* Let him come in. *[Exit Guardsman.*

What poor an instrument  
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.  
My resolution's placed, and I have nothing  
Of woman in me: now from head to foot  
I am marble-constant: now the fleeting moon 240  
No planet is of mine.

*Re-enter Guardsman, with Clown bringing in a basket.*

*Guard.* This is the man.

*Cleo.* Avoid, and leave him.

*[Exit Guardsman.*

Hast thou the pretty worm\* of Nilus there,  
That kills and pains not?

*\*Serpent.*

*Clown.* Truly, I have him: but I would not  
be the party that should desire you to touch him,  
for his biting is immortal; those that do die of it  
do seldom or never recover.

*Cleo.* Rememberest thou any that have died  
on't? 249

*Clown.* Very many, men and women too. I  
heard of one of them no longer than yesterday:  
a very honest woman, but something given to  
lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way of  
honesty: how she died of the biting of it, what  
pain she felt: truly, she makes a very good  
report o' the worm; but he that will believe all  
that they say, shall never be saved by half that  
they do: but this is most fallible, the worm's an  
odd worm.

*Cleo.* Get thee hence; farewell. 260

*Clown.* I wish you all joy of the worm.

*[Setting down his basket.*

*Cleo.* Farewell.

*Clown.* You must think this, look you, that the  
worm will do his kind.\*

*\*Nature.*

*Cleo.* Ay, ay; farewell.

*Clown.* Look you, the worm is not to be trusted

but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

*Cleo.* Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

*Clown.* Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding. 271

*Cleo.* Will it eat me?

*Clown.* You must not think I am so simple but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

*Cleo.* Well, get thee gone; farewell. 280

*Clown.* Yes, forsooth: I wish you joy o' the worm. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter IRAS with a robe, crown, &c.*

*Cleo.* Give me my robe, put on my crown;  
I have

Immortal longings in me: now no more  
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:  
Yare,\* yare, good Iras; quick. Methinks I hear  
Antony call; I see him rouse himself \*Ready.  
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock  
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men 289  
To excuse their after wrath: husband, I come:  
Now to that name my courage prove my title!  
I am fire and air; my other elements  
I give to baser life. So; have you done?  
Come, then, and take the last warmth of my lips.  
Farewell, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewell.

*[Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.*

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?  
If thou and nature can so gently part,  
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,  
Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still?  
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world 300  
It is not worth leave-taking.

*Char.* Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I  
may say,  
The gods themselves do weep!

*Cleo.* This proves me base:  
If she first meet the curled Antony,  
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss  
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal  
wretch,

[*To an asp, which she applies to her breast.*  
With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate\*  
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool, \*Intricate.  
Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,  
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass 310  
Unpoliced!

*Char.* O eastern star!

*Cleo.* Peace, peace!  
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,  
That sucks the nurse asleep?

*Char.* O, break! O, break!

*Cleo.* As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—  
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:

[*Applying another asp to her arm.*  
What should I stay— [Dies.

*Char.* In this vile world? So, fare thee well.  
Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies  
A lass unparallel'd. Downy windows, close;  
And golden Phœbus never be beheld 320  
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;  
I'll mend it, and then play.

*Enter the Guard, rushing in.*

*First Guard.* Where is the queen?

*Char.* Speak softly, wake her not.

*First Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—

*Char.* Too slow a messenger.

[*Applies an asp*  
O, come apace, dispatch! I partly feel thee.

*First Guard.* Approach, ho! All's not well.  
Cæsar's beguiled.

*Sec. Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from  
Cæsar; call him.

*First Guard.* What work is here! Charmian,  
is this well done?

*Char.* It is well done, and fitting for a princess  
Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier! 330  
[Dies.

*Re-enter DOLABELLA.*

*Dol.* How goes it here?

*Sec. Guard.* All dead.

*Dol.* Cæsar, thy thoughts  
Touch their effects in this: thyself art coming  
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou  
So sought'st to hinder.

[*Within* 'A way there, a way for Cæsar!'

*Re-enter CÆSAR and all his train, marching.*

*Dol.* O sir, you are too sure an augurer;  
That you did fear is done.

*Cæs.* Bravest at the last,  
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal, 339  
Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?  
I do not see them bleed.

*Dol.* Who was last with them?

*First Guard.* A simple countryman, that  
brought her figs:  
This was his basket.

*Cæs.* Poison'd, then.

*First Guard.* O Cæsar,  
This Charmian lived but now; she stood and  
spake:

I found her trimming up the diadem  
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood  
And on the sudden dropp'd.

*Cæsar.* O noble weakness!  
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear  
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,  
As she would catch another Antony 350  
In her strong toil of grace.

*Dol.* Here, on her breast,  
There is a vent of blood and something blown:  
The like is on her arm.

*First Guard.* This is an aspic's trail: and these  
fig-leaves  
Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves  
Upon the caves of Nile.

*Cæs.* Most probable  
That so she died; for her physician tells me  
She hath pursued conclusions infinite

Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed;  
And bear her women from the monument: 360  
She shall be buried by her Antony:  
No grave upon the earth shall clip\* in it \*Enclose.  
A pair so famous. High events as these  
Strike those that make them; and their story is  
No less in pity than his glory which  
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall  
In solemn show attend this funeral;  
And then to Rome. Come, Dolabella, see  
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt.*

# CYMBELINE.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CYMBELINE, king of Britain.

CLOTEN, son to the Queen by a former husband.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, a gentleman, husband to Imogen.

BELARIUS, a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.

GUIDERIUS, { sons to Cymbeline, disguised  
ARVIRAGUS, { under the names of Polydore  
                  and Cadwal, supposed sons to  
                  Morgan.

PHILARIO, friend to Posthumus, } Italians.  
IACHIMO, friend to Philario, }

CAIUS LUCIUS, general of the Roman forces.

PISANIO, servant to Posthumus.

CORNELIUS, a physician.

A Roman Captain.

Two British Captains.

A Frenchman, friend to Philario.

Two Lords of Cymbeline's court.

Two Gentlemen of the same.

Two Gaolers.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline.

IMOGEN, daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.

HELEN, a lady attending on Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, a Soothsayer, a Dutchman, a Spaniard, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Apparitions.

SCENE: *Britain; Rome.*

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*CYMBELINE.*

ADELAIDE NEILSON AS IMOGEN.

---

The personal charm of this lamented actress lent a peculiar loveliness to her rendition of Shakespeare's heroines, and the picture serves as a happy memorial of her appearance in the touching part of Imogen.

# CYMBELINE.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *Britain. The garden of Cymbeline's palace.*

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

*First Gent.* You do not meet a man but  
frowns: our bloods  
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers  
Still seem as does the king.

*Sec. Gent.* But what's the matter?

*First Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of's  
kingdom, whom  
He purposed to his wife's sole son—a widow  
That late he married—hath referr'd herself  
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: she's wedded;  
Her husband banish'd; she impriscn'd: all  
Is outward sorrow; though I think the king  
Be touch'd at very heart.

*Sec. Gent.* None but the king? 10

*First Gent.* He that hath lost her too; so is the  
queen,  
That most desired the match; but not a courtier,  
Although they wear their faces to the bent  
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not  
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

*Sec. Gent.* And why so?

*First Gent.* He that hath miss'd the princess is  
a thing  
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her—  
I mean, that married her, alack, good man!  
And therefore banish'd—is a creature such  
As, to seek through the regions of the earth 20  
For one his like, there would be something failing

In him that should compare. I do not think  
 So fair an outward\* and such stuff within \*Outside.  
 Endows a man but he.

*Sec. Gent.* You speak him far.

*First Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within him-  
 self,  
 Crush him together rather than unfold  
 His measure duly.

*Sec. Gent.* What's his name and birth?

*First Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root:  
 his father  
 Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour  
 Against the Romans with Cassibelan, 30  
 But had his titles by Tenantius whom  
 He served with glory and admired success,  
 So gain'd the sur-addition\* Leonatus; \*Title.  
 And had, besides this gentleman in question,  
 Two other sons, who in the wars o' the time  
 Died with their swords in hand; for which their  
 father,

Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow  
 That he quit being, and his gentle lady,  
 Big of this gentleman our theme, deceased  
 As he was born. The king he takes the babe 40  
 To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leonatus,  
 Breeds him and makes him of his bed-chamber,  
 Puts to him all the learnings that his time  
 Could make him the receiver of; which he took,  
 As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd,  
 And in 's spring became a harvest, lived in court—  
 Which rare it is to do—most praised, most loved,  
 A sample to the youngest, to the more mature  
 A glass that feated† them, and to the graver  
 A child that guided dotards; to his mistress, 50  
 For whom he now is banish'd, her own price  
 Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;  
 By her election may be truly read †Made them fine.  
 What kind of man he is.

*Sec. Gent.* I honour him  
 Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,  
 Is she sole child to the king?

*First Gent.* His only child.  
 He had two sons: if this be worth your hearing,

Mark it: the eldest of them at three years old,  
I' the swathing-clothes the other, from their nursery

Were stol'n, and to this hour no guess in knowledge 60

Which way they went.

*Sec. Gent.* How long is this ago?

*First Gent.* Some twenty years.

*Sec. Gent.* That a king's children should be so convey'd,

So slackly guarded, and the search so slow,

That could not trace them !

*First Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,  
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,  
Yet is it true, sir.

*Sec. Gent.* I do well believe you.

*First Gent.* We must forbear: here comes the gentleman,

The queen, and princess. [Exeunt.

*Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.*

*Queen.* No, be assured you shall not find me, daughter, 70

After the slander of most stepmothers,  
Evil-eyed unto you: you're my prisoner, but  
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys  
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,  
So soon as I can win the offended king,  
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet  
'The fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good  
You lean'd unto his sentence with what patience  
Your wisdom may inform you.

*Post.* Please your highness,  
I will from hence to-day.

*Queen.* You know the peril. 80  
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying  
The pangs of barr'd affections, though the king  
Hath charged you should not speak together.

[Exit.

*Imo.*

O

Dissembling courtesy ! How fine this tyrant  
Can tickle where she wounds ! My dearest husband,



I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing—  
 Always reserved my holy duty—what  
 His rage can do on me: you must be gone;  
 And I shall here abide the hourly shot  
 Of angry eyes, not comforted to live, 90  
 But that there is this jewel in the world  
 That I may see again.

*Post.* My queen! my mistress!  
 O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause  
 To be suspected of more tenderness  
 Than doth become a man. I will remain  
 The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth:  
 My residence in Rome at one Philario's,  
 Who to my father was a friend, to me  
 Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,  
 And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,  
 Though ink be made of gall.

*Re-enter QUEEN.*

*Queen.* Be brief, I pray you: 101  
 If the king come, I shall incur I know not  
 How much of his displeasure. [*Aside*] Yet I'll  
 move him  
 To walk this way: I never do him wrong,  
 But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;  
 Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

*Post.* Should we be taking leave  
 As long a term as yet we have to live,  
 The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!

*Imo.* Nay, stay a little:  
 Were you but riding forth to air yourself, 110  
 Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;  
 This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;  
 But keep it till you woo another wife,  
 When Imogen is dead.

*Post.* How, how! another?  
 You gentle gods, give me but this I have,  
 And sear up my embracements from a next  
 With bonds of death! [*Putting on the ring.*]

Remain, remain thou here  
 While sense can keep it on. And, sweetest,  
 fairest,  
 As I my poor self did exchange for you,

To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles - 120  
I still win of you: for my sake wear this;  
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it  
Upon this fairest prisoner.

[*Putting a bracelet upon her arm.*

*Imo.* O the gods!  
When shall we see again?

*Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.*

*Post.* Alack, the king!

*Cym.* Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from  
my sight!  
If after this command thou fraught the court  
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: away!  
Thou'rt poison to my blood.

*Post.* The gods protect you!  
And bless the good remainders of the court!  
I am gone. [*Exit.*

*Imo.* There cannot be a pinch in death 130  
More sharp than this is.

*Cym.* O disloyal thing,  
That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st  
A year's age on me.

*Imo.* I beseech you, sir,  
Harm not yourself with your vexation:  
I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare  
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

*Cym.* Past grace? obedience?

*Imo.* Past hope, and in despair; that way, past  
grace.

*Cym.* That mightst have had the sole son of  
my queen!

*Imo.* O blest, that I might not! I chose an  
eagle,  
And did avoid a puttock.\*

\*Kite. 140

*Cym.* Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have  
made my throne  
A seat for baseness.

*Imo.* No; I rather added  
A lustre to it.

*Cym.* O thou vile one!

*Imo.* Sir,  
It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus:

You bred him as my playfellow, and he is  
A man worth any woman, overbuys me  
Almost the sum he pays.

*Cym.* What, art thou mad?

*Imo.* Almost, sir: heaven restore me! Would  
I were  
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus  
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

*Cym.* Thou foolish thing! 150

*Re-enter QUEEN.*

They were again together: you have done  
Not after our command. Away with her,  
And pen her up.

*Queen.* Beseech your patience. Peace,  
Dear lady daughter, peace! Sweet sovereign,  
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some  
comfort

Out of your best advice.

*Cym.* Nay, let her languish  
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,  
Die of this folly! [*Exeunt Cymbeline and Lords.*

*Queen.* Fie! you must give way.

*Enter PISANIO.*

Here is your servant. How now, sir! What  
news?

*Pis.* My lord your son drew on my master.

*Queen.* Ha! 160

No harm, I trust, is done?

*Pis.* There might have been,  
But that my master rather play'd than fought  
And had no help of anger: they were parted  
By gentlemen at hand.

*Queen.* I am very glad on't.

*Imo.* Your son's my father's friend; he takes  
his part.

To draw upon an exile! O brave sir!  
I would they were in Afric both together;  
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick  
The goer-back. Why came you from your master?

*Pis.* On his command: he would not suffer me  
To bring him to the haven; left these notes 171

Of what commands I should be subject to,  
When 't pleased you to employ me.

*Queen.* This hath been  
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour  
He will remain so.

*Pis.* I humbly thank your highness.

*Queen.* Pray, walk awhile.

*Imo.* About some half-hour hence,  
I pray you, speak with me: you shall at least  
Go see my lord aboard: for this time leave me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A public place.*

*Enter CLOTEN and two Lords.*

*First Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a  
shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek  
as a sacrifice: where air comes out, air comes in:  
there's none abroad so wholesome as that you  
vent.

*Clo.* If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it.  
Have I hurt him?

*Sec. Lord.* [*Aside*] No, 'faith; not so much as  
his patience. 9

*First Lord.* Hurt him! his body's a passable  
carcass, if he be not hurt; it is a throughfare for  
steel, if it be not hurt.

*Sec. Lord.* [*Aside*] His steel was in debt; it  
went o' the backside the town.

*Clo.* The villain would not stand me.

*Sec. Lord.* [*Aside*] No; but he fled forward  
still, toward your face.

*First Lord.* Stand you! You have land enough  
of your own: but he added to your having; gave  
you some ground. 20

*Sec. Lord.* [*Aside*] As many inches as you have  
oceans. Puppies!

*Clo.* I would they had not come between us.

*Sec. Lord.* [*Aside*] So would I, till you had  
measured how long a fool you were upon the  
ground.

*Clo.* And that she should love this fellow and  
refuse me!

*Sec. Lord.* [*Aside*] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned. 30

*First Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: she's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

*Sec. Lord.* [*Aside*] She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

*Clo.* Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done!

*Sec. Lord.* [*Aside*] I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

*Clo.* You'll go with us? 40

*First Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

*Clo.* Nay, come, let's go together.

*Sec. Lord.* Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A room in Cymbeline's palace.*

*Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.*

*Imo.* I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,  
And question'dst every sail: if he should write,  
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,  
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last  
That he spake to thee?

*Pis.* It was his queen, his queen!

*Imo.* Then waved his handkerchief?

*Pis.* And kiss'd it, madam.

*Imo.* Senseless linen! happier therein than I!  
And that was all?

*Pis.* No, madam; for so long  
As he could make me with this eye or ear  
Distinguish him from others, he did keep 10  
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,  
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of 's mind  
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,  
How swift his ship.

*Imo.* Thou shouldst have made him  
As little as a crow, or less, ere left  
To after-eye him.

*Pis.* Madam, so I did.

*Imo.* I would have broke mine eye-strings;  
crack'd them, but

To look upon him, till the diminution  
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle,  
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from      20  
The smallness of a gnat to air, and then  
Have turn'd mine eye and wept. But, good  
Pisanio,  
When shall we hear from him?

*Pis.*      Be assured, madam,  
With his next vantage.

*Imo.* I did not take my leave of him, but had  
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him  
How I would think on him at certain hours  
Such thoughts and such, or I could make him  
swear

The shes of Italy should not betray  
Mine interest and his honour, or have charged  
him,      30

At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,  
To encounter me with orisons, for then  
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could  
Give him that parting kiss which I had set  
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father  
And like the tyrannous breathing of the north  
Shakes all our buds from growing.

*Enter a Lady.*

*Lady.*      The queen, madam,  
Desires your highness' company.

*Imo.* Those things I bid you do, get them dis-  
patch'd.

I will attend the queen.

*Pis.*      Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.* 40

SCENE IV. *Rome. Philario's house.*

*Enter* PHILARIO, IACHIMO, *a Frenchman, a Dutch-  
man, and a Spaniard.*

*Iach.* Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain:  
he was then of a crescent note, expected to prove  
so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name  
of; but I could then have looked on him without  
the help of admiration, though the catalogue of

his endowments had been tabled by his side and I to peruse him by items.

*Phi.* You speak of him when he was less furnished than now he is with that which makes him both without and within. 10

*French.* I have seen him in France: we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

*Iach.* This matter of marrying his king's daughter, wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own, words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

*French.* And then his banishment.

*Iach.* Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgement, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

*Phi.* His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life. Here comes the Briton: let him be so entertained amongst you as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality. 30

*Enter POSTHUMUS.*

I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine: how worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

*French.* Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

*Post.* Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay and yet pay still. 40

*French.* Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone\* my countryman and you; it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

\*Reconcile.

*Post.* By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunned to go even with what I heard than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but upon my mended judgement—if I offend not to say it is mended—my quarrel was not altogether slight. 51

*French.* 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords, and by such two that would by all likelihood have confounded\* one the other, or have fallen both.

\*Destroyed.

*Iach.* Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

*French.* Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country\* mistresses; this gentleman at that time vouching—and upon warrant of bloody affirmation—his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified and less attemptable than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

*Iach.* That lady is not now living, or this gentleman's opinion by this worn out.

*Post.* She holds her virtue still and I my mind.

*Iach.* You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

\*Belonging to one's country. 71

*Post.* Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing, though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

*Iach.* As fair and as good—a kind of hand-in-hand comparison—had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britain. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

*Post.* I praised her as I rated \* her: so do I my stone.

\*Valued.

*Iach.* What do you esteem it at?

*Post.* More than the world enjoys.

*Iach.* Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.



*Post.* You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

*Iach.* Which the gods have given you?

*Post.* Which, by their graces, I will keep.

*Iach.* You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so your brace of unprizable estimations; the one is but frail and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

*Post.* Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince\* the honour of my mistress, if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

\*Conquer.

*Phi.* Let us leave here, gentlemen. 109

*Post.* Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

*Iach.* With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress, make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance and opportunity to friend.

*Post.* No, no.

*Iach.* I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something: but I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

*Post.* You are a great deal abused\* in too bold a persuasion: and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt.

\*Deceived.

*Iach.* What's that?

*Post.* A repulse: though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too. 129

*Phi.* Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in

too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

*Iach.* Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's on the approbation\* of what I have spoke!

\*Probation.

*Post.* What lady would you choose to assail?

*Iach.* Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserved.

*Post.* I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

*Iach.* You are afraid, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: but I see you have some religion in you, that you fear. 149

*Post.* This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

*Iach.* I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo what 's spoken, I swear.

*Post.* Will you? I shall but lend my diamond till your return: let there be covenants drawn between 's: my mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

*Phi.* I will have it no lay. 159

*Iach.* By the gods, it is one. If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours: provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

*Post.* I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us. Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced, you not making

it appear otherwise, for your ill opinion and the assault you have made to her chastity you shall answer me with your sword.

*Iach.* Your hand; a covenant: we will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve: I will fetch my gold and have our two wagers recorded. 181

*Post.* Agreed.

[*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*

*French.* Will this hold, think you?

*Phi.* Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Britain. A room in Cymbeline's palace.*

*Enter QUEEN, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.*

*Queen.* Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;  
Make haste: who has the note of them?

*First Lady.* I, madam.

*Queen.* Dispatch. [*Exeunt Ladies.*  
Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

*Cor.* Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam: [*Presenting a small box.*  
But I beseech your grace, without offence,—  
My conscience bids me ask—wherefore you have  
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,  
Which are the movers of a languishing death;  
But though slow, deadly?

*Queen.* I wonder, doctor, 10  
Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been  
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how  
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so  
That our great king himself doth woo me oft  
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,—  
Unless thou think'st me devilish—is 't not meet  
That I did amplify my judgement in  
Other conclusions? I will try the forces  
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as

We count not worth the hanging, but none human,  
To try the vigour of them and apply *\*Experiments.*  
Allayments to their act, and by them gather 22  
Their several virtues and effects.

*Cor.* Your highness  
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:  
Besides, the seeing these effects will be  
Both noisome and infectious.

*Queen.* O, content thee.

*Enter* PISANIO.

[*Aside*] Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him  
Will I first work: he's for his master,  
And enemy to my son. How now, Pisanio!  
Doctor, your service for this time is ended; 30  
Take your own way.

*Cor.* [*Aside*] I do suspect you, madam;  
But you shall do no harm.

*Queen.* [*To Pisanio*] Hark thee, a word.

*Cor.* [*Aside*] I do not like her. She doth think  
she has

Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,  
And will not trust one of her malice with  
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has  
Will stupify and dull the sense awhile;  
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and  
dogs,

Then afterward up higher: but there is  
No danger in what show of death it makes, 40  
More than the locking-up the spirits a time,  
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd  
With a most false effect; and I the truer,  
So to be false with her.

*Queen.* No further service, doctor,  
Until I send for thee.

*Cor.* I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

*Queen.* Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost  
thou think in time

She will not quench\* and let instructions enter  
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:  
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my  
son,

*\*Grow cool.*

I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then 50

As great as is thy master, greater, for  
 His fortunes all lie speechless and his name  
 Is at last gasp: return he cannot, nor  
 Continue where he is: to shift his being† †Dwelling.  
 Is to exchange one misery with another,  
 And every day that comes comes to decay  
 A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,  
 To be depender on a thing that leans,  
 Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends, 59  
 So much as but to prop him? [*The Queen drops the  
 box: Pisanio takes it up.*] Thou takest up  
 Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:  
 It is a thing I made, which hath the king  
 Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know  
 What is more cordial. Nay, I prithee, take it;  
 It is an earnest of a further good  
 That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how  
 The case stands with her; do't as from thyself.  
 Think what a chance thou changest on, but think  
 Thou hast thy mistress still, to boot, my son,  
 Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move the king  
 To any shape of thy preferment such 71  
 As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,  
 That set thee on to this desert, am bound  
 To load thy merit richly. Call my women:  
 Think on my words. [*Exit Pisanio.*

A sly and constant knave,  
 Not to be shaken; the agent for his master  
 And the remembrancer of her to hold  
 The hand-fast to her lord. I have given him that  
 Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her  
 Of liegers‡ for her sweet, and which she after, 80  
 Except she bend her humour, shall be assured  
 To taste of too. ‡Ambassadors.

*Re-enter PISANIO and Ladies.*

So, so: well done, well done:  
 The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,  
 Bear to my closet. Fare thee well, Pisanio;  
 Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

*Pis.* And shall do:  
 But when to my good lord I prove untrue,  
 I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *The same. Another room in the palace.*

*Enter IMOGEN.*

*Imo.* A father cruel, and a step-dame false;  
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,  
That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that husband!

My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated  
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stol'n,  
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable  
Is the desire that's glorious: blest be those,  
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,  
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? Fie!

*Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.*

*Pis.* Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome, 10  
Comes from my lord with letters.

*Iach.* Change you, madam?  
The worthy Leonatus is in safety  
And greets your highness dearly.

*Imo.* [Presents a letter.  
Thanks, good sir:  
You're kindly welcome.

*Iach.* [Aside] All of her that is out of door  
most rich!  
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,  
She is alone the Arabian bird, and I  
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!  
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!  
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight; 20  
Rather, directly fly.

*Imo.* [Reads] 'He is one of the noblest note  
to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied.  
Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your  
trust—  
LEONATUS.'

So far I read aloud:  
But even the very middle of my heart  
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.  
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I  
Have words to bid you, and shall find it so 30  
In all that I can do.

*Iach.* Thanks, fairest lady.

What, are men mad? Hath nature given them  
eyes

To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop  
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt  
The fiery orbs above and the twinn'd stones  
Upon the number'd beach? and can we not  
Partition make with spectacles so precious  
'Twixt fair and foul?

*Imo.* What makes your admiration?

*Iach.* It cannot be i' the eye, for apes and  
monkeys

'Twixt two such shes would chatter this way and  
Contemn with mows\* the other; nor i' the judge-  
ment, \*Grimaces. 41

For idiots in this case of favour would  
Be wisely definite; nor i' the appetite;  
Sluttery to such neat excellence opposed  
Should make desire vomit emptiness,  
Not so allured to feed.

*Imo.* What is the matter, trow?

*Iach.* The cloyed will,  
That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub  
Both fill'd and running, ravening first the lamb  
Longs after for the garbage.

*Imo.* What, dear sir, 50  
Thus raps you? Are you well?

*Iach.* Thanks, madam; well. [*To Pisanio*]  
Beseech you, sir, desire  
My man's abode where I did leave him: he  
Is strange and peevish.

*Pis.* I was going, sir,  
To give him welcome. [Exit.

*Imo.* Continues well my lord? His health,  
beseech you?

*Iach.* Well, madam.

*Imo.* Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.

*Iach.* Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger  
there

So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd 60  
The Briton reveller.

*Imo.* When he was here,  
He did incline to sadness, and oft-times  
Not knowing why.

*Iach.* I never saw him sad.  
There is a Frenchman his companion, one  
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves  
A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces  
The thick sighs from him, whiles the jolly  
Briton—  
Your lord, I mean—laughs from 's free lungs,  
cries 'O,  
Can my sides hold, to think that man, who  
knows  
By history, report, or his own proof, 70  
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose  
But must be, will his free hours languish for  
Assured bondage?"

*Imo.* Will my lord say so?

*Iach.* Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with  
laughter:  
It is a recreation to be by  
And hear him mock the Frenchman. But, heavens  
know,  
Some men are much to blame.

*Imo.* Not he, I hope.

*Iach.* Not he: but yet heaven's bounty towards  
him might  
Be used more thankfully. In himself, 'tis  
much;  
In you, which I account his beyond all talents, 80  
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound  
To pity too.

*Imo.* What do you pity, sir?

*Iach.* Two creatures heartily.

*Imo.* Am I one, sir?  
You look on me: what wreck discern you in me  
Deserves your pity?

*Iach.* Lamentable! What,  
To hide me from the radiant sun and solace  
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

*Imo.* I pray you, sir,  
Deliver with more openness your answers  
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

*Iach.* That others do—  
I was about to say—enjoy your—But  
It is an office of the gods to venge it,



Not mine to speak on 't.

*Imo.* You do seem to know  
Something of me, or what concerns me: pray  
you,—

Since doubting things go ill often hurts more  
Than to be sure they do; for certainties  
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,  
The remedy then born—discover to me  
What both you spur and stop.

*Iach.* Had I this cheek 99  
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,  
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul  
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which  
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,  
Fixing it only here; should I, damn'd then,  
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs  
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands  
Made hard with hourly falsehood—falsehood, as  
With labour; then by-peeping in an eye  
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light  
That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit 110  
That all the plagues of hell should at one time  
Encounter such revolt.

*Imo.* My lord, I fear,  
Has forgot Britain.

*Iach.* And himself. Not I,  
Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce  
The beggary of his change: but 'tis your graces  
That from my mutest conscience to my tongue  
Charms this report out.

*Imo.* Let me hear no more.

*Iach.* O dearest soul! your cause doth strike  
my heart  
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady  
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery, 120  
Would make the great'st king double,—to be  
partner'd  
With tomboys hired with that self-exhibition  
Which your own coffers yield! with diseased  
ventures  
That play with all infirmities for gold  
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd  
stuff

As well might poison poison! Be revenged;  
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you  
Recoil from your great stock.

*Imo.* Revenged!

How should I be revenged? If this be true,—  
As I have such a heart that both mine ears  
Must not in haste abuse—if it be true,  
How should I be revenged? 130

*Iach.* Should he make me  
Live, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,  
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,  
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.  
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,  
More noble than that runagate to your bed,  
And will continue fast to your affection,  
Still close as sure.

*Imo.* What, ho, Pisanio!

*Iach.* Let me my service tender on your lips.

*Imo.* Away! I do condemn mine ears that  
have 141

So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,  
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not  
For such an end thou seek'st,—as base as strange.  
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far  
From thy report as thou from honour, and  
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains  
Thee and the devil alike. What ho, Pisanio!  
The king my father shall be made acquainted  
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit, 150  
A saucy stranger in his court to mart  
As in a Romish stew and to expound  
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court  
He little cares for and a daughter who  
He not respects at all. What, ho, Pisanio!

*Iach.* O happy Leonatus! I may say:  
The credit that thy lady hath of thee  
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness  
Her assured credit. Blessed live you long!  
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever 160  
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only  
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.  
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance  
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,

That which he is, new o'er: and he is one  
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch  
That he enchants societies into him;  
Half all men's hearts are his.

*Imo.* You make amends.

*Iach.* He sits 'mongst men like a descended  
god:

He hath a kind of honour sets him off, 170  
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,  
Most mighty princess, that I have adventured  
To try your taking of a false report; which hath  
Honour'd with confirmation your great judge-  
ment

In the election of a sir so rare,  
Which you know cannot err: the love I bear him  
Made me to fan you thus, but the gods made you,  
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

*Imo.* All's well, sir: take my power i' the court  
for yours.

*Iach.* My humble thanks. I had almost forgot  
To entreat your grace but in a small request, 181  
And yet of moment too, for it concerns  
Your lord; myself and other noble friends  
Are partners in the business.

*Imo.* Pray, what is't?

*Iach.* Some dozen Romans of us and your  
lord—

The best feather of our wing—have mingled sums  
To buy a present for the emperor;  
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done  
In France: 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels  
Of rich and exquisite form: their values great;  
And I am something curious, being strange, 191  
To have them in safe stowage: may it please you  
To take them in protection?

*Imo.* Willingly;

And pawn mine honour for their safety: since  
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them  
In my bedchamber.

*Iach.* They are in a trunk,  
Attended by my men: I will make bold  
To send them to you, only for this night;  
I must aboard to-morrow.

*Imo.* O, no, no.

*Iach.* Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word  
By lengthening my return. From Gallia 201  
I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise  
To see your grace.

*Imo.* I thank you for your pains:  
But not away to-morrow!

*Iach.* O, I must, madam:  
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please  
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night: .  
I have outstood my time; which is material  
To the tender of our present.

*Imo.* I will write.  
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept, 209  
And truly yielded you. You're very welcome.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *Britain. Before Cymbeline's palace.*

*Enter CLOTEN and two Lords.*

*Clo.* Was there ever man had such luck!  
when I kissed the jack,\* upon an up-cast to be  
hit away! I had a hundred pound on't: and then  
a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swear-  
ing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him and might  
not spend them at my pleasure.

*First Lord.* What got he by that? You have  
broke his pate with your bowl.

*Sec. Lord.* [*Aside*] If his wit had been like  
him that broke it, it would have run all out. 10

*Clo.* When a gentleman is disposed to swear,  
it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths,  
ha?

\*Bowl aimed at in bowling.

*Sec. Lord.* No, my lord; [*Aside*] nor crop the  
ears of them.

*Clo.* Whoreson dog! I give him satisfaction?  
Would he had been one of my rank!

*Sec. Lord.* [*Aside*] To have smelt like a fool.

*Clo.* I am not vexed more at any thing in the  
earth: a pox on't! I had rather not be so noble  
as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of

the queen my mother: every Jack-slave hath his bellyful of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

*Sec. Lord.* [*Aside*] You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

*Clo.* Sayest thou?

*Sec. Lord.* It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

*Clo.* No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

*Sec. Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

*Clo.* Why, so I say.

*First Lord.* Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to-night?

*Clo.* A stranger, and I not know on't!

*Sec. Lord.* [*Aside*] He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

*First Lord.* There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

*Clo.* Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

*First Lord.* One of your lordship's pages.

*Clo.* Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in't?

*Sec. Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

*Clo.* Not easily, I think.

*Sec. Lord.* [*Aside*] You are a fool granted; therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate.

*Clo.* Come, I'll go see this Italian: what I have lost to-day at bowls I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

*Sec. Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt Cloten and First Lord.*]

That such a crafty devil as is his mother  
Should yield the world this ass! a woman that  
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son  
Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart,  
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,  
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endurest,  
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd,

A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer  
More hateful than the foul expulsion is  
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act  
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold  
firm

The walls of thy dear honour, keep unshaked  
That temple, thy fair mind, that thou mayst stand,  
To enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land!

[*Exit.* 70

SCENE II. *Imogen's bedchamber in Cymbeline's palace: a trunk in one corner of it.*

IMOGEN *in bed, reading; a Lady attending.*

*Imo.* Who's there? my woman Helen?

*Lady.* Please you, madam.

*Imo.* What hour is it?

*Lady.* Almost midnight, madam.

*Imo.* I have read three hours then: mine eyes  
are weak:

Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed:

Take not away the taper, leave it burning;

And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,

I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seized me wholly.

[*Exit Lady.*

To your protection I commend me, gods.

From fairies and the tempters of the night

Guard me, beseech ye. 10

[*Sleeps. Iachimo comes from the trunk.*

*Iach.* The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd  
sense

Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus

Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd

The chastity he wounded. Cytherea,

How bravely thou becomest thy bed, fresh lily,

And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!

But kiss; one kiss! Rubies unparagon'd,

How dearly they do't! 'Tis her breathing that

Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the taper

Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids,

To see the enclosed lights, now canopied 21

Under these windows, white and azure laced

With blue of heaven's own tinct. But my design,

To note the chamber: I will write all down:  
 Such and such pictures; there the window; such  
 The adornment of her bed; the arras; figures,  
 Why, such and such; and the contents o' the story.  
 Ah, but some natural notes about her body,  
 Above ten thousand meaner moveables  
 Would testify, to enrich mine inventory. 30  
 O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!  
 And be her sense but as a monument,  
 Thus in a chapel lying! Come off, come off:

[*Taking off her bracelet.*]

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!  
 'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,  
 As strongly as the conscience does within,  
 To the madding of her lord. On her left breast  
 A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops  
 I' the bottom of a cowslip: here's a voucher,  
 Stronger than ever law could make: this secret  
 Will force him think I have pick'd the lock and  
 ta'en 41

The treasure of her honour. No more. To what  
 end?

Why should I write this down, that's riveted,  
 Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading  
 late

The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down  
 Where Philomel gave up. I have enough:  
 To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.  
 Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that  
 dawning

May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear;  
 Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. 50

[*Clock strikes.*]

One, two, three: time, time!

[*Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.*]

SCENE III. *An ante-chamber adjoining Imogen's  
 apartments.*

*Enter CLOTEN and Lords.*

*First Lord.* Your lordship is the most patient  
 man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up  
 ace.

*Clo.* It would make any man cold to lose.

*First Lord.* But not every man patient after the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot and furious when you win.

*Clo.* Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It's almost morning, is't not? 10

*First Lord.* Day, my lord.

*Clo.* I would this music would come: I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say it will penetrate.

*Enter Musicians.*

Come on; tune: if you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it: and then let her consider. 20

SONG.

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,

And Phœbus 'gins arise,

His steeds to water at those springs

On chaliced flowers that lies;

And winking Mary-buds begin

To ope their golden eyes:

With every thing that pretty is,

My lady sweet, arise:

Arise, arise. 30

*Clo.* So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs and calves'-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend. [*Exeunt Musicians.*]

*Sec. Lord.* Here comes the king.

*Clo.* I am glad I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early: he cannot choose but take this service I have done fatherly.

*Enter CYMBELINE and QUEEN.*

Good morrow to your majesty and to my gracious mother. 41



*Cym.* Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?  
Will she not forth?

*Clo.* I have assailed her with music, but she vouchsafes no notice.

*Cym.* The exile of her minion is too new;  
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time  
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,  
And then she's yours.

*Queen.* You are most bound to the king,  
Who lets go by no vantages that may 50  
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself  
To orderly soliciting, and be friended  
With aptness of the season; make denials  
Increase your services; so seem as if  
You were inspired to do those duties which  
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,  
Save when command to your dismissal tends,  
And therein you are senseless.

*Clo.* Senseless! not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;  
The one is Caius Lucius.

*Cym.* A worthy fellow, 60  
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;  
But that's no fault of his: we must receive him  
According to the honour of his sender;  
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,

We must extend our notice. Our dear son,  
When you have given good morning to your mistress,

Attend the queen and us; we shall have need  
To employ you towards this Roman. Come, our queen.

[*Exeunt all but Cloten.*]

*Clo.* If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,  
Let her lie still and dream. [*Knocks*] By your leave, ho! 70.

I know her women are about her: what  
If I do line\* one of their hands? 'Tis gold

Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and  
makes

\*Cover on the inside.

Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up  
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 'tis  
gold

Which makes the true† man kill'd and saves the  
thief;

†Honest.

Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true man:  
what

Can it not do and undo? I will make

One of her women lawyer to me, for

I yet not understand the case myself.

80

[Knocks] By your leave.

*Enter a Lady.*

*Lady.* Who's there that knocks?

*Clo.*

A gentleman.

*Lady.*

No more?

*Clo.* Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

*Lady.*

That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,  
Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's  
pleasure?

*Clo.* Your lady's person: is she ready?

*Lady.*

Ay,

To keep her chamber.

*Clo.*

There is gold for you;

Sell me your good report.

*Lady.* How! my good name? or to report of  
you

What I shall think is good?—The princess! 90

*Enter IMOGEN.*

*Clo.* Good morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet  
hand.

[Exit Lady.

*Imo.* Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much  
pains

For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give

Is telling you that I am poor of thanks

And scarce can spare them.

*Clo.*

Still, I swear I love you.

*Imo.* If you but said so, 'twere as deep with  
me:

If you swear still, your recompense is still  
That I regard it not.

*Clo.* This is no answer.

*Imo.* But that you shall not say I yield being  
silent,

I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: 'faith,  
I shall unfold equal discourtesy 101  
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing  
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

*Clo.* To leave you in your madness, 'twere  
my sin:

I will not.

*Imo.* Fools are not mad folks.

*Clo.* Do you call me fool?

*Imo.* As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;  
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,  
You put me to forget a lady's manners, 110  
By being so verbal:\* and learn now, for all, \*Wordy.  
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,  
By the very truth of it, I care not for you,  
And am so near the lack of charity—  
To accuse myself—I hate you; which I had rather  
You felt than make't my boast.

*Clo.* You sin against  
Obedience, which you owe your father. For  
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,  
One bred of alms and foster'd with cold dishes,  
With scraps o' the court, it is no contract, none:  
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties— 121  
Yet who than he more mean?—to knit their souls,  
On whom there is no more dependency  
But brats and beggary, in self-figured knot;  
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by.  
The consequence o' the crown, and must not soil  
The precious note of it with a base slave,  
A hilding\* for a livery, a squire's cloth, \*Mean fellow.  
A pantler, not so eminent.

*Imo.* Profane fellow!

Wert thou the son of Jupiter and no more 130  
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base  
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,  
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made

Comparative for your virtues, to be styled  
The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated  
For being preferr'd so well.

*Clo.* The south-fog rot him!

*Imo.* He never can meet more mischance than  
come

To be but named of thee. His meanest garment,  
That ever hath but clipp'd\* his body, is dearer  
In my respect than all the hairs above thee, 140  
Were they all made such men. How now, Pi-  
sanio!

\*Enclosed.

*Enter* PISANIO.

*Clo.* 'His garment!' Now the devil—

*Imo.* To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently—

*Clo.* 'His garment!'

*Imo.* I am sprited\* with a fool,  
Frighted, and anger'd worse: go bid my woman  
Search for a jewel that too casually

\*Haunted.

Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's: 'shrew me,  
If I would lose it for a revenue

Of any king's in Europe. I do think  
I saw't this morning: confident I am 150

Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it:

I hope it be not gone to tell my lord

That I kiss aught but he.

*Pis.* 'Twill not be lost.

*Imo.* I hope so: go and search. [*Exit* Pisanio.

*Clo.* You have abused me:

'His meanest garment!'

*Imo.* Ay, I said so, sir:

If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't.

*Clo.* I will inform your father.

*Imo.* Your mother too:

She's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope,

But the worst of me. So, I leave you, sir,

To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*

*Clo.* I'll be revenged: 160

'His meanest garment!' Well. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Rome. Philario's house.*

*Enter* POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.

*Post.* Fear it not, sir: I would I were so sure

To win the king as I am bold her honour  
Will remain hers.

*Phi.* What means do you make to him?

*Post.* Not any, but abide the change of time,  
Quake in the present winter's state and wish  
That warmer days would come: in these sear'd  
hopes,

I barely gratify your love; they failing,  
I must die much your debtor.

*Phi.* Your very goodness and your company  
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king 10  
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius  
Will do 's commission throughly: and I think  
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,  
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance  
Is yet fresh in their grief.

*Post.* I do believe,  
Statist\* though I am none, nor like to be, \*Statesman.  
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear  
The legions now in Gallia sooner landed  
In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings  
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen 20  
Are men more order'd than when Julius Cæsar  
Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their courage  
Worthy his frowning at: their discipline,  
Now mingled with their courages, will make known  
To their approvers they are people such  
That mend upon the world.

*Enter IACHIMO.*

*Phi.* See! Iachimo!

*Post.* The swiftest harts have posted you by  
land;  
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,  
To make your vessel nimble.

*Phi.* Welcome, sir.

*Post.* I hope the briefness of your answer made  
The speediness of your return.

*Iach.* Your lady 31  
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

*Post.* And therewithal the best; or let her  
beauty

Look through a casement to allure false hearts  
And be false with them.

*Iach.* Here are letters for you.

*Post.* Their tenour good, I trust.

*Iach.* 'Tis very like.

*Phi.* Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court  
When you were there?

*Iach.* He was expected then,  
But not approach'd.

*Post.* All is well yet.  
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not 40  
Too dull for your good wearing?

*Iach.* If I had lost it,  
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.  
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy  
A second night of such sweet shortness which  
Was mine in Britain, for the ring is won.

*Post.* The stone's too hard to come by.

*Iach.* Not a whit,  
Your lady being so easy.

*Post.* Make not, sir,  
Your loss your sport: I hope you know that we  
Must not continue friends.

*Iach.* Good sir, we must,  
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought 50  
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant  
We were to question further: but I now  
Profess myself the winner of her honour,  
Together with your ring; and not the wronger  
Of her or you, having proceeded but  
By both your wills.

*Post.* If you can make 't apparent  
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand  
And ring is yours; if not, the foul opinion  
You had of her pure honour gains or loses  
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both 60  
To who shall find them.

*Iach.* Sir, my circumstances,  
Being so near the truth as I will make them,  
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength  
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,  
You 'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find  
You need it not.

*Post.* Proceed.

*Iach.* First, her bedchamber,—  
Where, I confess, I slept not, but profess  
Had that was well worth watching—it was hang'd  
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story  
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman, 70  
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for  
The press of boats or pride: a piece of work  
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive  
In workmanship and value; which I wonder'd  
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,  
Since the true life on 't was—

*Post.* This is true;  
And this you might have heard of here, by me,  
Or by some other.

*Iach.* More particulars  
Must justify my knowledge.

*Post.* So they must,  
Or do your honour injury.

*Iach.* The chimney 80  
Is south the chamber, and the chimney-piece  
Chaste Dian bathing: never saw I figures  
So likely to report themselves: the cutter  
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,  
Motion and breath left out.

*Post.* This is a thing  
Which you might from relation likewise reap,  
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

*Iach.* The roof o' the chamber  
With golden cherubins is fretted: her andirons—  
I had forgot them—were two winking Cupids  
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely 90  
Depending on their brands.

*Post.* This is her honour!  
Let it be granted you have seen all this—and praise  
Be given to your remembrance—the description  
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves  
The wager you have laid.

*Iach.* Then, if you can,  
[Showing the bracelet.  
Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel; see!  
And now 'tis up again; it must be married  
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

*Post.* Jove!  
Once more let me behold it: is it that  
Which I left with her?

*Iach.* Sir—I thank her—that: 100  
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;  
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,  
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me, and said  
She prized it once.

*Post.* May be she pluck'd it off  
To send it me.

*Iach.* She writes so to you, doth she?

*Post.* O, no, no, no! 'tis true. Here, take this  
too; [Gives the ring.

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,  
Kills me to look on 't. Let there be no honour  
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance;  
love, 109  
Where there's another man: the vows of women  
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,  
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing.  
O, above measure false!

*Phi.* Have patience, sir,  
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:  
It may be probable she lost it; or  
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,  
Hath stol'n it from her?

*Post.* Very true:  
And so, I hope, he came by't. Back my ring:  
Render to me some corporal sign about her,  
More evident than this; for this was stolen. 120

*Iach.* By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

*Post.* Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he  
swears.

'Tis true:—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am sure  
She would not lose it: her attendants are  
All sworn and honourable:—they induced to steal  
it!

And by a stranger!—No, he hath enjoy'd her:  
The cognizance\* of her incontinency \*Token.  
Is this: she hath bought the name of whore thus  
dearly.

There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell  
Divide themselves between you!



*Phi.* Sir, be patient: 130  
This is not strong enough to be believed  
Of one persuaded well of—

*Post.* Never talk on 't;  
She hath been colted by him.

*Iach.* If you seek  
For further satisfying, under her breast—  
Worthy the pressing—lies a mole, right proud  
Of that most delicate lodging: by my life,  
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger  
To feed again, though full. You do remember  
This stain upon her?

*Post.* Ay, and it doth confirm  
Another stain, as big as hell can hold, 140  
Were there no more but it.

*Iach.* Will you hear more?

*Post.* Spare your arithmetic: never count the  
turns;  
Once, and a million!

*Iach.* I'll be sworn—

*Post.* No swearing.  
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;  
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny  
Thou'st made me cuckold.

*Iach.* I'll deny nothing.

*Post.* O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-  
meal!  
I will go there and do 't, i' the court, before  
Her father. I'll do something— [Exit.

*Phi.* Quite besides  
The government of patience! You have won: 150  
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath  
He hath against himself.

*Iach.* With all my heart. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. *Another room in Philario's house.*

*Enter POSTHUMUS.*

*Post.* Is there no way for men to be but women  
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;  
And that most venerable man which I  
Did call my father, was I know not where  
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools

Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd  
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife  
The nonpareil of this. O, vengeance, vengeance!  
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd  
And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with 10  
A pudency\* so rosy the sweet view on 't \*Modesty.  
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I  
thought her

As chaste as unsunn'd snow. O, all the devils!  
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not?—  
Or less,—at first?—perchance he spoke not, but,  
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,  
Cried 'O!' and mounted; found no opposition  
But what he look'd for should oppose and she  
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out  
The woman's part in me! For there's no  
motion

That tends to vice in man, but I affirm 21  
It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,  
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;  
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges,  
hers;

Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,  
Nice longing, slanders, mutability,  
All faults that may be named, nay, that hell  
knows,

Why, hers, in part or all; but rather, all;  
For even to vice

They are not constant, but are changing still 30  
One vice, but of a minute old, for one  
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,  
Detest them, curse them: yet 'tis greater skill  
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:  
The very devils cannot plague them better.

[Exit.

### ACT III.

SCENE I. *Britain. A hall in Cymbeline's palace.*

*Enter in state, CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, and  
Lords at one door, and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS  
and Attendants.*

*Cym.* Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar  
with us?

*Luc.* When Julius Cæsar, whose remembrance yet  
Lives in men's eyes and will to ears and tongues  
Be theme and hearing ever, was in this Britain  
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,—  
Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less  
Than in his feats deserving it—for him  
And his succession granted Rome a tribute,  
Yearly three thousand pounds, which by thee  
lately  
Is left untender'd.

*Queen.* And, to kill the marvel, 10  
Shall be so ever.

*Clo.* There be many Cæsars,  
Ere such another Julius. Britain is  
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay  
For wearing our own noses.

*Queen.* That opportunity  
Which then they had to take from 's, to resume  
We have again. Remember, sir, my liege,  
The kings your ancestors, together with  
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands  
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in  
With rocks unscaleable and roaring waters, 20  
With sands that will not bear your enemies'  
boats,  
But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of  
conquest  
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag  
Of 'Came' and 'saw' and 'overcame:' with  
shame—

The first that ever touch'd him—he was carried  
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his  
shipping—

Poor ignorant baubles!—on our terrible seas,  
Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, crack'd  
As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof  
The famed Cassibelan, who was once at point—  
O giglot\* fortune!—to master Cæsar's sword, 31  
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright  
And Britons strut with courage.

\*Wanton.

*Clo.* Come, there's no more tribute to be paid:  
our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time;

and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other of them may have crook'd noses, but to owe such straight arms, none.

*Cym.* Son, let your mother end. 39

*Clo.* We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan: I do not say I am one; but I have a hand. Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

*Cym.* You must know,  
Till the injurious Romans did extort  
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition,  
Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch 50

The sides o' the world, against all colour here  
Did put the yoke upon 's; which to shake off  
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon  
Ourselves to be.

*Clo. and Lords.* We do.

*Cym.* Say, then, to Cæsar,  
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which  
Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword of Cæsar  
Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise

Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,  
Though Rome be therefore angry: Mulmutius  
made our laws,

Who was the first of Britain which did put 60  
His brows within a golden crown and call'd  
Himself a king.

*Luc.* I am sorry, Cymbeline,  
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar—  
Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants than  
Thyself domestic officers—thine enemy:  
Receive it from me, then: war and confusion  
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look  
For fury not to be resisted. Thus defied.  
I thank thee for myself.

*Cym.* Thou art welcome, Caius.  
Thy Cæsar knighted me: my youth I spent

Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;  
Which he to seek of me again, perforce,  
Behoves me keep at utterance.\* I am perfect  
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for \*Extremity.  
Their liberties are now in arms; a precedent  
Which not to read would show the Britons cold:  
So Cæsar shall not find them.

*Luc.* Let proof speak.

*Clo.* His majesty bids you welcome. Make  
pastime with us a day or two, or longer: if you  
seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find  
us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out  
of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our  
crows shall fare the better for you; and there's  
an end.

*Luc.* So, sir.

*Cym.* I know your master's pleasure and he  
mine:  
All the remain is 'Welcome!' [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Another room in the palace.*

*Enter PISANIO, with a letter.*

*Pis.* How! of adultery? Wherefore write you  
not  
What monster 's her accuser? Leonatus!  
O master! what a strange infection  
Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian,  
As poisonous-tongued as handed, hath prevail'd  
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal! No:  
She's punish'd for her truth, and undergoes,  
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults  
As would take in\* some virtue. O my master!  
Thy mind to her is now as low as were \*Conquer.  
Thy fortunes. How! that I should murder her?  
Upon the love and truth and vows which I 12  
Have made to thy command? I, her? her blood?  
If it be so to do good service, never  
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,  
That I should seem to lack humanity

So much as this fact comes to? [*Reading*] 'Do't:  
the letter

That I have sent her, by her own command  
Shall give thee opportunity.' O damn'd paper!  
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless  
bauble, 20

Art thou a feodary† for this act, and look'st  
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.  
I am ignorant in what I am commanded. †Confederate.

*Enter IMOGEN.*

*Imo.* How now, Pisanio!

*Pis.* Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

*Imo.* Who? thy lord? that is my lord,  
Leonatus!

O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer  
That knew the stars as I his characters;  
He'd lay the future open. You good gods,  
Let what is here contain'd relish of love, 30  
Of my lord's health, of his content, yet not  
That we two are asunder; let that grieve him:  
Some griefs are med'cinable; that is one of  
them,

For it doth physic love: of his content,  
All but in that! Good wax, thy leave. Blest be  
You bees that make these locks of counsel!  
Lovers

And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike:  
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet  
You clasp young Cupid's tables. Good news,  
gods! 39

[*Reads*] 'Justice, and your father's wrath,  
should he take me in his dominion, could not  
be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of  
creatures, would even renew me with your eyes.  
Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-  
Haven: what your own love will out of this  
advise you, follow. So he wishes you all hap-  
piness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your,  
increasing in love,

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.'

O, for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio?  
He is at Milford-Haven; read, and tell me 51

How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs  
 May plod it in a week, why may not I  
 Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio,—  
 Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who  
     long'st,—

O, let me bate,—but not like me—yet long'st,  
 But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;  
 For mine's beyond beyond—say, and speak  
     thick;\*

\*Rapidly.

Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,  
 To the smothering of the sense—how far it is 60  
 To this same blessed Milford: and by the way  
 Tell me how Wales was made so happy as  
 To inherit such a haven: but first of all,  
 How we may steal from hence, and for the gap  
 'That we shall make in time, from our hence-  
     going

And our return, to excuse: but first, how get  
     hence:

Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?  
 We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee, speak,  
 How many score of miles may we well ride  
 'Twixt hour and hour?

*Pis.* One score 'twixt sun and sun.  
 Madam, 's enough for you: [*Aside*] and too much  
     too. 71

*Imo.* Why, one that rode to 's execution, man,  
 Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding  
     wagers,

Where horses have been nimbler than the sands  
 That run i' the clock's behalf. But this is  
     foolery:

Go bid my woman feign a sickness; say  
 She'll home to her father: and provide me pre-  
     sently

A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit  
 A franklin's\* housewife.

\*Freeholder's.

*Pis.* Madam, you're best consider.

*Imo.* I see before me, man: nor here, nor here,  
 Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them, 81  
 That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee;  
 Do as I bid thee: there's no more to say;  
 Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Wales: a mountainous country  
with a cave.*

*Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS; GUIDERIUS,  
and ARVIRAGUS following.*

*Bel.* A goodly day not to keep house, with such  
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys; this  
gate

Instructs you how to adore the heavens and bows  
you

To a morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs  
Are arch'd so high that giants may jet\* through  
And keep their impious turbans on, without \*Strut.  
Good morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heaven!  
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly  
As prouder livers do.

*Gui.* Hail, heaven!

*Arv.* Hail, heaven!

*Bel.* Now for our mountain sport: up to yond  
hill; 10

Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Con-  
sider,

When you above perceive me like a crow,  
That it is place which lessens and sets off:  
And you may then revolve what tales I have told  
you

Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:  
This service is not service, so being done,  
But being so allow'd; to apprehend thus,  
Draws us a profit from all things we see;  
And often, to our comfort, shall we find  
The sharded\* beetle in a safer hold \*Scaly-winged.  
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life 21  
Is nobler than attending for a check,  
Richer than doing nothing for a bauble,  
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:  
Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine,  
Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.

*Gui.* Out of your proof you speak: we, poor  
unfledged,  
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor  
know not  
What air's from home. Haply this life is best,



If quiet life be best; sweeter to you 30  
 That have a sharper known; well corresponding  
 With your stiff age: but unto us it is  
 A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed;  
 A prison for a debtor, that not dares  
 To stride a limit.

*Arr.* What should we speak of  
 When we are old as you? when we shall hear  
 The rain and wind beat dark December, how,  
 In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse  
 The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:  
 We are beastly, subtle as the fox for prey, 40  
 Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat;  
 Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage\* \*Prison.  
 We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,  
 And sing our bondage freely.

*Bel.* How you speak!  
 Did you but know the city's usuries  
 And felt them knowingly; the art o' the court,  
 As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb  
 Is certain falling, or so slippery that  
 The fear's as bad as falling; the toil o' the war,  
 A pain that only seems to seek out danger 50  
 I' the name of fame and honour; which dies i' the  
 search,

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph  
 As record of fair act; nay, many times,  
 Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,  
 Must court'sy at the censure:—O boys, this story  
 The world may read in me: my body's mark'd  
 With Roman swords, and my report was once  
 First with the best of note: Cymbeline loved me,  
 And when a soldier was the theme, my name  
 Was not far off: then was I as a tree 60  
 Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but in one  
 night,

A storm or robbery, call it what you will,  
 Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my  
 leaves,  
 And left me bear to weather.

*Gui.* Uncertain favour!

*Bel.* My fault being nothing—as I have told  
 you oft—

But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd  
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline  
I was confederate with the Romans: so  
Follow'd my banishment, and this twenty years  
This rock and these demesnes have been my  
world; 70

Where I have lived at honest freedom, paid  
More pious debts to heaven than in all  
The fore-end of my time. But up to the moun-  
tains!

This is not hunters' language: he that strikes  
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast;  
To him the other two shall minister;  
And we will fear no poison, which attends  
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the  
valleys. [*Exeunt Guiderius and Arviragus.*]

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!  
These boys know little they are sons to the king:  
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive. 81  
They think they are mine; and though train'd up  
thus meanly

I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do  
hit

The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them  
In simple and low things to prize it much  
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,  
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who  
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!  
When on my three-foot stool I sit and tell  
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out  
Into my story: say 'Thus mine enemy fell, 91  
And thus I set my foot on 's neck;' even then  
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,  
Strains his young nerves and puts himself in  
posture

That acts my words. The younger brother,  
Cadwal,

Once Arviragus, in as like a figure,  
Strikes life into my speech and shows much more  
His own conceiving.—Hark, the game is roused!—  
O Cymbeline, heaven and my conscience knows  
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon, 100  
At three and two years old, I stole these babes;

Thinking to bar thee of succession, as  
 Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,  
 Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their  
     mother,  
 And every day do honour to her grave:  
 Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,  
 They take for natural father. The game is up.  
[Exit.]

SCENE IV. *Country near Milford-Haven.*

*Enter* PISANIO *and* IMOGEN.

*Imo.* Thou told'st me, when we came from  
     horse, the place  
 Was near at hand: ne'er long'd my mother so  
 To see me first, as I have now. Pisanio! man!  
 Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,  
 That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks  
     that sigh  
 From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,  
 Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd  
 Beyond self-explication: put thyself  
 Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness  
 Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?  
 Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with 11  
 A look untender? If't be summer news,  
 Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st  
 But keep that countenance still. My husband's  
     hand!  
 That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,  
 And he's at some hard point. Speak, man: thy  
     tongue  
 May take off some extremity, which to read  
 Would be even mortal to me.

*Pis.* Please you, read;  
 And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing  
 The most disdain'd of fortune. 20

*Imo.* [*Reads*] 'Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath  
 played the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies  
 whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of  
 weak surmises, but from proof as strong as my  
 grief and as certain as I expect my revenge.

That part thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven. She hath my letter for the purpose: where, if thou fear to strike and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonour and equally to me disloyal.'

*Pis.* What shall I need to draw my sword? the  
paper  
Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander,  
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose  
tongue  
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath  
Rides on the posting winds and doth belie  
All corners of the world: kings, queens and  
states,  
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave 40  
This viperous slander enters. What cheer,  
madam?

*Imo.* False to his bed! What is it to be false?  
To lie in watch there and to think on him?  
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge  
nature,  
To break it with a fearful dream of him  
And cry myself awake? that's false to 's bed,  
is it?

*Pis.* Alas, good lady!

*Imo.* I false! Thy conscience witness: Iachimo,  
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;  
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now methinks  
Thy favour's good enough. Some jay of Italy 51  
†Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd  
him:

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;  
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,  
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,  
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seem-  
ing,  
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought  
Put on for villany; not born where't grows,  
But worn a bait for ladies.

*Pis.* Good madam, hear me.

*Imo.* True honest men being heard, like false  
 Æneas, 60  
 Were in his time thought false, and Simon's  
 weeping  
 Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity  
 From most true wretchedness: so thou, Posthu-  
 mus,  
 Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;  
 Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjured  
 From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou  
 honest:  
 Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou see'st  
 him,  
 A little witness my obedience: look!  
 I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit  
 The innocent mansion of my love, my heart: 70  
 Fear not; 'tis empty of all things but grief:  
 Thy master is not there, who was indeed  
 The riches of it: do his bidding; strike.  
 Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause;  
 But now thou seem'st a coward.

*Pis.* Hence, vile instrument!  
 Thou shalt not damn my hand.

*Imo.* Why, I must die;  
 And if I do not by thy hand, thou art  
 No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter  
 There is a prohibition so divine  
 That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my  
 heart. 8

Something's afore 't. Soft, soft! we'll no defence  
 Obedient as the scabbard. What is here?  
 The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,  
 All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,  
 Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more  
 Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools  
 Believe false teachers: though those that are  
 tray'd

Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor  
 Stands in worse case of woe.  
 And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up  
 My disobedience 'gainst the king my father  
 And make me put into contempt the suits  
 Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find

It is no act of common passage, but  
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself  
To think, when thou shalt be disedged by her  
That now thou tirest\* on, how thy memory  
Will then be pang'd by me. Prithee, dispatch:  
The lamb entreats the butcher: where's thy knife?  
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding, 100  
When I desire it too. \*Feedest.

*Pis.* O gracious lady,  
Since I received command to do this business  
I have not slept one wink.

*Imo.* Do 't, and to bed then.

*Pis.* I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

*Imo.* Wherefore then  
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abused  
So many miles with a pretence? this place?  
Mine action and thine own? our horses' labour?  
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,  
For my being absent? whereunto I never  
Purpose return. Why hast thou gone so far, 110  
To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,  
The elected deer before thee?

*Pis.* But to win time  
To lose so bad employment; in the which  
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,  
Hear me with patience.

*Imo.* Talk thy tongue weary; speak:  
I have heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear,  
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,  
Nor tent\* to bottom that. But speak. \*Probe.

*Pis.* Then, madam,  
I thought you would not back again.

*Imo.* Most like;  
Bringing me here to kill me.

*Pis.* Not so, neither: 120  
But if I were as wise as honest, then  
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be  
But that my master is abused:  
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,  
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

*Imo.* Some Roman courtezan.

*Pis.* No, on my life.  
I'll give but notice you are dead and send him

Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded  
I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court,  
And that will well confirm it.

*Imo.* Why, good fellow, 130  
What shall I do the while? where bide? how live?  
Or in my life what comfort, when I am  
Dead to my husband?

*Pis.* If you'll back to the court—

*Imo.* No court, no father; nor no more ado  
†With that harsh, noble, simple nothing,  
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me  
As fearful as a siege.

*Pis.* If not at court,  
Then not in Britain must you bide.

*Imo.* Where then?  
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,  
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume  
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in 't; 141  
In a great pool a swan's nest: prithee, think  
There's livers out of Britain.

*Pis.* I am most glad  
You think of other place. The ambassador,  
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven  
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind  
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise  
That which, to appear itself, must not yet be  
But by self-danger, you should tread a course  
†Pretty and full of view; yea, haply, near 150  
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh at least  
That though his actions were not visible, yet  
Report should render him hourly to your ear  
As truly as he moves.

*Imo.* O, for such means!  
Though peril to my modesty, not death on 't,  
I would adventure.

*Pis.* Well, then, here's the point:  
You must forget to be a woman; change  
Command into obedience: fear and niceness—  
The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,  
Woman it pretty self—into a waggish courage:  
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy and 161  
As quarrelous as the weasel; nay, you must  
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,

Exposing it—but, O, the harder heart!  
Alack, no remedy!—to the greedy touch  
Of common-kissing Titan, and forget  
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein  
You made great Juno angry.

*Imo.* Nay, be brief:  
I see into thy end, and am almost  
A man already.

*Pis.* First, make yourself but like one. 170  
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit—  
'Tis in my cloak-bag—doublet, hat, hose, all  
That answer to them: would you in their serving,  
And with what imitation you can borrow  
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius  
Present yourself, desire his service; tell him  
Wherein you're happy,\*—which you'll make him  
know, \*Accomplished.  
If that his head have ear in music,—doubtless  
With joy he will embrace you, for he's honour-  
able  
And doubling that, most holy. Your means  
abroad, 180  
You have me, rich; and I will never fail  
Beginning nor supplyment.

*Imo.* Thou art all the comfort  
The gods will diet me with. Prithee, away:  
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even\*  
All that good time will give us: this attempt  
I am soldier to, and will abide it with \*Equal.  
A prince's courage. Away, I prithee.

*Pis.* Well, madam, we must take a short fare-  
well,  
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of  
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,  
Here is a box; I had it from the queen: 191  
What's in 't is precious; if you are sick at sea,  
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this  
Will drive away distemper. To some shade,  
And fit you to your manhood. May the gods  
Direct you to the best!

*Imo.* Amen: I thank thee. [*Exeunt, severally.*]



SCENE V. *A room in Cymbeline's palace.*

*Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Cym.* Thus far; and so farewell.

*Luc.* Thanks, royal sir.  
My emperor hath wrote, I must from hence;  
And am right sorry that I must report ye  
My master's enemy.

*Cym.* Our subjects, sir,  
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself  
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs  
Appear unkinglike.

*Luc.* So, sir: I desire of you  
A conduct over-land to Milford-Haven.  
Madam, all joy befall your grace!

*Queen.* And you!

*Cym.* My lords, you are appointed for that  
office; 10  
The due of honour in no point omit.  
So farewell, noble Lucius.

*Luc.* Your hand, my lord.

*Clo.* Receive it friendly; but from this time  
forth  
I wear it as your enemy.

*Luc.* Sir, the event  
Is yet to name the winner; fare you well.

*Cym.* Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my  
lords,  
Till he have cross'd the Severn. Happiness!

*[Exeunt Lucius and Lords.]*

*Queen.* He goes hence frowning: but it  
honours us  
That we have given him cause.

*Clo.* 'Tis all the better;  
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it. 20

*Cym.* Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor  
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely  
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:  
The powers that he already hath in Gallia  
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he  
moves  
His war for Britain.

*Queen.* 'Tis not sleepy business;  
But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.

*Cym.* Our expectation that it would be thus  
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,  
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd  
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd 31  
The duty of the day: she looks us like  
A thing more made of malice than of duty:  
We have noted it. Call her before us; for  
We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

*Queen.* Royal sir,  
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retired  
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,  
'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty,  
Forbear sharp speeches to her; she's a lady  
So tender of rebukes that words are strokes 40  
And strokes death to her.

*Re-enter Attendant.*

*Cym.* Where is she, sir? How  
Can her contempt be answer'd?

*Atten.* Please you, sir,  
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer  
That will be given to the loudest noise we make.

*Queen.* My lord, when last I went to visit her,  
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,  
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,  
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,  
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this  
She wish'd me to make known; but our great  
court 50  
Made me to blame in memory.

*Cym.* Her doors lock'd?  
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I fear  
Prove false! [*Exit.*

*Queen.* Son, I say, follow the king.

*Clo.* That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,  
I have not seen these two days.

*Queen.* Go, look after. [*Exit Cloten.*  
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!  
He hath a drug of mine; I pray his absence  
Proceed by swallowing that, for he believes

It is a thing most precious. But for her,  
 Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seized  
 her, 60  
 Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown  
 To her desired Posthumus: gone she is  
 To death or to dishonour; and my end  
 Can make good use of either: she being down,  
 I have the placing of the British crown.

*Re-enter CLOTEN.*

How now, my son!

*Clo.* 'Tis certain she is fled.  
 Go in and cheer the king: he rages; none  
 Dare come about him.

*Queen.* [*Aside*] All the better; may  
 This night forestall him of the coming day! [*Exit.*

*Clo.* I love and hate her: for she's fair and  
 royal, 70  
 And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite  
 Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one  
 The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,  
 Outsell them all; I love her therefore: but  
 Disdaining me and throwing favours on  
 The low Posthumus slanders so her judgement  
 That what's else rare is choked; and in that point  
 I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,  
 To be revenged upon her. For when fools 79  
 Shall—

*Enter PISANIO.*

Who is here? What, are you packing, sirrah?  
 Come hither: ah, you precious pander! Villain,  
 Where is thy lady? In a word; or else  
 Thou art straightway with the fiends.

*Pis.* O, good my lord!  
 I will not ask again. Close villain,  
 I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip  
 Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?  
 From whose so many weights of baseness cannot  
 A dram of worth be drawn.

*Pis.* Alas, my lord, 89  
 How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?  
 He is in Rome.

*Clo.* Where is she, sir? Come nearer;  
No further halting: satisfy me home\* \*To the utmost.  
What is become of her.

*Pis.* O, my all-worthy lord!

*Clo.* All-worthy villain!  
Discover where thy mistress is at once,  
At the next word: no more of 'worthy lord!'  
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is  
Thy condemnation and thy death.

*Pis.* Then, sir,  
This paper is the history of my knowledge 99  
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*]

*Clo.* Let's see 't. I will pursue her.  
Even to Augustus' throne.

*Pis.* [*Aside*] Or this, or perish.  
She's far enough; and what he learns by this  
May prove his travel, not her danger.

*Clo.* Hum!

*Pis.* [*Aside*] I'll write to my lord she's dead.  
O Imogen,  
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again!

*Clo.* Sirrah, is this letter true?

*Pis.* Sir, as I think.

*Clo.* It is Posthumus' hand; I know't. Sir-  
rah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me  
true service, undergo those employments wherein  
I should have cause to use thee with a serious  
industry, that is, what villany soe'er I bid thee  
do, to perform it directly and truly, I would  
think thee an honest man: thou shouldst neither  
want my means for thy relief nor my voice for thy  
preferment.

*Pis.* Well, my good lord.

*Clo.* Wilt thou serve me? for since patiently  
and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune  
of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not, in the  
course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of  
mine: wilt thou serve me?

*Pis.* Sir, I will.

*Clo.* Give me thy hand; here's my purse.  
Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy  
possession?

*Pis.* I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same

suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

*Clo.* The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go. 129

*Pis.* I shall, my lord. [Exit.

*Clo.* Meet thee at Milford-Haven!—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon;—even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would these garments were come. She said upon a time—the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart—that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, and when my lust hath dined,—which, as I say, to vex her I will execute in the clothes that she so praised,—to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge. 150

*Re-enter PISANIO, with the clothes.*

Be those the garments?

*Pis.* Ay, my noble lord.

*Clo.* How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

*Pis.* She can scarce be there yet.

*Clo.* Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee. My revenge is now at Milford: would I had wings to follow it! Come, and be true. [Exit.

*Pis.* Thou bid'st me to my loss: for true to thee

Were to prove false, which I will never be,  
To him that is most true. To Milford go,  
And find not her whom thou pursuest. Flow,  
flow,

You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's  
speed  
Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed!  
[*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *Wales. Before the cave of Belarius.*

*Enter IMOGEN, in boy's clothes.*

*Imo.* I see a man's life is a tedious one:  
I have tired myself, and for two nights together  
Have made the ground my bed. I should be  
sick,  
But that my resolution helps me. Milford,  
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,  
Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think  
Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,  
Where they should be relieved. Two beggars  
told me  
I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie,  
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis 10  
A punishment or trial? Yes; no wonder,  
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in  
fulness  
Is sorer than to lie for need, and falsehood  
Is worse in kings than beggars. My dear lord!  
Thou art one o' the false ones. Now I think on  
thee,  
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was  
At point to sink for food. But what is this?  
Here is a path to't: 'tis some savage hold:  
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,  
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant. 20  
Plenty and peace breeds cowards: hardness ever  
Of hardness is mother. Ho! who's here?  
If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,  
Take or lend. Ho! No answer? Then I'll  
enter.  
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy  
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look  
on't.  
Such a foe, good heavens! [Exit, to the cave.

*Enter* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

*Bel.* You, Polydore, have proved best wood-  
man\* and \*Huntsman.

Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I  
Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match:†  
The sweat of industry would dry and die, 31  
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs  
Will make what's homely savoury: weariness  
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth †Compact.  
Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be here,  
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

*Gui.* I am thoroughly weary.

*Arv.* I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

*Gui.* There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll  
browse on that,  
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

*Bel.* [*Looking into the cave*] Stay; come not in.  
But that it eats our victuals, I should think 41  
Here were a fairy.

*Gui.* What's the matter, sir?

*Bel.* By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,  
An earthly paragon! Behold divineness  
No elder than a boy!

*Re-enter* IMOGEN.

*Imo.* Good masters, harm me not:  
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought  
To have begg'd or bought what I have took: good  
troth,  
I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though I had  
found  
Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here's money for my  
meat: 50  
I would have left it on the board so soon  
As I had made my meal, and parted  
With prayers for the provider.

*Gui.* Money, youth?

*Arv.* All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!  
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those  
Who worship dirty gods.

*Imo.* I see you're angry:

Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should  
Have died had I not made it.

*Bel.* Whither bound?

*Imo.* To Milford-Haven.

*Bel.* What's your name? 60

*Imo.* Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who  
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;  
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,  
I am fall'n in this offence.

*Bel.* Prithee, fair youth,  
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds  
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!  
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer  
Ere you depart; and thanks to stay and eat it.  
Boys, bid him welcome.

*Gui.* Were you a woman, youth,  
I should woo hard but be your groom. In  
honesty, 70  
I bid for you as I'd buy.

*Arv.* I'll make't my comfort  
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:  
And such a welcome as I'd give to him  
After long absence, such is yours: most welcome!  
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

*Imo.* 'Mongst friends,  
If brothers. [*Aside*] Would it had been so, that  
they  
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize  
Been less, and so more equal ballasting  
To thee, Posthumus.

*Bel.* He wrings at some distress.

*Gui.* Would I could free 't!

*Arv.* Or I, whate'er it be, 80  
What pain it cost, what danger. Gods!

*Bel.* Hark, boys.  
[*Whispering.*]

*Imo.* Great men,  
That had a court no bigger than this cave,  
That did attend themselves and had the virtue  
Which their own conscience seal'd them—laying  
by  
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes—  
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!



I'd change my sex to be companion with them,  
Since Leonatus's false.

*Bel.* It shall be so.

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth, come  
in:

Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,<sup>90</sup>  
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,  
So far as thou wilt speak it.

*Gui.* Pray, draw near.

*Arv.* The night to the owl and morn to the  
lark less welcome.

*Imo.* Thanks, sir.

*Arv.* I pray, draw near. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. *Rome. A public place.*

*Enter two Senators and Tribunes.*

*First Sen.* This is the tenour of the emperor's  
writ:

That since the common men are now in action  
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,  
And that the legions now in Gallia are  
Full weak to undertake our wars against  
The fall'n-off Britons, that we do incite  
The gentry to this business. He creates  
Lucius proconsul: and to you the tribunes,  
For this immediate levy, he commends  
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar! 10

*First Tri.* Is Lucius general of the forces?

*Sec. Sen.* Ay.

*First Tri.* Remaining now in Gallia?

*First Sen.* With those legions  
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy  
Must be supplyant: the words of your commission  
Will tie you to the numbers and the time  
Of their dispatch.

*First Tri.* We will discharge our duty.  
[Exeunt.]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Wales: near the cave of Belarius.**Enter CLOTEN.*

*Clo.* I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather—saving reverence of the word—for 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself—for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber—I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions:\* yet this imperceivable† thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father; who may haply be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

\*Combats. †Dull of perception.

SCENE II. *Before the cave of Belarius.*

*Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.*

*Bel.* [*To Imogen*] You are not well: remain here in the cave;  
We'll come to you after hunting.

*Arv.* [*To Imogen*] Brother, stay here:  
Are we not brothers?

*Imo.* So man and man should be;  
But clay and clay differs in dignity,  
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

*Gui.* Go you to hunting; I'll abide with him.

*Imo.* So sick I am not, yet I am not well;  
But not so citizen a wanton as  
To seem to die ere sick: so please you, leave me;  
Stick to your journal\* course: the breach of  
custom

Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me  
Cannot amend me; society is no comfort  
To one not sociable: I am not very sick,  
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:  
I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,  
Stealing so poorly.

*Gui.* I love thee; I have spoke it:  
How much the quantity, the weight as much,  
As I do love my father.

*Bel.* What! how! how!

*Arv.* If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me  
In my good brother's fault: I know not why 20  
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,  
Love's reason's without reason: the bier at door,  
And a demand who is 't shall die, I'd say  
'My father, not this youth.'

*Bel.* [*Aside*] O noble strain!  
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!  
Cowards father cowards and base things sire base:  
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.  
I'm not their father; yet who this should be,  
Doth miracle itself, loved before me.  
'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

*Arv.* Brother, farewell. 30

*Imo.* I wish ye sport.

*Arv.* You health. So please you, sir.

*Imo.* [*Aside*] These are kind creatures. Gods,  
what lies I have heard!  
Our courtiers say all's savage but at court:  
Experience, O, thou disprovest report!  
The imperious seas breed monsters, for the dish  
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.  
I am sick still; heart-sick. Pisanio,  
I'll now taste of thy drug. [*Swallows some.*]

*Gui.* I could not stir him:  
He said he was gentle,\* but unfortunate; \*Well-born.  
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest. 40

*Arr.* Thus did he answer me: yet said, here-  
after  
I might know more.

*Bel.* To the field, to the field!  
We'll leave you for this time: go in and rest.

*Arr.* We'll not be long away.

*Bel.* Pray, be not sick,  
For you must be our housewife.

*Imo.* Well or ill,  
I am bound to you.

*Bel.* And shalt be ever.

[*Exit Imogen, to the cave.*]

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath  
had  
Good ancestors.

*Arr.* How angel-like he sings!

*Gui.* But his neat cookery! he cut our roots  
In characters,  
And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick 50  
And he her dieter.

*Arr.* Nobly he yokes  
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh  
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;  
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly  
From so divine a temple, to commix  
With winds that sailors rail at.

*Gui.* I do note  
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,  
Mingle their spurs\* together. \*Roots of trees.

*Arr.* Grow, patience!  
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine  
His perishing root with the increasing vine! 60

*Bel.* It is great morning. Come, away!—  
Who's there?

*Enter CLOTEN.*

*Clo.* I cannot find those runagates; that villain  
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

*Bel.* 'Those runagates!'  
Means he not us? I partly know him: 'tis

Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.  
I saw him not these many years, and yet  
I know 'tis he. We are held as outlaws: hence!

*Gui.* He is but one: you and my brother search  
What companies are near: pray you, away;  
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.*]

*Clo.* Soft! What are you 70  
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?  
I have heard of such. What slave art thou?

*Gui.* A thing  
More slavish did I ne'er than answering  
A slave without a knock.

*Clo.* Thou art a robber,  
A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.

*Gui.* To who? to thee? What art thou? Have  
not I

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?  
Thy words, I grant, are bigger, for I wear not  
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,  
Why I should yield to thee?

*Clo.* Thou villain base, 80  
Know'st me not by my clothes?

*Gui.* No, nor thy tailor, rascal,  
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,  
Which, as it seems, make thee.

*Clo.* Thou precious varlet,  
My tailor made them not.

*Gui.* Hence, then, and thank  
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some  
fool;

I am loath to beat thee.

*Clo.* Thou injurious thief,  
Hear but my name, and tremble.

*Gui.* What's thy name?

*Clo.* Cloten, thou villain.

*Gui.* Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,  
I cannot tremble at it: were it Toad, or Adder,  
Spider, 90  
'Twould move me sooner.

*Clo.* To thy further fear,  
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know  
I am son to the queen.

*Gui.* I am sorry for't; not seeming  
So worthy as thy birth.

*Clo.* Art not afeard?

*Gui.* Those that I reverence those I fear, the  
wise:  
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

*Clo.* Die the death:  
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,  
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,  
And on the gates of Lud's-town set your heads:  
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt fighting.* 100

*Re-enter* BELARIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

*Bel.* No companies abroad?

*Arv.* None in the world: you did mistake him,  
sure.

*Bel.* I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,  
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of  
favour\*

\*Countenance.

Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,  
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute  
'Twas very Cloten.

*Arv.* In this place we left them:  
I wish my brother made good time with him,  
You say he is so fell.

*Bel.* Being scarce made up,  
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension 110  
Of roaring terrors; for the effect of judgement  
Is oft the cause of fear. But, see, thy brother.

*Re-enter* GUIDERIUS, *with* CLOTEN'S head.

*Gui.* This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse;  
There was no money in't: not Hercules  
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had  
none:

Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne  
My head as I do his.

*Bel.* What hast thou done?

*Gui.* I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's  
head,  
Son to the queen, after his own report;  
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and swore 120

With his own single hand he'd take us in,  
Displace our heads where—thank the gods!—they  
grow,  
And set them on Lud's-town.

*Bel.* We are all undone.

*Gui.* Why, worthy father, what have we to  
lose,  
But that he swore to take, our lives? The law  
Protects not us: then why should we be tender  
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,  
Play judge and executioner all himself,  
For we do fear the law? What company  
Discover you abroad?

*Bel.* No single soul 130  
Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason  
He must have some attendants. Though his  
humour

Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that  
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not  
Absolute\* madness could so far have raved \*Certain.  
To bring him here alone; although perhaps  
It may be heard at court that such as we  
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time  
May make some stronger head; the which he hear-  
ing—

As it is like him—might break out, and swear 140  
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable  
To come alone, either he so undertaking,  
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we  
fear,

If we do fear this body hath a tail  
More perilous than the head.

*Arv.* Let ordinance  
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,  
My brother hath done well.

*Bel.* I had no mind  
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness  
Did make my way long forth.

*Gui.* With his own sword,  
Which he did wave against my throat, I have  
ta'en 150  
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek  
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,

And tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten:  
That's all I reckon. [Exit.

*Bel.* I fear 'twill be revenged:  
Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done't! though  
valour

Becomes thee well enough.

*Arv.* Would I had done't,  
So the revenge alone pursued me! Polydore,  
I love thee brotherly, but envy much  
'Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would re-  
venges,  
That possible strength might meet, would seek us  
through 160

And put us to our answer.

*Bel.* Well, tis done:  
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger  
Where there's no profit. I prithee, to our rock;  
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay  
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him  
To dinner presently.

*Arv.* Poor sick Fidele!  
I'll willingly to him: to gain his colour  
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,  
And praise myself for charity. [Exit.

*Bel.* O thou goddess, 169  
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st  
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle  
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,  
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,  
Their royal blood enchain'd, as the rudest wind,  
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,  
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder  
That an invisible instinct should frame them  
'To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,  
Civility not seen from other, valour  
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop 180  
As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it's strange  
What Cloten's being here to us portends,  
Or what his death will bring us.

*Re-enter GUIDERIUS.*

*Gui.* Where's my brother?  
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,



In embassy to his mother: his body's hostage  
For his return. [Solemn music.]

*Bel.* My ingenious instrument!  
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion  
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

*Gui.* Is he at home?

*Bel.* He went hence even now.

*Gui.* What does he mean? since death of my  
dear'st mother 190

It did not speak before. All solemn things  
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?  
Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys  
Is jollity for apes and grief for boys.  
Is Cadwal mad?

*Bel.* Look, here he comes,  
And brings the dire occasion in his arms  
Of what we blame him for.

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, with IMOGEN, as dead, bearing her in his arms.*

*Arv.* The bird is dead  
That we have made so much on. I had rather  
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,  
To have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch, 200  
Than have seen this.

*Gui.* O sweetest, fairest lily!  
My brother wears thee not the one half so well  
As when thou grew'st thyself.

*Bel.* O melancholy!  
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find  
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare\*  
Might easiliest harbour in? Thou blessed thing!  
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made;  
but I, \*Ship of burden  
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy.  
How found you him?

*Arv.* Stark,\* as you see: \*Stiff.  
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber, 210  
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his right  
cheek

Reposing on a cushion.

*Gui.* Where?

*Arv.* O' the floor;

His arms thus leagued: I thought he slept, and put  
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rude-  
ness

Answer'd my steps too loud.

*Gui.* Why, he but sleeps:  
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;  
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,  
And worms will not come to thee.

*Arv.* With fairest flowers  
Whilst summer lasts and I live here, Fidele, 219  
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack  
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor  
The azured harebell, like thy veins, no, nor  
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,  
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock\* would,  
With charitable bill,—O bill, sore-shaming  
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie  
Without a monument!—bring thee all this;  
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are  
none,

\*Redbreast.

To winter-ground† thy corse. †Protect from frost.

*Gui.* Prithee, have done;  
And do not play in wench-like words with that  
Which is so serious. Let us bury him, 231  
And not protract with admiration what  
Is now due debt. To the grave!

*Arv.* Say, where shall's lay him?

*Gui.* By good Euriphile, our mother.

*Arv.* Be 't so:  
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices  
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the  
ground,

As once our mother; use like note and words,  
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

*Gui.* Cadwal,  
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word\* it with thee;  
For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse 241  
Than priests and fanes that lie.

\*Repeat words.

*Arv.* We'll speak it, then.

*Bel.* Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for  
Cloten  
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;  
And though he came our enemy, remember

He was paid for that: though mean and mighty,  
 rotting  
 Together, have one dust, yet reverence,  
 That angel of the world, doth make distinction  
 Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was  
 princely;  
 And though you took his life, as being our foe,  
 Yet bury him as a prince.

*Gui.* Pray you, fetch him hither. 251  
 Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',  
 When neither are alive.

*Arv.* If you'll go fetch him,  
 We'll say our song the whilst. Brother, begin.  
 [Exit Belarius.]

*Gui.* Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to  
 the east;  
 My father hath a reason for 't.

*Arv.* 'Tis true.

*Gui.* Come on then, and remove him.

*Arv.* So. Begin.

### SONG.

*Gui.* Fear no more the heat o' the sun,  
 Nor the furious winter's rages;  
 Thou thy worldly task hast done, 260  
 Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:  
 Golden lads and girls all must,  
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

*Arv.* Fear no more the frown o' the great;  
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;  
 Care no more to clothe and eat;  
 To thee the reed is as the oak:  
 The sceptre, learning, physic, must  
 All follow this, and come to dust.

*Gui.* Fear no more the lightning-flash, 270

*Arv.* Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;

*Gui.* Fear not slander, censure rash;

*Arv.* Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:

*Both.* All lovers young, all lovers must  
 Consign to thee, and come to dust.

*Gui.* No exorciser harm thee!

*Arv.* Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

*Gui.* Ghost unlaid forbear thee!

*Arv.* Nothing ill come near thee!

*Both.* Quiet consummation have; 280  
And renowned be thy grave!

*Re-enter BELARIUS, with the body of CLOTEN.*

*Gui.* We have done our obsequies: come, lay him down.

*Bel.* Here's a few flowers; but 'bout midnight, more:

The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night  
Are strewings fitt'st for graves. Upon their faces.  
You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so  
These herblets shall, which we upon you strew.  
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.

The ground that gave them first has them again:  
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain. 290

*[Exeunt Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.]*

*Imo.* *[Awaking]* Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven;  
which is the way?—

I thank you.—By yond bush?—Pray, how far thither?

'Ods pittikins!\* can it be six mile yet?— \*God's pity.  
I have gone all night. 'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.

But, soft! no bedfellow!—O gods and goddesses!

*[Seeing the body of Cloten.]*

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;  
This bloody man, the care on't. I hope I dream;  
For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,  
And cook to honest creatures: but 'tis not so;  
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing, 300  
Which the brain makes of fumes: our very eyes  
Are sometimes like our judgements, blind. Good  
faith,

I tremble still with fear: but if there be  
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity  
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!  
The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is  
Without me, as within me; not imagined, felt.

A headless man! The garments of Posthumus!  
 I know the shape of 's leg: this is his hand;  
 His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh; 310  
 The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial† face—  
 Murder in heaven?—How!—'Tis gone. Pisanio,  
 All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,  
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,  
 Conspired with that irregulous‡ devil, Cloten,  
 Hast here cut off my lord. To write and read  
 Be henceforth treacherous! Damn'd Pisanio  
 Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—  
 From this most bravest vessel of the world  
 Struck the main-top! O Posthumus! alas, 320  
 Where is thy head? where's that? Ay me!  
 where's that? †Appertaining to Jove. ‡Lawless.  
 Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,  
 And left this head on. How should this be?  
 Pisanio?

'Tis he and Cloten: malice and lucre in them  
 Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, preg-  
 nant!

The drug he gave me, which he said was ' precious  
 And cordial to me, have I not found it  
 Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home:  
 This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!  
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood, 330  
 That we the horridier may seem to those  
 Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!  
 [*Falls on the body.*]

*Enter LUCIUS, a Captain and other Officers, and  
 a Soothsayer.*

*Cap.* To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,  
 After your will, have cross'd the sea, attending  
 You here at Milford-Haven with your ships:  
 They are in readiness.

*Luc.* But what from Rome?

*Cap.* The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners  
 And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits,  
 That promise noble service: and they come  
 Under the conduct of bold Iachimo, 340  
 Syenna's brother.

*Luc.* When expect you them?

*Cap.* With the next benefit o' the wind.

*Luc.* This forwardness  
Makes our hopes fair. Command our present  
numbers

Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't. Now, sir,  
What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose?

*Sooth.* Last night the very gods show'd me a  
vision—

I fast and pray'd for their intelligence—thus:  
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd  
From the spongy south to this part of the west,  
There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends—  
Unless my sins abuse my divination—  
Success to the Roman host.

*Luc.* Dream often so,  
And never false. Soft, ho! what trunk is here  
Without his top? The ruin speaks that sometime  
It was a worthy building. How! a page!  
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather;  
For nature doth abhor to make his bed  
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.  
Let's see the boy's face.

*Cap.* He's alive, my lord,

*Luc.* He'll then instruct us of this body.  
Young one, 360

Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems  
They crave to be demanded. Who is this  
Thou makest thy bloody pillow? Or who was he  
That, otherwise than noble nature did,  
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest  
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?  
What art thou?

*Imo.* I am nothing: or if not,  
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,  
A very valiant Briton and a good,  
That here by mountaineers lies slain. Alas! 370  
There is no more such masters: I may wander  
From east to occident, cry out for service,  
Try many, all good, serve truly, never  
Find such another master.

*Luc.* 'Lack, good youth!

Thou movest no less with thy complaining than  
Thy master in bleeding: say his name, good  
friend.

*Imo.* Richard du Champ. [*Aside*] If I do lie  
and do

No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope  
They'll pardon it.—Say you, sir?

*Luc.* Thy name?

*Imo.* Fidele, sir.

*Luc.* Thou dost approve thyself the very same:  
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.  
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say  
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be sure,  
No less beloved. The Roman emperor's letters,  
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner  
Than thine own worth prefer thee: go with me.

*Imo.* I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please  
the gods,  
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep  
As these poor pickaxes can dig; and when  
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd  
his grave, 390  
And on it said a century\* of prayers, \*Hundred.  
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh;  
And leaving so his service, follow you,  
So please you entertain me.

*Luc.* Ay, good youth;  
And rather father thee than master thee.  
My friends,  
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us  
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,  
And make him with our pikes and partisans\*  
A grave: come, arm him. Boy, he is preferr'd  
By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd \*Halberds  
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes: 402  
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A room in Cymbeline's palace.*

*Enter* CYMBELINE, Lords, PISANIO, and  
Attendants.

*Cym.* Again; and bring me word how 'tis with  
her. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

A fever with the absence of her son,  
A madness, of which her life's in danger. Hea-  
vens,  
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,  
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen  
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time  
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,  
So needful for this present: it strikes me, past  
The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,  
Who needs must know of her departure and 10  
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee  
By a sharp torture.

*Pis.* Sir, my life is yours;  
I humbly set it at your will; but, for my mistress,  
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,  
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your  
highness,  
Hold me your loyal servant.

*First Lord.* Good my liege,  
The day that she was missing he was here:  
I dare be bound he's true and shall perform  
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,  
There wants no diligence in seeking him, 20  
And will, no doubt, be found.

*Cym.* The time is troublesome.  
[*To Pisanio*] We'll slip you for a season: but our  
jealousy  
Does yet depend.

*First Lord.* So please your majesty,  
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,  
Are landed on your coast, with a supply  
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

*Cym.* Now for the counsel of my son and  
queen!  
I am amazed with matter.

*First Lord.* Good my liege,  
Your preparation can affront no less  
Than what you hear of: come more, for more  
you're ready: 30  
The want is but to put those powers\* in motion  
That long to move. \*Forces.

*Cym.* I thank you. Let's withdraw;  
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not



What can from Italy annoy us; but  
We grieve at chances here. Away!

[*Exeunt all but Pisanio.*]

*Pis.* I heard no letter from my master since  
I wrote him Imogen was slain: 'tis strange:  
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise  
To yield me often tidings; neither know I  
What is betid to Cloten; but remain 40  
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work.  
Wherein I am false I am honest; not true, to be  
true.

These present wars shall find I love my country,  
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.  
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:  
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd.  
[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Wales: before the cave of Belarius.*

*Enter* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

*Gui.* The noise is round about us.

*Bel.* Let us from it.

*Arv.* What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to  
lock it

From action and adventure?

*Gui.* Nay, what hope  
Have we in hiding us? This way, the Romans  
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us  
For barbarous and unnatural revolts  
During their use, and slay us after.

*Bel.* Sons,  
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.  
To the king's party there's no going: newness  
Of Cloten's death—we being not known, not  
muster'd 10

Among the bands—may drive us to a render\*  
Where we have lived, and so extort from 's that  
Which we have done, whose answer would be  
death

\*Account.

Drawn on with torture.

*Gui.* This is, sir, a doubt  
In such a time nothing becoming you,  
Nor satisfying us.

*Arv.* It is not likely  
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,  
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes  
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,  
That they will waste their time upon our note, 20  
To know from whence we are.

*Bel.* O, I am known  
Of many in the army: many years,  
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore  
him  
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king  
Hath not deserved my service nor your loves;  
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,  
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless  
To have the courtesy your cradle promised,  
But to be still hot summer's tanlings\* and  
The shrinking slaves of winter.

*Gui.* \*Anything tanned by sun.  
Than be so 30  
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:  
I and my brother are not known; yourself  
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,  
Cannot be question'd.

*Arv.* By this sun that shines,  
I'll thither: what thing is it that I never  
Did see man die! scarce ever look'd on blood,  
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison!  
Never bestrid a horse, save one that had  
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel  
Nor iron on his heel! I am ashamed 40  
To look upon the holy sun, to have  
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining  
So long a poor unknown.

*Gui.* By heavens, I'll go:  
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,  
I'll take the better care, but if you will not,  
The hazard therefore due fall on me by  
The hands of Romans!

*Arv.* So say I: amen.

*Bel.* No reason I, since of your lives you set  
So slight a valuation, should reserve  
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, 50  
boys!

If in your country wars you chance to die,  
 That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:  
 Lead, lead. [*Aside*] The time seems long; their  
     blood thinks scorn,  
 Till it fly out and show them princes born.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *Britain. The Roman camp.*

*Enter POSTHUMUS. with a bloody handkerchief.*

*Post.* Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee, for I  
     wish'd  
 Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married ones,  
 If each of you should take this course, how many  
 Must murder wives much better than themselves  
 For wrying\* but a little! O Pisanio!      \*Swerving.  
 Every good servant does not all commands:  
 No bond but to do just ones. Gods! if you  
 Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never  
 Had lived to put on this: so had you saved  
 The noble Imogen to repent, and struck      10  
 Me, wretch more worth your vengeance. But,  
     alack,  
 You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,  
 To have them fall no more: you some permit  
 †To second ills with ills, each elder worse,  
 And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.  
 But Imogen is your own: do your best wills,  
 And make me blest to obey! I am brought hither  
 Among the Italian gentry, and to fight  
 Against my lady's kingdom: 'tis enough  
 That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!  
 I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good  
     heavens,      21  
 Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me  
 Of these Italian weeds and suit myself  
 As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight  
 Against the part I come with; so I'll die  
 For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life  
 Is every breath a death; and thus, unknown,  
 Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril

Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know  
 More valour in me than my habits show. 30  
 Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!  
 To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin  
 The fashion, less without and more within. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Field of battle between the British and Roman camps.*

*Enter, from one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman Army; from the other side, the British Army; LEONATUS, POSTHUMUS following, like a poor soldier. They march over and go out. Then enter again, in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS: he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him.*

*Iach.* The heaviness and guilt within my bosom  
 Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,  
 The princess of this country, and the air on't,  
 Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl,\*  
 A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me \*Churl.  
 In my profession? Knighthoods and honours,  
 borne

As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.  
 If that thy gentry, Britain, go before  
 This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds 9  
 Is that we scarce are men and you are gods. [*Exit.*]

*The battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken: then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*

*Bel.* Stand, stand! We have the advantage of  
 the ground;  
 The lane is guarded: nothing routs us but  
 The villany of our fears.

*Gui.* } Stand, stand, and fight!  
*Arv.* }

*Re-enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons: they rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then re-enter LUCIUS, and IACHIMO, with IMOGEN.*

*Luc.* Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;

For friends kill friends, and the disorder 's such  
As war were hoodwink'd.

*Iach.* 'Tis their fresh supplies.

*Luc.* It is a day turn'd strangely : or betimes  
Let 's re-inforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another part of the field.*

*Enter POSTHUMUS and a British Lord.*

*Lord.* Camest thou from where they made the  
stand?

*Post.* I did:

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

*Lord.* I did.

*Post.* No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,  
But that the heavens fought: the king himself  
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,  
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying  
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,  
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work  
More plentiful than tools to do 't, struck down 9  
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling  
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was  
damm'd

With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living  
To die with lengthen'd shame.

*Lord.* Where was this lane?

*Post.* Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd  
with turf;

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,  
An honest one, I warrant; who deserved  
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,  
In doing this for's country: athwart the lane,  
He, with two striplings—lads more like to run 19  
The country base\* than to commit such slaughter;  
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer  
Than those for preservation cased, or shame,—  
Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,  
'Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:  
To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards. Stand;  
Or we are Romans and will give you that  
Like beasts which you shun beastly, and may  
save,

\*Prisoners' base—a game.

But to look back in frown: stand, stand.' These three,

Three thousand confident, in act as many—  
For three performers—are the file when all 30  
The rest do nothing—with this word 'Stand,  
stand,'

Accommodated by the place, more charming  
With their own nobleness, which could have  
turn'd

A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks,  
Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd  
coward

But by example—O, a sin in war,  
Damn'd in the first beginners!—gan to look  
The way that they did, and to grin like lions  
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began  
A stop i' the chaser, a retire, anon 40

A rout, confusion thick; forthwith they fly  
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles;  
slaves,

The strides they victors made: and now our  
cowards,

Like fragments in hard voyages, became  
The life o' the need: having found the back-door  
open

Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they  
wound!

Some slain before; some dying; some their friends  
O'er-borne i' the former wave: ten, chased by one,  
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:

Those that would die or ere resist are grown 50  
The mortal bugs† o' the field.

†Bugbears.

*Lord.* This was strange chance:

A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys.

*Post.* Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made  
Rather to wonder at the things you hear  
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't,  
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:

'Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,  
Preserved the Britons, was the Romans' bane.'

*Lord.* Nay, be not angry, sir.

*Post.* 'Lack, to what end?  
Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend; 60

For if he'll do as he is made to do,  
I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.  
You have put me into rhyme.

*Lord.* Farewell; you're angry.

*Post.* Still going? [*Exit Lord.*] This is a lord!

O noble misery,  
To be i' the field, and ask 'what news?' of me!  
To-day how many would have given their honours  
To have saved their carcasses! took heel to do 't,  
And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,  
Could not find death where I did hear him groan,  
Nor feel him where he struck: being an ugly  
monster, 70  
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,  
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we  
That draw his knives i' the war. Well, I will find  
him:

For being now a favourer to the Briton,  
No more a Briton, I have resumed again  
The part I came in: fight I will no more,  
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall  
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is  
Here made by the Roman; great the answer\* be  
Britons must take. For me, my ransom's death;  
On either side I come to spend my breath; 81  
Which neither here I'll keep nor bear again,  
But end it by some means for Imogen. \*Retaliation.

*Enter two British Captains and Soldiers.*

*First Cap.* Great Jupiter be praised! Lucius is  
taken.

'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels.

*Sec. Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly\*  
habit, 82

\*Rustic.

That gave the affront with them.

*First Cap.* So 'tis reported:  
But none of 'em can be found. Stand! who's  
there?

*Post.* A Roman,  
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds  
Had answer'd him.

*Sec. Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog! 91  
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell

What crows have peck'd them here. He brags  
his service  
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

*Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVI-  
RAGUS, PISANIO, Soldiers, Attendants, and Roman  
Captives. The Captains present POSTHUMUS to  
CYMBELINE, who delivers him over to a Gaoler:  
then exeunt omnes.*

SCENE IV. *A British prison.*

*Enter POSTHUMUS and two Gaolers.*

*First Gaol.* You shall not now be stol'n, you  
have locks upon you;  
So graze as you find pasture.

*Sec. Gaol.* Ay, or a stomach.

*[Exeunt Gaolers:]*

*Post.* Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a  
way,  
I think, to liberty: yet am I better  
Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had  
rather  
Groan so in perpetuity than be cured  
By the sure physician, death, who is the key  
To unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art  
fetter'd  
More than my shanks and wrists: you good gods,  
give me  
The penitent instrument to pick that bolt, 10  
Then, free for ever! Is 't enough I am sorry?  
So children temporal fathers do appease;  
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?  
I cannot do it better than in gyves,\*  
Desired more than constrain'd: to satisfy,  
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take  
No stricter render of me than my all.  
I know you are more clement than vile men,  
Who of their broken debtors take a third,  
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again 20  
On their abatement: that's not my desire:  
For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though  
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:

\*Fetters.



'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;  
 Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:  
 You rather mine, being yours: and so, great  
     powers,  
 If you will take this audit, take this life,  
 And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!  
 I'll speak to thee in silence. [Sleeps.]

*Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with music before them: then, after other music, follow the two young LEONATI, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle POSTHUMUS round, as he lies sleeping.*

*Sici.* No more, thou thunder-master, show 30  
     Thy spite on mortal flies:  
 With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,  
     That thy adulteries  
     Rates and revenges.  
 Hath my poor boy done aught but well,  
     Whose face I never saw?  
 I died whilst in the womb he stay'd  
     Attending nature's law:  
 Whose father then, as men report  
     Thou orphans' father art, 40  
 Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him  
     From this earth-vexing smart.

*Moth.* Lucina lent not me her aid,  
     But took me in my throes;  
 That from me was Posthumus ript,  
     Came crying 'mongst his foes,  
     A thing of pity!

*Sici.* Great nature, like his ancestry,  
     Moulded the stuff so fair,  
 That he deserved the praise o' the world,  
     As great Sicilius' heir. 51

*First Bro.* When once he was mature for man,

In Britain where was he  
That could stand up his parallel;  
Or fruitful object be  
In eye of Imogen, that best  
Could deem his dignity?

*Moth.* With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,  
To be exiled, and thrown  
From Leonati seat, and cast 60  
From her his dearest one,  
Sweet Imogen?

*Sici.* Why did you suffer Iachimo,  
Slight thing of Italy,  
To taint his nobler heart and brain  
With needless jealousy;  
And to become the geck\* and scorn \*Fool  
O' th' other's villany?

*Sec. Bro.* For this from stiller seats we came,  
Our parents and us twain, 70  
That striking in our country's cause  
Fell bravely and were slain,  
Our fealty and Tenantius' right  
With honour to maintain.

*First Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath  
To Cymbeline perform'd:  
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,  
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd  
The graces for his merits due,  
Being all to dolours turn'd? 80

*Sici.* Thy crystal window ope; look out;  
No longer exercise  
Upon a valiant race thy harsh  
And potent injuries.

*Moth.* Since, Jupiter, our son is good,  
Take off his miseries.

*Sici.* Peep through thy marble mansion; help;  
Or we poor ghosts will cry  
To the shining synod of the rest  
Against thy deity. 90

*Both Bro.* Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,  
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER *descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunderbolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.*

*Jup.* No more, you petty spirits of region low,  
Offend our hearing; hush! How dare you  
ghosts

Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,  
Sky-planted batters all rebelling coasts?

Poor shadows of Elysium, hence, and rest

Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:  
Be not with mortal accidents oppress;

No care of yours it is; you know 'tis ours. 100

Whom best I love I cross; to make my gift,

The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;

Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:

His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.

Our Jovial\* star reign'd at his birth, and in

Our temple was he married. Rise, and fade.

He shall be lord of lady Imogen, \*Appertaining to Jove.

And happier much by his affliction made.

This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein

Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine: 110

And so, away: no further with your din

Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.

Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.

[*Ascends.*

*Sici.* He came in thunder; his celestial breath  
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle

Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is

More sweet than our blest fields: his royal bird

Prunes the immortal wing and cloyes his beak,

As when his god is pleased.

*All.*

Thanks, Jupiter!

*Sici.* The marble pavement closes, he is  
enter'd 120

His radiant roof. Away! and, to be blest,

Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*The Ghosts vanish.*

*Post. [Waking]* Sleep, thou hast been a grand-  
sire, and begot.

A father to me; and thou hast created  
A mother and two brothers: but, O scorn!  
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were  
born:

And so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend  
On greatness' favour dream as I have done,  
Wake and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve:  
Many dream not to find, neither deserve, 130  
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,  
That have this golden chance and know not  
why.

What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O rare  
one!

Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment  
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects  
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,  
As good as promise.

[*Reads*] 'When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself  
unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced  
by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately  
cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being  
dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed  
to the old stock and freshly grow; then shall  
Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate  
and flourish in peace and plenty.'

'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen  
Tongue and brain not; either both or nothing;  
Or senseless speaking or a speaking such  
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,  
The action of my life is like it, which 150  
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

*Re-enter Gaolers.*

*First Gaol.* Come, sir, are you ready for  
death?

*Post.* Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

*First Gaol.* Hanging is the word, sir: if you  
be ready for that, you are well cooked.

*Post.* So, if I prove a good repast to the specta-  
tors, the dish pays the shot.

*First Gaol.* A heavy reckoning for you, sir.  
But the comfort is, you shall be called to no  
more payments, fear no more tavern-bills; which

are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid\* too much; purse and brain both empty; the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness: of this contradiction you shall now be quit. O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge: your neck, sir, is pen, book and counters; so the acquittance follows. \*Punished.

*Post.* I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

*First Gaol.* Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer; for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

*Post.* Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

*First Gaol.* Your death has eyes in 's head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or do take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know, or jump\* the after inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one. \*Hazard. 191

*Post.* I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink and will not use them.

*First Gaol.* What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging's the way of winking.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king. 200

*Post.* Thou bring'st good news; I am called to be made free.

*First Gaol.* I'll be hang'd then.

*Post.* Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler;  
no bolts for the dead.

[*Exeunt all but the First Gaoler.*]

*First Gaol.* Unless a man would marry a gallows and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone.\* Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers and gallowses! I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in 't.

[*Exit.*  
\*Willing.

SCENE V. *Cymbeline's tent.*

*Enter* CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, *and* Attendants.

*Cym.* Stand by my side, you whom the gods  
have made  
Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart  
That the poor soldier that so richly fought,  
Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked  
breast  
Stepp'd before targes\* of proof, cannot be found:  
He shall be happy that can find him, if \*Shields.  
Our grace can make him so.

*Bel.* I never saw  
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;  
Such precious deeds in one that promised nought  
But beggary and poor looks.

*Cym.* No tidings of him? 10

*Pis.* He hath been search'd among the dead  
and living,  
But no trace of him.

*Cym.* To my grief, I am  
The heir of his reward; [*To Belarius, Guiderius,  
and Arviragus*] which I will add  
To you, the liver, heart and brain of Britain,  
By whom I grant she lives. 'Tis now the time  
To ask of whence you are. Report it.

*Bel.* Sir,  
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:  
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,  
Unless I add, we are honest.

*Cym.* Bow your knees.  
Arise my knights o' the battle: I create you 20  
Companions to our person and will fit you  
With dignities becoming your estates.

*Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.*

There's business in these faces. Why so sadly  
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,  
And not o' the court of Britain.

*Cor.* Hail, great king!  
To sour your happiness, I must report  
The queen is dead.

*Cym.* Who worse than a physician  
Would this report become? But I consider,  
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death  
Will seize the doctor too. How ended she? 30

*Cor.* With horror, madly dying, like her life,  
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded  
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd  
I will report, so please you: these her women  
Can trip me, if I err; who with wet cheeks  
Were present when she finish'd.

*Cym.* Prithee, say.

*Cor.* First, she confess'd she never loved you,  
only  
Affected greatness got by you, not you:  
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;  
Abhorr'd your person.

*Cym.* She alone knew this; 40  
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not  
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

*Cor.* Your daughter, whom she bore in hand  
to love  
With such integrity, she did confess  
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,  
But that her flight prevented it, she had  
Ta'en off by poison.

*Cym.* O most delicate fiend!  
Who is't can read a woman? Is there more?

*Cor.* More, sir, and worse. She did confess **she**  
had

For you a mortal mineral; which, being took, 50  
Should by the minute feed on life and lingering  
By inches waste you: in which time she pur-  
posed,

By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to  
O'ercome you with her show, and in time,  
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work  
Her son into the adoption of the crown:  
But, failing of her end by his strange absence,  
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite  
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented  
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so 60  
Despairing died.

*Cym.* Heard you all this, her women?

*First Lady.* We did, so please your highness.

*Cym.* Mine eyes  
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;  
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,  
That thought her like her seeming; it had been  
vicious

To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!  
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,  
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and other  
Roman Prisoners, guarded; POSTHUMUS behind,  
and IMOGEN.*

Thou comest not, Caius, now for tribute; that 69  
The Britons have razed out, though with the loss  
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made  
suit

That their good souls may be appeased with  
slaughter

Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:  
So think of your estate.

*Luc.* Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day  
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,  
We should not, when the blood was cool, have  
threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods  
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives



May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth 80  
 A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:  
 Augustus lives to think on't: and so much  
 For my peculiar care. This one thing only  
 I will entreat; my boy, a Briton born,  
 Let him be ransom'd: never master had  
 A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,  
 So tender over his occasions, true,  
 So feat,\* so nurse-like: let his virtue join  
 With my request, which I'll make bold your high-  
 ness

\*Dexterous.

Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm, 90  
 Though he have served a Roman: save him, sir,  
 And spare no blood beside.

*Cym.* I have surely seen him:  
 His favour\* is familiar to me. Boy, \*Countenance.  
 Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,  
 †And art mine own. I know not why, wherefore,  
 To say 'live, boy:' ne'er thank thy master; live:  
 And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,  
 Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it;  
 Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,  
 The noblest ta'en.

*Imo.* I humbly thank your highness. 100

*Luc.* I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;  
 And yet I know thou wilt.

*Imo.* No, no: alack,  
 There's other work in hand: I see a thing  
 Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,  
 Must shuffle for itself.

*Luc.* The boy disdains me,  
 He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys  
 That place them on the truth of girls and boys.  
 Why stands he so perplex'd?

*Cym.* What wouldst thou, boy?  
 I love thee more and more: think more and more  
 What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st  
 on? speak. 110

Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

*Imo.* He is a Roman; no more kin to me  
 Than I to your highness; who, being born your  
 vassal,  
 Am something nearer.

*Cym.* Wherefore eyest him so?

*Imo.* I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please  
To give me hearing.

*Cym.* Ay, with all my heart,  
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

*Imo.* Fidele, sir.

*Cym.* Thou'rt my good youth, my page;  
I'll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.*]

*Bel.* Is not this boy revived from death?

*Arv.* One sand another 120  
Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad  
Who died, and was Fidele. What think you?

*Gui.* The same dead thing alive.

*Bel.* Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not;  
forbear;  
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure  
He would have spoke to us.

*Gui.* But we saw him dead.

*Bel.* Be silent; let's see further.

*Pis.* [*Aside*] It is my mistress:  
Since she is living, let the time run on  
To good or bad.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.*]

*Cym.* Come, stand thou by our side;  
Make thy demand aloud. [*To Iachimo*] Sir, step  
you forth; 130

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;  
Or, by our greatness and the grace of it,  
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall  
Winnow the truth from falsehood. On, speak to  
him.

*Imo.* My boon is, that this gentleman may  
render  
Of whom he had this ring.

*Post.* [*Aside*] What's that to him?

*Cym.* That diamond upon your finger, say  
How came it yours?

*Iach.* Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken  
that  
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

*Cym.* How! me? 140

*Iach.* I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that

Which torments me to conceal. By villany  
 I got this ring: 'twas Leonatus' jewel;  
 Whom thou didst banish; and—which more may  
     grieve thee,  
 As it doth me—a nobler sir ne'er lived  
 'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more,  
     my lord?

*Cym.* All that belongs to this.

*Iach.* That paragon, thy daughter,—  
 For whom my heart drops blood, and my false  
     spirits  
 Quail to remember— Give me leave; I faint.

*Cym.* My daughter! what of her? Renew thy  
     strength: 150  
 I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will  
 Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

*Iach.* Upon a time,—unhappy was the clock  
 That struck the hour!—it was in Rome,—ac-  
     cursed

The mansion where!—'twas at a feast,—O, would  
 Our viands had been poison'd, or at least  
 Those which I heaved to head!—the good Post-  
     humus—

What should I say? he was too good to be  
 Where ill men were; and was the best of all  
 Amongst the rarest of good ones,—sitting sadly,  
 Hearing us praise our loves of Italy 161  
 For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast  
 Of him that best could speak, for feature,\* laming  
 The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,  
 Postures beyond brief nature, for condition, \*Beauty.  
 A shop of all the qualities that man  
 Loves woman for, besides that hook of wiving,  
 Fairness which strikes the eye—

*Cym.* I stand on fire:  
 Come to the matter.

*Iach.* All too soon I shall,  
 Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly. This Post-  
     humus, 170  
 Most like a noble lord in love and one  
 That had a royal lover, took his hint;  
 And, not dispraising whom we praised,—therein  
 He was as calm as virtue—he began

His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,

And then a mind put in't, either our brags  
Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his description  
Proved us unspeaking sots.\*

\*Fools.

*Cym.* Nay, nay, to the purpose.

*Iach.* Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.  
He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams, 180  
And she alone were cold: whereat I, wretch,  
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him  
Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he wore  
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain  
In suit the place of 's bed and win this ring  
By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,  
No lesser of her honour confident  
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;  
And would so, had it been a carbuncle 189  
Of Phœbus' wheel, and might so safely, had it  
Been all the worth of 's car. Away to Britain  
Post I in this design: well may you, sir,  
Remember me at court; where I was taught  
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference  
'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus  
quench'd

Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain  
'Gan in your duller Britain operate  
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent:  
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,  
That I return'd with simular\* proof enough 200  
To make the noble Leonatus mad, \*Counterfeit.  
By wounding his belief in her renown  
With tokens thus, and thus; averring† notes  
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,—  
O cunning, how I got it!—nay, some marks  
Of secret on her person, that he could not †Confirming.  
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,  
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon—  
Methinks, I see him now—

*Post.* [Advancing] Ay, so thou dost,  
Italian fiend! Ay me, most credulous fool, 210  
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing  
That's due to all the villains past, in being,  
To come! O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,

Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out  
 For torturers ingenious: it is I  
 That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend  
 By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,  
 That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie—  
 That caused a lesser villain than myself,  
 A sacrilegious thief, to do't: the temple 220  
 Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.  
 Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set  
 The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain  
 Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus; and  
 Be villany less than 'twas! O Imogen!  
 My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,  
 Imogen, Imogen!

*Imo.* Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

*Post.* Shall's have a play of this? Thou scorn-  
 ful page,  
 There lie thy part. [*Striking her: she falls.*]

*Pis.* O, gentlemen, help! 229  
 Mine and your mistress! O, my lord Posthumus!  
 You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now. Help, help!  
 Mine honour'd lady!

*Cym.* Does the world go round?

*Post.* How come these staggers\* on me?

\*Horse disease attended with giddiness.

*Pis.* Wake, my mistress!

*Cym.* If this be so, the gods do mean to  
 strike me  
 To death with mortal joy.

*Pis.* — How fares my mistress?

*Imo.* O, get thee from my sight;  
 Thou gavest me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!  
 Breathe not where princes are.

*Cym.* The tune of Imogen!

*Pis.* Lady,  
 The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if 240  
 That box I gave you was not thought by me  
 A precious thing: I had it from the queen.

*Cym.* New matter still?

*Imo.* It poison'd me.

*Cor.* O gods!  
 I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,  
 Which must approve thee honest: 'If Pisanio

Have' said she 'given his mistress that confection  
Which I gave him for cordial, she is served  
As I would serve a rat.'

*Cym.* What's this, Cornelius?

*Cor.* The queen, sir, very oft importuned me  
To temper\* poisons for her, still pretending \*Mix.  
The satisfaction of her knowledge only 251  
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,  
Of no esteem; I, dreading that her purpose  
Was of more danger, did compound for her  
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease  
The present power of life, but in short time  
All offices of nature should again  
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?

*Imo.* Most like I did, for I was dead.

*Bel.* My boys,  
There was our error.

*Gui.* This is, sure, Fidele. 260

*Imo.* Why did you throw your wedded lady  
from you?  
Think that you are upon a rock; and now  
Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*]

*Post.* Hang there like fruit, my soul,  
Till the tree die!

*Cym.* How now, my flesh, my child!  
What, makest thou me a dullard\* in this act?  
Wilt thou not speak to me? \*Dull person.

*Imo.* [*Kneeling*] Your blessing, sir.

*Bel.* [*To Guiderius and Arviragus*] Though  
you did love this youth, I blame ye not;  
You had a motive for 't.

*Cym.* My tears that fall  
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,  
Thy mother's dead.

*Imo.* I am sorry for 't, my lord. 270

*Cym.* O, she was naught; and long of her it  
was

That we meet here so strangely: but her son  
Is gone, we know not how nor where.

*Pis.* My lord,  
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord  
Cloten,  
Upon my lady's missing, came to me

With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and  
swore,  
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,  
It was my instant death. By accident,  
I had a feigned letter of my master's  
Then in my pocket; which directed him 280  
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;  
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,  
Which he enforced from me, away he posts  
With unchaste purpose and with oath to violate  
My lady's honour: what became of him  
I further know not.

*Gui.* Let me end the story:  
I slew him there.

*Cym.* Marry, the gods forfend!\* \*Forbid.  
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips  
Pluck a hard sentence: prithee, valiant youth,  
Deny 't again.

*Gui.* I have spoke it, and I did it. 290

*Cym.* He was a prince.

*Gui.* A most incivil one: the wrongs he did me  
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me  
With language that would make me spurn the sea,  
If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head;  
And am right glad he is not standing here  
To tell this tale of mine.

*Cym.* I am sorry for thee:  
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and  
must  
Endure our law: thou 'rt dead.

*Imo.* That headless man  
I thought had been my lord.

*Cym.* Bind the offender, 300  
And take him from our presence.

*Bel.* Stay, sir king:  
This man is better than the man he slew,  
As well descended as thyself; and hath  
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens  
Had ever scar for. [*To the Guard*] Let his arms  
alone;

They were not born for bondage.

*Cym.* Why, old soldier,  
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,

By tasting of our wrath? How of descent  
As good as we?

*Arv.* In that he spake too far.

*Cym.* And thou shalt die for 't.

*Bel.* We will die all three: 310

But I will prove that two on's are as good  
As I have given out him. My sons, I must,  
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,  
Though, haply, well for you.

*Arv.* Your danger's ours.

*Gui.* And our good his.

*Bel.* Have at it then, by leave.

Thou hadst, great king, a subject who  
Was call'd Belarius.

*Cym.* What of him? he is  
A banish'd traitor.

*Bel.* He it is that hath  
Assumed this age; indeed a banish'd man;  
I know not how a traitor.

*Cym.* Take him hence: 320  
The whole world shall not save him.

*Bel.* Not too hot:  
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;  
And let it be confiscate all, so soon  
As I have received it.

*Cym.* Nursing of my sons!

*Bel.* I am too blunt and saucy: here's my  
knee:

Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;  
Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,  
These two young gentlemen, that call me father  
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;  
They are the issue of your loins, my liege, 330  
And blood of your begetting.

*Cym.* How! my issue!

*Bel.* So sure as you your father's. I, old  
Morgan,  
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:  
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punish-  
ment

Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd  
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes—  
For such and so they are—these twenty years



Have I train'd up: those arts they have as I  
 Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as 339  
 Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,  
 Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children  
 Upon my banishment: I moved her to 't,  
 Having received the punishment before,  
 For that which I did then: beaten for loyalty  
 Excited me to treason: their dear loss,  
 The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shaped  
 Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,  
 Here are your sons again; and I must lose  
 Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.  
 The benediction of these covering heavens 350  
 Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy  
 To inlay heaven with stars.

*Cym.* They weep'st, and speak'st.  
 The service that you three have done is more  
 Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children:  
 If these be they, I know not how to wish  
 A pair of worthier sons.

*Bel.* Be pleased awhile.  
 This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,  
 Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:  
 This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus, 359  
 Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd  
 In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand  
 Of his queen mother, which for more probation  
 I can with ease produce.

*Cym.* Guiderius had  
 Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;  
 It was a mark of wonder.

*Bel.* This is he;  
 Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:  
 It was wise nature's end in the donation,  
 To be his evidence now.

*Cym.* O, what, am I  
 A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother 369  
 Rejoiced deliverance more. Blest pray you be,  
 That, after this strange starting from your orbs,  
 You may reign in them now! O Imogen,  
 Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

*Imo.* No, my lord;  
 I have got two worlds by 't. O my gentle brothers,

Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter  
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,  
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,  
When ye were so indeed.

*Cym.* Did you e'er meet?

*Arv.* Ay, my good lord.

*Gui.* And at first meeting loved:  
Continued so, until we thought he died. 380

*Cor.* By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

*Cym.* O rare instinct!  
When shall I hear all through? This fierce  
abridgement

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which  
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how lived  
you?

And when came you to serve our Roman captive?  
How parted with your brothers? how first met  
them?

Why fled you from the court? and whither?

These,

And your three motives to the battle, with  
I know not how much more, should be demanded;  
And all the other by-dependencies, 390  
From chance to chance: but nor the time nor  
place

Will serve our long inter'gatories. See,  
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen,  
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye  
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting  
Each object with a joy: the counterchange  
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,  
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.

[*To Belarius*] Thou art my brother; so we'll  
hold thee ever.

*Imo.* You are my father too, and did relieve  
me, 400

To see this gracious season.

*Cym.* All o'erjoy'd  
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,  
For they shall taste our comfort.

*Imo.* My good master,  
I will yet do you service.

*Luc.* Happy be you!

*Cym.* The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,  
He would have well becomed this place, and  
graced  
The thankings of a king.

*Post.* I am, sir,  
The soldier that did company these three  
In poor beseeming; 'twas a fitment for  
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he, 410  
*Speak, Iachimo: I had you down and might*  
Have made you finish.

*Iach.* [*Kneeling*] I am down again:  
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,  
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech  
you,  
Which I so often owe: but your ring first;  
And here the bracelet of the truest princess  
That ever swore her faith.

*Post.* Kneel not to me:  
The power that I have on you is to spare you;  
The malice towards you to forgive you: live,  
And deal with others better.

*Cym.* Nobly doom'd! 420  
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;  
Pardon's the word to all.

*Arv.* You holp\* us, sir, \*Helped.  
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;  
Joy'd are we that you are.

*Post.* Your servant, princess. Good my lord  
of Rome,  
Call forth your soothsayer: as I slept, methought  
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,  
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows  
Of mine own kindred: when I waked, I found  
This label on my bosom; whose containing 430  
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can  
Make no collection of it: let him show  
His skill in the construction.

*Luc.* Philarmonus!

*Sooth.* Here, my good lord.

*Luc.* Read, and declare the meaning.

*Sooth.* [*Reads*] 'When as a lion's whelp shall,  
to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be  
embraced by a piece of tender air; and when

from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty.'

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;  
The fit and apt construction of thy name,  
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.

[*To Cymbeline*] The piece of tender air, thy  
virtuous daughter,

Which we call 'mollis aer;' and 'mollis aer'  
We term it 'mulier:' which 'mulier' I divine  
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,  
Answering the letter of the oracle, 450  
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd\* about  
With this most tender air.

\*Embraced.

*Cym.* This hath some seeming.

*Sooth.* The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,  
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point  
Thy two sons forth, who, by Belarius stol'n,  
For many years thought dead, are now revived,  
To the majestic cedar join'd, whose issue  
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

*Cym.* Well;  
My peace we will begin. And, Caius Lucius,  
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar, 460  
And to the Roman empire; promising  
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which  
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;  
Whom heavens, in justice, both on her and hers,  
Have laid most heavy hand.

*Sooth.* The fingers of the powers above do  
tune

The harmony of this peace. The vision  
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke  
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant  
Is full accomplish'd; for the Roman eagle, 470  
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,  
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun  
So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle,  
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite  
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,  
Which shines here in the west.

*Cym.* Laud we the gods;  
And let our crooked smokes climb to their  
nostrils  
From our blest altars. Publish we this peace  
To all our subjects. Set we forward: let  
A Roman and a British ensign wave 480  
Friendly together: so through Lud's-town march:  
And in the temple of great Jupiter  
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.  
Set on there! Never was a war did cease,  
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.  
[*Exeunt.*

# PERICLES.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANTIOCHUS, king of Antioch.

PERICLES, prince of Tyre.

HELICANUS, } Two lords of Tyre.  
ESCANES, }

SIMONIDES, king of Pentapolis.

CLEON, governor of Tarsus.

LYSIMACHUS, governor of Mytilene.

CERIMON, a lord of Ephesus.

THALIARD, a lord of Antioch.

PHILEMON, servant to Cerimon.

LEONINE, servant to Dionyza.

Marshal.

A Pander.

BOULT, his servant.

The Daughter of Antiochus.

DIONYZA, wife to Cleon.

THAISA, daughter to Simonides.

MARINA, daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.

LYCHORIDA, nurse to Marina.

A Bawd.

Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers.

DIANA.

GOWER, as Chorus.

SCENE: *Dispersedly in various countries.*

# PERICLES.

## ACT I.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Before the palace of Antioch.*

To sing a song that old was sung,  
From ashes ancient Gower is come;  
Assuming man's infirmities,  
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.  
It hath been sung at festivals,  
On ember-eves and holy-ales;  
And lords and ladies in their lives  
Have read it for restoratives:

The purchase is to make men glorious;  
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius. 10  
If you, born in these latter times,  
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,  
And that to hear an old man sing  
May to your wishes pleasure bring,  
I life would wish, and that I might  
Waste it for you, like taper-light.

This Antioch, then, Antiochus the Great  
Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat;  
The fairest in all Syria,

I tell you what mine authors say: 20

This king unto him took a fere,\*

\*Wife.

Who died and left a female heir,

So buxom, blithe, and full of face,

As heaven had lent her all his grace;

With whom the father liking took,

And her to incest did provoke:

Bad child; worse father! to entice his own

To evil should be done by none:

But custom what they did begin

Was with long use account no sin. 30



The beauty of this sinful dame  
 Made many princes thither frame,  
 To seek her as a bed-fellow,  
 In marriage-pleasures play-fellow:  
 Which to prevent he made a law,  
 To keep her still, and men in awe,  
 That whoso ask'd her for his wife,  
 His riddle told not, lost his life:  
 So for her many a wight† did die, †Person.  
 As yon grim looks do testify. 40  
 What now ensues to the judgement of your eye  
 I give, my cause who best can justify. [Exit.

SCENE I. *Antioch. A room in the palace.*

*Enter* ANTIOCHUS, PRINCE PERICLES, *and*  
*followers.*

*Ant.* Young prince of Tyre, you have at large  
 received  
 The danger of the task you undertake.

*Per.* I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul  
 Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,  
 Think death no hazard in this enterprise.

*Ant.* Bring in our daughter, clothed like a  
 bride,  
 For the embracements even of Jove himself;  
 At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,  
 Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,  
 The senate-house of planets all did sit, 10  
 To knit in her their best perfections.

*Music. Enter the Daughter of Antiochus.*

*Per.* See where she comes, apparell'd like the  
 spring,  
 Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king  
 Of every virtue gives renown to men!  
 Her face the book of praises, where is read  
 Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence  
 Sorrow were ever razed, and testy wrath  
 Could never be her mild companion.  
 You gods that made me man, and sway in love,  
 That have inflamed desire in my breast 20  
 To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,  
 Or die in the adventure, be my helps,

As I am son and servant to your will,  
To compass such a boundless happiness!

*Ant.* Prince Pericles,—

*Per.* That would be son to great Antiochus.

*Ant.* Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,  
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;  
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:  
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view 30  
Her countless glory, which desert must gain;  
And which, without desert, because thine eye  
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.  
Yon sometimes famous princes, like thyself,  
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,  
Tell thee, with speechless tongues and semblance  
pale,

That without covering, save yon field of stars,  
Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;  
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist  
For going on death's net, whom none resist. 40

*Per.* Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught  
My frail mortality to know itself,  
And by those fearful objects to prepare  
This body, like to them, to what I must;  
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,  
Who tells us life's but breath, to trust it error.  
I'll make my will then, and, as sick men do  
Who know the world, see heaven, but, feeling woe,  
Gripe not at earthly joys as erst they did;  
So I bequeath a happy peace to you 50  
And all good men, as every prince should do;  
My riches to the earth from whence they came;  
But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[*To the daughter of Antiochus.*

Thus ready for the way of life or death,  
I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus.

*Ant.* Scorning advice, read the conclusion,  
then:

Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,  
As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

*Daugh.* Of all say'd yet, mayst thou prove  
prosperous!

Of all say'd yet, I wish thee happiness! 60

*Per.* Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,

Nor ask advice of any other thought  
But faithfulness and courage.

*He reads the riddle.*

I am no viper, yet I feed  
On mother's flesh which did me breed.  
I sought a husband, in which labour  
I found that kindness in a father:  
He's father, son, and husband mild;  
I mother, wife, and yet his child.  
How they may be, and yet in two, 70  
As you will live, resolve it you.

Sharp physic is the last: but, O you powers  
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's  
acts,

Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,  
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?  
Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could still,

*[Takes hold of the hand of the Princess.]*

Were not this glorious casket stored with ill:  
But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt;  
For he's no man on whom perfections wait  
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate. 80  
You are a fair viol, and your sense the strings;  
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,  
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods, to  
hearken;

But being play'd upon before your time,  
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.  
Good sooth, I care not for you.

*Ant.* Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,  
For that's an article within our law,  
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expired:  
Either expound now, or receive your sentence. 90

*Per.* Great king,  
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;  
'Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it.  
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,  
He's more secure to keep it shut than shown:  
For vice repeated is like the wandering wind,  
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;  
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,  
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear

To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole  
casts 100

Copp'd\* hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is  
throng'd \*Rising to a head.

By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die  
for 't.

Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law's their  
will;

And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?

It is enough you know; and it is fit,

What being more known grows worse, to smo-  
ther it.

All love the womb that their first being bred,  
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

*Ant.* [*Aside*] Heaven, that I had thy head! he  
has found the meaning:

But I will gloze\* with him.—Young prince of Tyre,  
Though by the tenour of our strict edict, 111

Your exposition misinterpreting, \*Flatter.

We might proceed to cancel of your days;

Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree

As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:

Forty days longer we do respite you;

If by which time our secret be undone,

This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son:

And until then your entertain shall be

As doth befit our honour and your worth. 120

[*Exeunt all but Pericles.*]

*Per.* How courtesy would seem to cover sin,

When what is done, is like an hypocrite,

The which is good in nothing but in sight!

If it be true that I interpret false,

Then were it certain you were not so bad

As with foul incest to abuse your soul;

Where\* now you're both a father and a son, \*Whereas.

By your untimely claspings with your child,

Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father;

And she an eater of her mother's flesh, 130

By the defiling of her parent's bed;

And both like serpents are, who though they feed

On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.

Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men

Blush not in actions blacker than the night,

Will shun no course to keep them from the light.  
 One sin, I know, another doth provoke;  
 Murder's as near to lust as flame to smoke:  
 Poison and treason are the hands of sin,  
 Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame: 140  
 Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,  
 By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter* ANTIOCHUS.

*Ant.* He hath found the meaning, for which we  
 mean  
 To have his head.  
 He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,  
 Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin  
 In such a loathed manner;  
 And therefore instantly this prince must die;  
 For by his fall my honour must keep high.  
 Who attends us there?

*Enter* THALIARD.

*Thal.* Doth your highness call? 150

*Ant.* Thaliard,  
 You are of our chamber, and our mind partakes  
 Her private actions to your secrecy;  
 And for your faithfulness we will advance you.  
 Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;  
 We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill  
 him:

It fits thee not to ask the reason why,  
 Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

*Thal.* My lord,  
 'Tis done.

*Ant.* Enough. 160

*Enter a Messenger.*

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

*Mess.* My lord, prince Pericles is fled. [*Exit.*]

*Ant.* As thou  
 Wilt live, fly after: and like an arrow shot  
 From a well-experienced archer hits the mark  
 His eyes doth level at, so thou ne'er return  
 Unless thou say 'Prince Pericles is dead.'

*Thal.* My lord,

If I can get him within my pistol's length,  
I'll make him sure enough: so, farewell to your  
highness.

*Ant.* Thaliard, adieu! [*Exit Thal.*] Till  
Pericles be dead,  
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit.* 170

SCENE II. *Tyre. A room in the palace.*

*Enter PERICLES.*

*Per.* [*To Lords without*] Let none disturb  
us.—Why should this change of thoughts,  
The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,  
Be my so used a guest as not an hour,  
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,  
The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed  
me quiet?  
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes  
shun them,  
And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch,  
Whose aim seems far too short to hit me here:  
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,  
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me. 10  
Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,  
That have their first conception by mis-dread,  
Have after-nourishment and life by care;  
And what was first but fear what might be done,  
Grows elder now and cares it be not done.  
And so with me: the great Antiochus,  
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,  
Since he's so great can make his will his act,  
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;  
Nor boots it me to say I honour him, 20  
If he suspect I may dishonour him:  
And what may make him blush in being known,  
He'll stop the course by which it might be known;  
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,  
And with the ostent of war will look so huge,  
Amazement shall drive courage from the state;  
Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,  
And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought offence:  
Which care of them, not pity of myself,  
Who am no more but as the tops of trees,

Which fence the roots they grow by and defend  
them,  
Makes both my body pine and soul to languish, 30  
And punish that before that he would punish.

*Enter* HELICANUS, *with other* Lords.

*First Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred  
breast!

*Sec. Lord.* And keep your mind, till you return  
to us,  
Peaceful and comfortable!

*Hel.* Peace, peace, and give experience  
tongue.  
They do abuse the king that flatter him:  
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;  
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark, 40  
To which that blast gives heat and stronger  
glowing;

Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,  
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.  
When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,  
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.  
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;  
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

*Per.* All leave us else; but let your cares  
o'erlook  
What shipping and what lading's in our haven,  
And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] Heli-  
canus, thou 50  
Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?

*Hel.* An angry brow, dread lord.

*Per.* If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,  
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

*Hel.* How dare the plants look up to heaven,  
from whence  
They have their nourishment?

*Per.* Thou know'st I have power  
To take thy life from thee.

*Hel.* [*Kneeling*] I have ground the axe my-  
self;  
Do you but strike the blow.

*Per.* Rise, prithee, rise.  
Sit down: thou art no flatterer: 60

I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid  
That kings should let their ears hear their faults  
hid!

Fit counsellor and servant for a prince,  
Who by thy wisdom makest a prince thy servant,  
What wouldst thou have me do?

*Hel.* To bear with patience  
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.

*Per.* Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,  
That minister'st a potion unto me  
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.  
Attend me, then: I went to Antioch, 70  
Where as thou know'st, against the face of death,  
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,  
From whence an issue I might propagate,  
†Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.  
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;  
The rest—hark in thine ear—as black as incest:  
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father  
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth:\* but thou  
know'st this, \*Flatter.

'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.  
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled, 80  
Under the covering of a careful night,  
Who seem'd my good protector; and, being here,  
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.  
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears  
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years:  
And should he doubt it, as no doubt he doth,  
That I should open to the listening air  
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,  
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope, 89  
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,  
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;  
When all, for mine, if I may call offence,  
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:  
Which love to all, of which thyself art one,  
Who now reprovest me for it,—

*Hel.* Alas, sir!

*Per.* Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from  
my cheeks,  
Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts  
How I might stop this tempest ere it came;



And finding little comfort to relieve them,  
I thought it princely charity to grieve them. 100

*Hel.* Well, my lord, since you have given me  
leave to speak,

Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,  
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,  
Who either by public war or private treason  
Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,  
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,  
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.

Your rule direct to any; if to me, 109  
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

*Per.* I do not doubt thy faith;  
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

*Hel.* We'll mingle our bloods together in the  
earth,

From whence we had our being and our birth.

*Per.* Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to  
Tarsus

Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;  
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.

The care I had and have of subjects' good  
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear  
it. 119

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath:  
Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both:  
But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,  
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,\*  
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.

\*Overcome. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Tyre. An ante-chamber in the  
palace.*

*Enter THALIARD.*

*Thal.* So, this is Tyre, and this the court.  
Here must I kill King Pericles; and if I do it not,  
I am sure to be hanged at home: 'tis dangerous.  
Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had  
good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he  
would of the king, desired he might know none

of his secrets: now do I see he had some reason for't; for if a king bid a man be a villain, he's bound by the indenture of his oath to be one. Hush! here come the lords of Tyre.

*Enter* HELICANUS *and* ESCANES, *with other*  
*Lords of Tyre.*

*Hel.* You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,  
Further to question me of your king's departure:  
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,  
Doth speak sufficiently he's gone to travel.

*Thal.* [*Aside*] How! the king gone!

*Hel.* If further yet you will be satisfied,  
Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves,  
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.  
Being at Antioch——

*Thal.* [*Aside*] What from Antioch?

*Hel.* Royal Antiochus—on what cause I know  
not—  
Took some displeasure at him; at least he judged  
so:

And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,  
To show his sorrow, he'd correct himself;  
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,  
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

*Thal.* [*Aside*] Well, I perceive  
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;  
But since he's gone,† the king's seas must please:  
He 'scaped the land, to perish at the sea.  
I'll present myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre!

*Hel.* Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is wel-  
come.

*Thal.* From him I come  
With message unto princely Pericles;  
But since my landing I have understood  
Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels,  
My message must return from whence it came.

*Hel.* We have no reason to desire it,  
Commended to our master, not to us:  
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,  
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Tarsus. A room in the Governor's house.*

*Enter* CLEON, *the governor of Tarsus, with*  
DIONYZA, *and others.*

*Cle.* My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,  
And by relating tales of others' griefs,  
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

*Dio.* That were to blow at fire in hope to  
quench it;  
For who digs hills because they do aspire  
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.  
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs are;  
Here they're but felt, and seen with mischief's  
eyes,  
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

*Cle.* O Dionyza, 10  
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,  
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?  
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep  
Our woes into the air; our eyes do weep,  
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them  
louder;  
That, if heaven slumber while their creatures  
want,  
They may awake their helps to comfort them.  
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,  
And wanting breath to speak help me with tears.

*Dio.* I'll do my best, sir. 20

*Cle.* This Tarsus, o'er which I have the  
government,  
A city on whom plenty held full hand,  
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets;  
Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the  
clouds,  
And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at;  
Whose men and dames so jetted\* and adorn'd,  
Like one another's glass to trim† them by: \*Strutted.  
Their tables were stored full, to glad the sight,  
And not so much to feed on as delight; †Dress.  
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great, 30  
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

*Dio.* O, 'tis too true.

*Cle.* But see what heaven can do! By this our  
change,  
These mouths, who but of late, earth, sea, and  
air,  
Were all too little to content and please,  
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,  
As houses are defiled for want of use,  
They are now starved for want of exercise:  
Those palates who, not yet two summers younger,  
Must have inventions to delight the taste, 40  
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:  
Those mothers who, to nouse\* up their babes,  
Thought nought too curious, are ready now \*Nurse.  
To eat those little darlings whom they loved.  
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife  
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life:  
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;  
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall  
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.  
Is not this true? 50

*Dio.* Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

*Cle.* O, let those cities that of plenty's cup  
And her prosperities so largely taste,  
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!  
The misery of Tarsus may be theirs.

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* Where's the lord governor?

*Cle.* Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in  
haste,

For comfort is too far for us to expect.

*Lord.* We have descried, upon our neighbour-  
ing shore, 60

A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

*Cle.* I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,  
That may succeed as his inheritor;

And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,  
Taking advantage of our misery,

Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their  
power,\*

To beat us down, the which are down already;

\*Forces.

And make a conquest of unhappy me,  
Whereas no glory's got to overcome. 70

*Lord.* That's the least fear; for, by the semblance

Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,  
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

*Cle.* Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat:

Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.  
But bring they what they will and what they can,  
What need we fear?

The ground's the lowest, and we are half way there.

Go tell their general we attend him here,  
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,  
And what he craves. 81

*Lord.* I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

*Cle.* Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;  
If wars, we are unable to resist.

*Enter PERICLES with Attendants.*

*Per.* Lord governor, for so we hear you are,  
Let not our ships and number of our men  
Be like a beacon fired to amaze your eyes.  
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,  
And seen the desolation of your streets:  
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears, 90  
But to relieve them of their heavy load;  
And these our ships, you happily\* may think  
Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within  
With bloody veins, expecting overthrow, \*Perhaps.  
Are stored with corn to make your needy bread,  
And give them life whom hunger starved half  
dead.

*All.* The gods of Greece protect you!  
And we'll pray for you.

*Per.* Arise, I pray you, rise:  
We do not look for reverence, but for love,  
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

*Cle.* The which when any shall not gratify, 101  
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,  
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,  
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!

Till when,—the which I hope shall ne'er be  
seen,—

Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

*Per.* Which welcome we'll accept; feast here  
awhile,

Until our stars that frown lend us a smile.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Here have you seen a mighty king  
His child, I wis, to incest bring;  
A better prince and benign lord,  
That will prove awful both in deed and word.  
Be quiet then as men should be,  
'Till he hath pass'd necessity.  
I'll show you those in troubles reign,  
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.  
The good in conversation,\*  
To whom I give my benison,  
Is still at Tarsus, where each man  
Thinks all is writ† he spoken can;  
And, to remember what he does,  
Build his statue to make him glorious:  
But tidings to the contrary  
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

\*Conduct.

IO

†Truth.

DUMB SHOW.

*Enter at one door PERICLES talking with CLEON;  
all the train with them. Enter at another door a  
Gentleman, with a letter to PERICLES; PERICLES  
shows the letter to CLEON; gives the Messenger a  
reward, and knights him. Exit PERICLES at one  
door, and CLEON at another.*

Good Helicane, that stay'd at home,  
Not to eat honey like a drone  
From others' labours; for though he strive  
To killen bad, keep good alive;  
And to fulfil his prince' desire,

20

Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:  
 How Thaliard came full bent with sin  
 And had intent to murder him;  
 And that in Tarsus was not best  
 Longer for him to make his rest.  
 He, doing so, put forth to seas,  
 Where when men been, there's seldom ease;  
 For now the wind begins to blow;  
 Thunder above and deeps below 30  
 Make such unquiet, that the ship  
 Should house him safe is wreck'd and split;  
 And he, good prince, having all lost,  
 By waves from coast to coast is tost:  
 All perishen of men, of pelf,  
 Ne aught escapen but himself;  
 Till fortune, tired with doing bad,  
 Threw him ashore, to give him glad:  
 And here he comes. What shall be next,  
 Pardon old Gower,—this longs the text. 40  
 [Exit.

SCENE I. *Pentapolis. An open place by the sea-side.*

*Enter PERICLES, wet.*

*Per.* Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of  
 heaven!  
 Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man  
 Is but a substance that must yield to you;  
 And I, as fits my nature, do obey you:  
 Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,  
 Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me  
 breath  
 Nothing to think on but ensuing death:  
 Let it suffice the greatness of your powers  
 To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes; 9  
 And having thrown him from your watery grave,  
 Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

*Enter three Fishermen.*

*First Fish.* What, ho, Pilch!

*Sec. Fish.* Ha, come and bring away the nets!

*First Fish.* What, Patch-breech, I say!

*Third Fish.* What say you, master?

*First Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wanion.\* \*Vengeance.

*Third Fish.* 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us even now. 20

*First Fish.* Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

*Third Fish.* Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the porpus how he bounced and tumbled? they say they're half fish, half flesh: a plague on them, they ne'er come but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea. 30

*First Fish.* Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; a' plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful: such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

*Per.* [*Aside*] A pretty moral. 39

*Third Fish.* But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

*Sec. Fish.* Why, man?

*Third Fish.* Because he should have swallowed me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind,—

*Per.* [*Aside*] Simonides! 49

*Third Fish.* We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

*Per.* [*Aside*] How from the finny subject of the sea

These fishers tell the infirmities of men;  
And from their watery empire recollect  
All that may men approve or men detect!  
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.



*Sec. Fish.* Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be a day fits you, †search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.

*Per.* May see the sea hath cast upon your coast. 60

*Sec. Fish.* What a drunken knave was the sea to cast thee in our way!

*Per.* A man whom both the waters and the wind,  
In that vast tennis-court, have made the ball  
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;  
He asks of you, that never used to beg.

*First Fish.* No, friend, cannot you beg? Here's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging than we can do with working.

*Sec. Fish.* Canst thou catch any fishes, then?

*Per.* I never practised it. 71

*Sec. Fish.* Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

*Per.* What I have been I have forgot to know;  
But what I am, want teaches me to think on:  
A man throng'd up with cold: my veins are chill,  
And have no more of life than may suffice  
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help;  
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead, 80  
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

*First Fish.* Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid!  
I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm.  
Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come,  
thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays,  
fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks,\* and thou shalt be welcome.

*Per.* I thank you, sir. \*Pancakes.

*Sec. Fish.* Hark you, my friend; you said you could not beg. 90

*Per.* I did but crave.

*Sec. Fish.* But crave! Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

*Per.* Why, are all your beggars whipped, then?

*Sec. Fish.* O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish

no better office than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net.

[*Exit with Third Fisherman.*]

*Per.* [*Aside*] How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

*First Fish.* Hark you, sir; do you know where ye are? 101

*Per.* Not well.

*First Fish.* Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king the good Simonides.

*Per.* The good King Simonides, do you call him?

*First Fish.* Ay, sir; and he deserves so to be called for his peaceable reign and good government.

*Per.* He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore? 111

*First Fish.* Marry, sir, half a day's journey: and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to just and tourney for her love.

*Per.* Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

*First Fish.* O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—† his wife's soul. 121

*Re-enter Second and Third Fishermen, drawing up a net.*

*Sec. Fish.* Help, master, help! here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour.

*Per.* An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.

Thanks, fortune, yet, that, after all my crosses,  
Thou givest me somewhat to repair myself;  
And though it was mine own, part of my heritage,

Which my dead father did bequeath to me, 130  
With this strict charge, even as he left his life,  
'Keep it, my Pericles; it hath been a shield

'Twixt me and death;'—and pointed to this brace;—\*

\*Armour for arm.

'For that it saved me, keep it; in like necessity—  
The which the gods protect thee from!—may  
defend thee.'

It kept where I kept, I so dearly loved it;  
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,  
Took it in rage, though calm'd have given 't  
again:

I thank thee for 't: my shipwreck now 's no ill,  
Since I have here my father's gift in 's will. 140

*First Fish.* What mean you, sir?

*Per.* To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of  
worth,

For it was sometime target to a king;  
I know it by this mark. He loved me dearly,  
And for his sake I wish the having of it;  
And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's  
court,

Where with it I may appear a gentleman;  
And if that ever my low fortune's better,  
I'll pay your bounties; till then rest your  
debtor.

*First Fish.* Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

*Per.* I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

*First Fish.* Why, do 'e take it, and the gods  
give thee good on 't!

*Sec. Fish.* Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas  
we that made up this garment through the rough  
seams of the waters: there are certain condole-  
ments, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive,  
you'll remember from whence you had it.

*Per.* Believe 't, I will.

By your furtherance I am clothed in steel; 160  
And, spite of all the rapture of the sea,  
This jewel holds his building on my arm:  
Unto thy value I will mount myself  
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps  
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.  
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided  
Of a pair of bases.\*

\*Embroidered mantle worn on horseback,

[reaching from middle of body to below knees.]

*Sec. Fish.* We'll sure provide: thou shalt

have my best gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to the court myself. 170

*Per.* Then honour be but a goal to my will,  
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A public way or platform leading to the lists. A pavilion by the side of it for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, &c.*

*Enter* SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, and Attendants.

*Sim.* Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

*First Lord.* They are, my liege;  
And stay your coming to present themselves.

*Sim.* Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,  
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,  
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat  
For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

[*Exit a Lord.*]

*Thai.* It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express  
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

*Sim.* It's fit it should be so; for princes are 10  
A model, which heaven makes like to itself:  
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,  
So princes their renowns if not respected.  
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain  
The labour of each knight in his device.

*Thai.* Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

*Enter a Knight; he passes over, and his Squire presents his shield to the Princess.*

*Sim.* Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

*Thai.* A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;  
And the device he bears upon his shield  
Is a black Ethiopie reaching at the sun; 20  
The word, 'Lux tua vita mihi.'

*Sim.* He loves you well that holds his life of you. [*The Second Knight passes over.*]  
Who is the second that presents himself?

*Thai.* A prince of Macedon, my royal father;  
And the device he bears upon his shield  
Is an arm'd knight that's conquer'd by a lady;  
The motto thus, in Spanish, 'Piu por dulzura  
que por fuerza.'

[*The Third Knight passes over.*]

*Sim.* And what's the third?

*Thai.* The third of Antioch;  
And his device, a wreath of chivalry;  
The word, 'Me pompæ provexit apex.'

30

[*The Fourth Knight passes over.*]

*Sim.* What is the fourth?

*Thai.* A burning torch that's turned upside  
down;

The word, 'Quod me alit, me extinguit.'

*Sim.* Which shows that beauty hath his power  
and will,  
Which can as well inflame 'as it can kill.

[*The Fifth Knight passes over.*]

*Thai.* The fifth, an hand environed with  
clouds,  
Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried;  
The motto thus, 'Sic spectanda fides.'

[*The Sixth Knight, Pericles, passes over.*]

*Sim.* And what's  
The sixth and last, the which the knight himself  
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

41

*Thai.* He seems to be a stranger; but his  
present is

A wither'd branch, that's only green at top;  
The motto, 'In hac spe vivo.'

*Sim.* A pretty moral;  
From the dejected state wherein he is,  
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

*First Lord.* He had need mean better than his  
outward show

Can any way speak in his just commend;  
For by his rusty outside he appears  
To have practised more the whipstock\* than the  
lance.

50

\*Handle of whip.

*Sec. Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he  
comes

To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished.

*Third Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour  
rust  
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

*Sim.* Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan  
The outward habit by the inward man.  
But stay, the knights are coming: we will with-  
draw  
Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*

[*Great shouts within, and all cry 'The mean knight!'*]

SCENE III. *The same. A hall of state: a banquet prepared.*

*Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Attendants, and Knights, from tilting.*

*Sim.* Knights,  
To say you 're welcome were superfluous.  
To place upon the volume of your deeds,  
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,  
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,  
Since every worth in show commends itself.  
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:  
You are princes and my guests.

*Thai.* But you, my knight and guest;  
To whom this wreath of victory I give, 10  
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

*Per.* 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than by merit.

*Sim.* Call it by what you will, the day is yours;  
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.  
In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,  
To make some good, but others to exceed;  
And you are her labour'd scholar. Come, queen  
o' the feast,—

For, daughter, so you are,—here take your place:  
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

*Knights.* We are honour'd much by good Si-  
monides. 20

*Sim.* Your presence glads our days: honour we  
love;  
For who hates honour hates the gods above.

*Marshal.* Sir, yonder is your place.

*Per.* Some other is more fit.

*First Knight.* Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen

That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes  
Envy the great nor do the low despise.

*Per.* You are right courteous knights.

*Sim.*

Sit, sir, sit.

*Per.* By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,

These cates resist me, she but thought upon.

*Thai.* By Juno, that is queen of marriage, 30  
All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury,  
Wishing him my meat. Sure, he's a gallant gentleman.

*Sim.* He's but a country gentleman;  
Has done no more than other knights have done;  
Has broken a staff or so; so let it pass.

*Thai.* To me he seems like diamond to glass.

*Per.* Yon king's to me like to my father's picture,

Which tells me in that glory once he was;  
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,  
And he the sun, for them to reverence; 40  
None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights,  
Did vail\* their crowns to his supremacy: \*Lower.  
Where now his son's like a glow-worm in the night,

The which hath fire in darkness, none in light:  
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,  
He's both their parent, and he is their grave,  
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

*Sim.* What, are you merry, knights?

*Knights.* Who can be other in this royal presence?

*Sim.* Here, with a cup that's stored unto the brim,— 50

As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,—  
We drink this health to you.

*Knights.* We thank your grace.

*Sim.* Yet pause awhile:

Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,  
As if the entertainment in our court  
Had not a show might countervail his worth.  
Note it not you, Thaisa?

*Thai.* What is it?  
To me, my father?

*Sim.* O, attend, my daughter:  
Princes in this should live like gods above,  
Who freely give to every one that comes 60  
To honour them:  
And princes not doing so are like to gnats,  
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.  
Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,  
Here, say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to  
him.

*Thai.* Alas, my father, it befits not me  
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold:  
He may my proffer take for an offence,  
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

*Sim.* How! 70  
Do as I bid you, or you 'll move me else.

*Thai.* [*Aside*] Now, by the gods, he could not  
please me better.

*Sim.* And furthermore tell him, we desire to  
know of him,  
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

*Thai.* The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.

*Per.* I thank him.

*Thai.* Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

*Per.* I thank both him and you, and pledge him  
freely.

*Thai.* And further he desires to know of you,  
Of whence you are, your name and parentage. 80

*Per.* A gentleman of Tyre; my name, Peri-  
cles;

My education been in arts and arms;  
Who, looking for adventures in the world,  
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,  
And after shipwreck driven upon this shore.

*Thai.* He thanks your grace; names himself  
Pericles,  
A gentleman of Tyre,  
Who only by misfortune of the seas  
Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.

*Sim.* Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,  
And will awake him from his melancholy. 91  
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,



And waste the time, which looks for other revels.  
 Even in your armours, as you are address'd,  
 Will very well become a soldier's dance.  
 I will not have excuse, with saying this  
 Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,  
 Since they love men in arms as well as beds.

[*The Knights dance.*

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.  
 Come, sir; 100  
 Here is a lady that wants breathing\* too: \*Exercise.  
 And I have heard, you knights of Tyre  
 Are excellent in making ladies trip;  
 And that their measures† are as excellent. †Dances.

*Per.* In those that practise them they are, my  
 lord.

*Sim.* O, that's as much as you would be denied  
 Of your fair courtesy.

[*The Knights and Ladies dance.*

Unclasp, unclasp:

Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,  
 [*To Per.*] But you the best. Pages and lights, to  
 conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings! [*To*

*Per.*] Yours, sir,

110

We have given order to be next our own.

*Per.* I am at your grace's pleasure.

*Sim.* Princes, it is too late to talk of love;  
 And that's the mark I know you level at:  
 Therefore each one betake him to his rest;  
 To-morrow all for speeding do their best.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Tyre. A room in the Governor's  
 house.*

*Enter* HELICANUS *and* ESCANES.

*Hel.* No, Escanes, know this of me,  
 Antiochus from incest lived not free:  
 For which, the most high gods not minding longer  
 To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,  
 Due to this heinous capital offence,  
 Even in the height and pride of all his glory,  
 When he was seated in a chariot

Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with  
him,

A fire from heaven came and shrivell'd up  
Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,  
That all those eyes adored them ere their fall 11  
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

*Esca.* 'Twas very strange.

*Hel.* And yet but justice; for though  
This king were great, his greatness was no guard  
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

*Esca.* 'Tis very true.

*Enter two or three Lords.*

*First Lord.* See, not a man in private confer-  
ence  
Or council has respect with him but he.

*Sec. Lord.* It shall no longer grieve without  
reproof.

*Third Lord.* And cursed be he that will not  
second it. 20

*First Lord.* Follow me, then. Lord Helicane,  
a word.

*Hel.* With me? and welcome: happy day, my  
lords.

*First Lord.* Know that our griefs are risen to  
the top,  
And now at length they overflow their banks.

*Hel.* Your griefs! for what? wrong not your  
prince you love.

*First Lord.* Wrong not yourself, then, noble  
Helicane;

'But if the prince do live, let us salute him,  
Or know what ground's made happy by his  
breath.

If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;  
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there; 30  
And be resolved\* he lives to govern us, \*Satisfied.  
Or dead, give 's cause to mourn his funeral,  
And leave us to our free election.

*Sec. Lord.* Whose death indeed 's the strongest  
in our censure :\*

And knowing this kingdom is without a head,— \*Opinion.  
Like goodly buildings left without a roof

Soon fall to ruin,—your noble self,  
That best know how to rule and how to reign,  
We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

*All.* Live, noble Helicane! 40

*Hel.* For honour's cause, forbear your suffrages:

If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.  
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,  
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.  
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you to  
Forbear the absence of your king;  
If in which time expired, he not return,  
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.  
But if I cannot win you to this love,  
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects, 50  
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;  
Whom if you find, and win unto return,  
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

*First Lord.* To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield;

And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,  
We with our travels will endeavour us.

*Hel.* Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands:

When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Pentapolis. A room in the palace.*

*Enter SIMONIDES, reading a letter, at one door: the Knights meet him.*

*First Knight.* Good morrow to the good Simonides.

*Sim.* Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,  
That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake  
A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known,  
Which yet from her by no means can I get.

*Sec. Knight.* May we not get access to her, my lord?

*Sim.* 'Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly  
- tied

Her to her chamber, that 'tis impossible.  
One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's  
livery; 10

This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,  
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

*Third Knight.* Loath to bid farewell, we take  
our leaves. [*Exeunt Knights.*]

*Sim.* So,  
They are well dispatch'd; now to my daughter's  
letter:

She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,  
Or never more to view nor day nor light.

'Tis well, mistress; your choice agrees with mine;  
I like that well: nay, how absolute she's in't,  
Not minding whether I dislike or no! 20

Well, I do commend her choice;  
And will no longer have it be delay'd.  
Soft! here he comes: I must dissemble it.

*Enter PERICLES.*

*Per.* All fortune to the good Simonides!

*Sim.* To you as much, sir! I am beholding to  
you

For your sweet music this last night: I do  
Protest my ears were never better fed  
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

*Per.* It is your grace's pleasure to commend;  
Not my desert.

*Sim.* Sir, you are music's master. 30

*Per.* The worst of all her scholars, my good  
lord.

*Sim.* Let me ask you one thing:  
What do you think of my daughter, sir?

*Per.* A most virtuous princess.

*Sim.* And she is fair too, is she not?

*Per.* As a fair day in summer, wondrous fair.

*Sim.* Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you;  
Ay, so well, that you must be her master,  
And she will be your scholar: therefore look to it.

*Per.* I am unworthy for her schoolmaster. 40

*Sim.* She thinks not so; peruse this writing  
else.

*Per.* [*Aside*] What's here?

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre!  
'Tis the king's subtilty to have my life.  
O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,  
A stranger and distressed gentleman,  
That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,  
But bent all offices to honour her.

*Sim.* Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and  
thou art  
A villain. 50

*Per.* By the gods, I have not:  
Never did thought of mine levy offence;  
Nor never did my actions yet commence  
A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.

*Sim.* Traitor, thou liest.

*Per.* Traitor!

*Sim.* Ay, traitor.

*Per.* Even in his throat—unless it be the king—  
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

*Sim.* [*Aside*] Now, by the gods, I do applaud  
his courage.

*Per.* My actions are as noble as my thoughts,  
That never relish'd of a base descent. 60  
I came unto your court for honour's cause,  
And not to be a rebel to her state;  
And he that otherwise accounts of me,  
This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.

*Sim.* No?  
Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

*Enter* THAISA.

*Per.* Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,  
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue  
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe  
To any syllable that made love to you. 70

*Thai.* Why, sir, say if you had,  
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?

*Sim.* Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?  
[*Aside*] I am glad on't with all my heart.—  
I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjection.  
Will you, not having my consent,  
Bestow your love and your affections  
Upon a stranger? [*Aside*] who, for aught I know,  
May be, nor can I think the contrary,

As great in blood as I myself.— 80  
 Therefore hear you, mistress; either frame  
 Your will to mine,—and you, sir, hear you,  
 Either be ruled by me, or I will make you—  
 Man and wife:  
 Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too:  
 And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;  
 And for a further grief,—God give you joy!—  
 What, are you both pleased?

*Thai.* Yes, if you love me, sir.

*Per.* Even as my life my blood that fosters it.

*Sim.* What, are you both agreed? 90

*Both.* Yes, if it please your majesty.

*Sim.* It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you  
 wed;

And then with what haste you can get you to  
 bed. [Exeunt.

### ACT III.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Now sleep yslaked\* hath the rout;  
 No din but snores the house about, \*Quenched.  
 Made louder by the o'er-fed breast  
 Of this most pompous marriage-feast.  
 The cat, with eyne† of burning coal, †Eyes.  
 Now couches fore the mouse's hole;  
 And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,  
 E'er the blither for their drouth.  
 Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,  
 Where, by the loss of maidenhead, 10  
 A babe is moulded. Be attent,  
 And time that is so briefly spent  
 With your fine fancies quaintly eche:‡ ‡Eke out.  
 What's dumb in show I'll plain with speech.

DUMB SHOW.

*Enter, PERICLES and SIMONIDES, at one door,  
 with Attendants; a Messenger meets them,  
 kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter: PERICLES  
 shows it SIMONIDES; the Lords kneel to him.  
 Then enter THAISA with child, with LYCHO-  
 RIDA a nurse. The KING shows her the letter;*

*she rejoices: she and PERICLES take leave of her father, and depart with LYCHORIDA and their Attendants. Then exeunt SIMONIDES and the rest.*

By many a dern* and painful perch†	*Lonely.
Of Pericles the careful search,	†A measure.
By the four opposing coigns‡	‡Corners.
Which the world together joins,	
Is made with all due diligence	
That horse and sail and high expense	20
Can stead the quest.‡ At last from Tyre, ‡Search.	
Fame answering the most strange inquire,	
To the court of King Simonides	
Are letters brought, the tenour these:	
Antiochus and his daughter dead;	
The men of Tyrus on the head	
Of Helicanus would set on	
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:	
The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress;	
Says to 'em, if King Pericles	30
Come not home in twice six moons,	
He, obedient to their dooms,	
Will take the crown. The sum of this,	
Brought hither to Pentapolis,	
Y-ravished the regions round,	
And every one with claps can sound,	
'Our heir-apparent is a king!	
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?'	
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:	
His queen with child makes her desire—	40
Which who shall cross?—along to go:	
Omit we all their dole and woe:	
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,	
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes	
On Neptune's billow; half the flood	
Hath their keel cut: but fortune's mood	
Varies again; the grisled north	
Disgorges such a tempest forth,	
That, as a duck for life that dives,	
So up and down the poor ship drives:	50
The lady shrieks, and well-a-near	
Does fall in travail with her fear:	

And what ensues in this fell storm  
Shall for itself itself perform.

I nill|| relate, action may

||Shall not.

Conveniently the rest convey;

Which might not what by me is told.

In your imagination hold

This stage the ship, upon whose deck

The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak. 59

[*Exit.*

### SCENE I.

*Enter PERICLES, on shipboard.*

*Per.* Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these  
surges,

Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that  
hast

Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,

Having call'd them from the deep! O, still

Thy deafening, dreadful thunders; gently quench

Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes! O, how, Ly-  
chorida,

How does my queen? Thou stormest venom-  
ously;

Wilt thou spit all thyself? The seaman's whistle

Is as a whisper in the ears of death,

Unheard. Lychorida!—Lucina, O 10

Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle

To those that cry by night, convey thy deity

Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs

Of my queen's travails!

*Enter LYCHORIDA, with an Infant.*

Now, Lychorida!

*Lyc.* Here is a thing too young for such a  
place,

Who, if it had conceit,\* would die, as I \*Thought.

Am like to do: take in your arms this piece

Of your dead queen.

*Per.* How, how, Lychorida!

*Lyc.* Patience, good sir; do not assist the  
storm.

Here's all that is left living of your queen, 20



A little daughter: for the sake of it,  
Be manly, and take comfort.

*Per.* O you gods!  
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,  
And snatch them straight away? We here below  
Recall not what we give, and therein may  
Use honour with you.

*Lyc.* Patience, good sir,  
Even for this charge.

*Per.* Now, mild may be thy life!  
For a more blustrous birth had never babe:  
Quiet and gentle thy conditions! for  
Thou art the rudeliest welcome to this world 30  
That ever was prince's child. Happy what  
follows!

Thou hast as chiding a nativity  
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,  
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first  
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,\*  
With all thou canst find here. Now, the good  
gods  
Throw their best eyes upon't! \*Requite.

*Enter two Sailors.*

*First Sail.* What courage, sir? God save you!

*Per.* Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;\*  
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love 40  
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer, \*Blast.  
I would it would be quiet.

*First Sail.* Slack the bolins\* there! Thou wilt  
not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself. \*Bowlines.

*Sec. Sail.* But sea-room, an the brine and  
cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.

*First Sail.* Sir, your queen must overboard: the  
sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie  
till the ship be cleared of the dead.

*Per.* That's your superstition. 50

*First Sail.* Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath  
been still observed: and we are strong in custom.  
Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard  
straight.

*Per.* As you think meet. Most wretched  
queen!

*Lyc.* Here she lies, sir.

*Per.* A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear;  
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements  
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time  
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight 60  
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;  
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,  
And e'er-remaining lamps, the belching whale  
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,  
Lying with simple shells. O Lychorida,  
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,  
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander  
Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe  
Upon the pillow: hie thee, whiles I say  
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman. 70

[*Exit Lychorida.*

*Sec. Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulked and bitumed ready.

*Per.* I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?

*Sec. Sail.* We are near Tarsus.

*Per.* Thither, gentle mariner,  
Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach it?

*Sec. Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.

*Per.* O, make for Tarsus!

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe  
Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I'll leave it 80  
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner:  
I'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.*

*Enter CERIMON, with a Servant, and some Persons who have been shipwrecked.*

*Cer.* Philemon, ho!

*Enter PHILEMON.*

*Phil.* Doth my lord call?

*Cer.* Get fire and meat for these poor men:  
'T has been a turbulent and stormy night.

*Serv.* I have been in many; but such a night as this,  
Till now, I ne'er endured.

*Cer.* Your master will be dead ere you return;  
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature  
That can recover him. [*To Philemon*] Give this  
to the 'pothecary,  
And tell me how it works.

[*Exeunt all but Cerimon.*]

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

*First Gent.* Good morrow. 10

*Sec. Gent.* Good morrow to your lordship.

*Cer.* Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early?

*First Gent.* Sir,  
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,  
Shook as the earth did quake;  
The very principals\* did seem to rend,  
And all-to topple: pure surprise and fear  
Made me to quit the house.

*Sec. Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so  
early; \*Strongest rafters in roof of building.  
'Tis not our husbandry.

*Cer.* O, you say well. 20

*First Gent.* But I much marvel that your lord-  
ship, having  
Rich tire about you, should at these early hours  
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.  
'Tis most strange,  
Nature should be so conversant with pain,  
Being thereto not compell'd.

*Cer.* I hold it ever,  
Virtue and cunning\* were endowments greater  
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs  
May the two latter darken and expend; \*Knowledge. 30  
But immortality attends the former,  
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever  
Have studied physic, through which secret art,  
By turning o'er authorities, I have,  
Together with my practice, made familiar  
To me and to my aid the blest infusions  
That dwell in vegetives,† in metals, stones; †Herbs.

And I can speak of the disturbances  
That nature works, and of her cures; which doth  
give me

A more content in course of true delight  
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour, 40  
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,  
To please the fool and death.

*Sec. Gent.* Your honour has through Ephesus  
pour'd forth  
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves  
Your creatures, who by you have been restored:  
And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but  
even

Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon  
Such strong renown as time shall ne'er decay.

*Enter two or three Servants with a chest.*

*First Serv.* So; lift there.

*Cer.* What is that?

*First Serv.* Sir, even now  
Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest: 50  
'Tis of some wreck.

*Cer.* Set 't down, let's look upon 't.

*Sec. Gent.* 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

*Cer.* Whate'er it be,  
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight:  
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,  
†'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon  
us.

*Sec. Gent.* 'Tis so, my lord.

*Cer.* How close 'tis caulk'd and bitumed!  
Did the sea cast it up?

*First Serv.* I never saw so huge a billow, sir,  
As toss'd it upon shore.

*Cer.* Wrench it open;  
Soft! it smells most sweetly in my sense. 60

*Sec. Gent.* A delicate odour.

*Cer.* As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it.  
O you most potent gods! what's here? a corse!

*First Gent.* Most strange!

*Cer.* Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and  
entreasured  
With full bags of spices! A passport too!

Apollo, perfect me in the characters!

[*Reads from a scroll.*

'Here I give to understand,  
If e'er this coffin drive a-land,  
I, King Pericles, have lost  
This queen, worth all our mundane cost. 70  
Who finds her, give her burying;  
She was the daughter of a king:  
Besides this treasure for a fee,  
The gods requite his charity!'

If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart  
That even cracks for woe! This chanced to-  
night.

*Sec. Gent.* Most likely, sir.

*Cer.* Nay, certainly to-night;  
For look how fresh she looks! They were too  
rough 79

That threw her in the sea. Make a fire within:  
Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.

[*Exit a Servant.*

Death may usurp on nature many hours,  
And yet the fire of life kindle again  
The o'erpress'd spirits. †I heard of an Egyptian  
That had nine hours lien dead,  
Who was by good appliance recovered.

*Re-enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins,  
and fire.*

Well said, well said; the fire and cloths.  
The rough and woeful music that we have,  
Cause it to sound, beseech you.  
The viol once more: how thou stirr'st, thou  
block! 90

The music there!—I pray you, give her air.  
Gentlemen,

This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth  
Breathes out of her: she hath not been entranced  
Above five hours: see how she gins to blow  
Into life's flower again!

*First Gent.* The heavens,  
Through you, increase our wonder and set up  
Your fame for ever.

*Cer.* She is alive; behold,

Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels  
Which Pericles hath lost, 100  
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;  
The diamonds of a most praised water  
Do appear, to make the world twice rich. Live,  
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,  
Rare as you seem to be. [*She moves.*]

*Thai.* O dear Diana,  
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is  
this?

*Sec. Gent.* Is not this strange?

*First Gent.* Most rare.

*Cer.* Hush, my gentle neighbours!  
Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear  
her.

Get linen: now this matter must be look'd to,  
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come; 110  
And Æsculapius guide us!

[*Exeunt, carrying her away.*]

SCENE III. *Tarsus. A room in Cleon's house.*

*Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, and LYCHORIDA with MARINA in her arms.*

*Per.* Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be  
gone;  
My twelve months are expired, and Tyrus stands  
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,  
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods  
Make up the rest upon you!

*Cle.* Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt  
you mortally,  
Yet glance full wanderingly on us.

*Dion.* O your sweet queen!  
That the strict fates had pleased you had brought  
her hither,  
To have bless'd mine eyes with her!

*Per.* We cannot but obey  
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar 10  
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end  
Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina, whom,  
For she was born at sea, I have named so, here  
I charge your charity withal, leaving her

The infant of your care; beseeching you  
To give her princely training, that she may be  
Manner'd as she is born.

*Cle.* Fear not, my lord, but think  
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,  
For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,  
Must in your child be thought on. If neglect  
Should therein make me vile, the common body,  
By you relieved, would force me to my duty:  
But if to that my nature need a spur,  
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,  
To the end of generation!

*Per.* I believe you;  
Your honour and your goodness teach me to 't,  
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,  
By bright Diana, whom we honour, all  
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,  
Though I show ill in 't. So I take my leave. 30  
Good madam, make me blessed in your care  
In bringing up my child.

*Dion.* I have one myself,  
Who shall not be more dear to my respect  
Than yours, my lord.

*Per.* Madam, my thanks and prayers.

*Cle.* We'll bring your grace e'en to the edge o'  
the shore,  
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune and  
The gentlest winds of heaven.

*Per.* I will embrace  
Your offer. Come, dearest madam. O, no tears,  
Lychorida, no tears:  
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace 40  
You may depend hereafter. Come, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.*

*Enter CERIMON and THAISA.*

*Cer.* Madam, this letter, and some certain  
jewels,  
Lay with you in your coffer: which are now  
At your command. Know you the character?

*Thai.* It is my lord's.  
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,  
Even on my eaning time; but whether there  
Deliver'd, by the holy gods,  
I cannot rightly say. But since King Pericles,  
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,  
A vestal livery will I take me to, 10  
And never more have joy.

*Cer.* Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak,  
Diana's temple is not distant far,  
Where you may abide till your date expire.  
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine  
Shall there attend you.

*Thai.* My recompense is thanks, that's all;  
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.  
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Imagine Pericles arrived at Tyre,  
Welcomed and settled to his own desire.  
His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,  
Unto Diana there a votaress.  
Now to Marina bend your mind,  
Whom our fast-growing scene must find  
At Tarsus, and by Cleon train'd  
In music, letters; who hath gain'd  
Of education all the grace,  
Which makes her both the heart and place 10  
Of general wonder. But, alack,  
That monster envy, oft the wrack  
Of earned praise, Marina's life  
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.  
And in this kind hath our Cleon  
One daughter, and a wench full grown,  
Even ripe for marriage-rite; this maid  
Hight\* Philoten: and it is said  
For certain in our story, she  
Would ever with Marina be: 20  
Be't when she weaved the sleided† silk  
With fingers long, small, white as milk;

\*Called.

†Raw.



Or when she would with sharp needle wound  
 The cambric, which she made more sound  
 By hurting it; or when to the lute  
 She sung, and made the night-bird mute,  
 That still records† with moan; or when †Sings.  
 She would with rich and constant pen  
 Vail to her mistress Dian; still  
 This Philoten contends in skill 30  
 With absolute‡ Marina: so ‡Accomplished.  
 With the dove of Paphos might the crow  
 Vie feathers white. Marina gets  
 All praises, which are paid as debts,  
 And not as given. This so darks  
 In Philoten all graceful marks,  
 That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,  
 A present murderer does prepare  
 For good Marina, that her daughter  
 Might stand peerless by this slaughter. 40  
 The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,  
 Lychorida, our nurse, is dead:  
 And cursed Dionyza hath  
 The pregnant instrument of wrath  
 Prest|| for this blow. The unborn event ||Ready.  
 I do commend to your content:  
 Only I carry winged time  
 Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;  
 Which never could I so convey,  
 Unless your thoughts went on my way. 50  
 Dionyza does appear,  
 With Leonine, a murderer. [Exit.

SCENE I. *Tarsus. An open place near the sea-shore.*

*Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.*

*Dion.* Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to  
 do't:  
 'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.  
 Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon,  
 To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,  
 Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom,  
 Inflamm too nicely; nor let pity, which

Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be  
A soldier to thy purpose.

*Leon.* I will do't; but yet she is a goodly  
creature. 9

*Dion.* The fitter, then, the gods should have  
her. †Here she comes weeping for her only mis-  
tress' death. Thou art resolved?

*Leon.* I am resolved.

*Enter MARINA, with a basket of flowers.*

*Mar.* No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,  
To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows,  
blues,

The purple violets, and marigolds,  
Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave,  
While summer-days do last. Ay me! poor maid,  
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,  
This world to me is like a lasting storm, 20  
Whirring me from my friends.

*Dion.* How now, Marina! why do you keep  
alone?

How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not  
Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have  
A nurse of me. Lord, how your favour's\* changed  
With this unprofitable woe! 20

\*Countenance.

Come, give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.  
Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,  
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach. Come,  
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her. 30

*Mar.* No, I pray you;  
I'll not bereave you of your servant.

*Dion.* Come, come;  
I love the king your father, and yourself,  
With more than foreign heart. We every day  
Expect him here: when he shall come and find  
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,  
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;  
Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken  
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,  
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve 40  
That excellent complexion, which did steal  
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;  
I can go home alone.

*Mar.* Well, I will go;  
But yet I have no desire to it.

*Dion.* Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.  
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least:  
Remember what I have said.

*Leon.* I warrant you, madam.

*Dion.* I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a  
while:  
Pray, walk softly, do not heat your blood:  
What! I must have a care of you.

*Mar.* My thanks, sweet madam. 50  
[*Exit Dionyza.*]

Is this wind westerly that blows?

*Leon.* South-west.

*Mar.* When I was born, the wind was north.

*Leon.* Was't so?

*Mar.* My father, as nurse said, did never fear,  
But cried 'Good seamen!' to the sailors, galling  
His kingly hands, haling ropes;  
And, clasping to the mast, endured a sea  
That almost burst the deck.

*Leon.* When was this?

*Mar.* When I was born:  
Never was waves nor wind more violent; 60  
And from the ladder-tackle washes off  
A canvas-climber. 'Ha!' says one, 'wilt out?'  
And with a dropping industry they skip  
From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles, and  
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

*Leon.* Come, say your prayers.

*Mar.* What mean you?

*Leon.* If you require a little space for prayer,  
I grant it: pray; but be not tedious,  
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn 70  
To do my work with haste.

*Mar.* Why will you kill me?

*Leon.* To satisfy my lady.

*Mar.* Why would she have me kill'd?  
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,  
I never did her hurt in all my life:  
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn  
To any living creature: believe me, la,  
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:

And upon a worm against my will,  
I wept for it. How have I offended, 80  
Herein my death might yield her any profit,  
My life imply her any danger?

Leon. My commission  
Not to reason of the deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope.  
I am well favour'd, and your looks foreshow  
I have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,  
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:  
And sooth, it show'd well in you: do so now:  
My lady seeks my life; come you between, 90  
To save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,  
I will dispatch. [He seizes her.

*Enter Pirates.*

First Pirate. Hold, villain!  
[Leonine runs away.

Sec. Pirate. A prize! a prize!

Third Pirate. Half-part, mates, half-part.  
Here, let's have her aboard suddenly.

[*Exeunt Pirates with Marina.*

*Re-enter LEONINE.*

Leon. These roguing thieves serve the great  
pirate Valdes;  
And they have seized Marina. Let her go:  
There's no hope she will return. I'll swear she's  
Dead,  
And thrown into the sea. But I'll see further: too  
Many traps they will but please themselves upon her,  
To carry her abroad. If she remain,  
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain.  
[Exit

SCENE II. *Mytilene. A room in a brothel.*

*Enter PANDER, Bawd, and BOULT.*

Pander. Boul't!

Boul't. Sir?

Pander. Search the market narrowly; Mytilene  
Full of gallants. We lost too much money this  
Night by being too wenchless.

*Bawd.* We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and they with continual action are even as good as rotten.

*Pand.* Therefore let 's have fresh ones, what-e'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

*Bawd.* Thou sayest true: 'tis not our bringing up of poor bastards,—as, I think, I have brought up some eleven—

*Boult.* Ay, to eleven; and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

*Bawd.* What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

*Pand.* Thou sayest true; they're too unwholesome, o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

*Boult.* Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast-meat for worms. But I'll go search the market. *[Exit.*

*Pand.* Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

*Bawd.* Why to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

*Pand.* O, our credit comes not in like the commodity, nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving over.

*Bawd.* Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

*Pand.* As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling. But here comes Boult.

*Re-enter BOULT, with the Pirates and Marina.*

*Boult.* *[To Marina]* Come your ways. My masters, you say she's a virgin?

*First Pirate.* O, sir, we doubt it not.

*Boult.* Master, I have gone through for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

*Bawd.* Boult, has she any qualities? 50

*Boult.* She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes; there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

*Bawd.* What's her price, Boult?

*Boult.* I cannot be bated one doit\* of a thousand pieces. \*Coin.

*Pand.* Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment. 60

[*Exeunt Pander and Pirates.*]

*Bawd.* Boult, take you the marks of her, the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry 'He that will give most shall have her first.' Such a maiden-head were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

*Boult.* Performance shall follow. [*Exit.*]

*Mar.* Alack that Leonine was so slack, so slow!

He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates,  
Not enough barbarous, had not o'erboard thrown me 70

For to seek my mother!

*Bawd.* Why lament you, pretty one?

*Mar.* That I am pretty.

*Bawd.* Come, the gods have done their part in you.

*Mar.* I accuse them not.

*Bawd.* You are light into my hands, where you are like to live.

*Mar.* The more my fault  
To scape his hands where I was like to die. 80

*Bawd.* Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

*Mar.* No.

*Bawd.* Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions: you shall fare well; you shall

have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

*Mar.* Are you a woman?

*Bawd.* What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

*Mar.* An honest woman, or not a woman. 90

*Bawd.* Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you're a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

*Mar.* The gods defend me!

*Bawd.* If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up. Boult's returned.

*Re-enter BOULT.*

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

*Boult.* I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

*Bawd.* And I prithee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

*Boult.* 'Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description. 109

*Bawd.* We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

*Boult.* To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

*Bawd.* Who, Monsieur Veroles?

*Boult.* Ay, he: he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

*Bawd.* Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

*Boult.* Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

*Bawd.* [To *Mar.*] Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly, despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as ye do makes pity in your lovers: seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere\* profit. \*Absolute.

*Mar.* I understand you not.

*Boult.* O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

*Bawd.* Thou sayest true, i' faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant. 139

*Boult.* 'Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

*Bawd.* Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit.

*Boult.* I may so.

*Bawd.* Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

*Boult.* Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

*Bawd.* Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

*Boult.* I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

*Bawd.* Come your ways; follow me.

*Mar.* If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,

Untied I still my virgin knot will keep. 160  
Diana, aid my purpose!

*Bawd.* What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [Exeunt.]



SCENE III. *Tarsus. A room in Cleon's house.*

*Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.*

*Dion.* Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

*Cle.* O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter  
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

*Dion.* I think  
You'll turn a child again.

*Cle.* Were I chief lord of all this spacious  
world,  
I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,  
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess  
To equal any single crown o' the earth  
I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine!  
Whom thou hast poison'd too: 10  
If thou hadst drunk to him, 't had been a kindness  
Becoming well thy fact: what canst thou say  
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

*Dion.* That she is dead. Nurses are not the  
fates,  
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.  
She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?  
Unless you play the pious innocent,  
And for an honest attribute cry out  
'She died by foul play.'

*Cle.* O, go to. Well, well,  
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods 20  
Do like this worst.

*Dion.* Be one of those that think  
The petty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence,  
And open this to Pericles. I do shame  
To think of what a noble strain you are,  
And of how coward a spirit.

*Cle.* To such proceeding  
Who ever but his approbation added,  
Though not his prime consent, he did not flow  
From honourable sources.

*Dion.* Be it so, then:  
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,  
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone. 30  
She did distain my child, and stood between  
Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,

But cast their gazes on Marina's face;  
 Whilst ours was blurted at and held a malkin\*  
 Not worth the time of day. It pierced me  
 thorough;

\*Coarse wench.

And though you call my course unnatural,  
 You not your child well loving, yet I find  
 It greets me as an enterprise of kindness  
 Perform'd to your sole daughter.

*Cle.* Heavens forgive it!

*Dion.* And as for Pericles, 40  
 What should he say? We wept after her hearse,  
 And yet we mourn: her monument  
 Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs  
 In glittering golden characters express  
 A general praise to her, and care in us  
 At whose expense 'tis done.

*Cle.* Thou art like the harpy,  
 Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,  
 Seize with thine eagle's talons.

*Dion.* You are like one that superstitiously 49  
 Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies:  
 But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*Enter GOWER, before the monument of MARINA  
 at Tarsus.*

*Gow.* Thus time we waste, and longest  
 leagues make short;  
 Sail seas in cockles, have an wish but for't;  
 Making, to take your imagination,  
 From bourn to bourn, region to region.  
 By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime  
 To use one language in each several clime  
 Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech  
 you  
 To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach  
 you,  
 The stages of our story. Pericles  
 Is now again thwarting the wayward seas, 10  
 Attended on by many a lord and knight,  
 To see his daughter, all his life's delight.  
 Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late

Advanced in time to great and high estate,  
 Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,  
 Old Helicanus goes along behind.  
 Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have  
     brought  
 This king to Tarsus,—think his pilot thought;  
 So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow  
     on,—<sup>19</sup>  
 To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.  
 Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;  
 Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

## DUMB SHOW.

*Enter PERICLES, at one door, with all his train;  
 CLEON and DIONYZA, at the other. CLEON  
 shows PERICLES the tomb; whereat PERICLES  
 makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in  
 a mighty passion departs. Then exeunt CLEON  
 and DIONYZA.*

See how belief may suffer by foul show!  
 This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;  
 And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,  
 With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'er-  
     shower'd,  
 Leaves Tarsus and again embarks. He swears  
 Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs:  
 He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears  
 A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears, <sup>30</sup>  
 And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit  
 The epitaph is for Marina writ  
 By wicked Dionyza.

*[Reads the inscription on Marina's monument.*  
 'The fairest, sweet'st, and best lies here,  
 Who wither'd in her spring of year.  
 She was of Tyrus the king's daughter,  
 On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;  
 Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,  
 Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the  
     earth:  
 Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd, <sup>40</sup>  
 Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens be-  
     stow'd:

Wherefore she does, and swears she'll never  
stint,\*

Make raging battery upon shores of flint.'

\*Stop.

No visor does become black villany  
So well as soft and tender flattery.  
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,  
And bear his courses to be ordered  
By Lady Fortune, while our scene must play  
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day  
In her unholy service. Patience, then, 50  
And think you now are all in Mytilene. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Mytilene. A street before the brothel.*

*Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.*

*First Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?

*Sec. Gent.* No, nor never shall do in such a  
place as this, she being once gone.

*First Gent.* But to have divinity preached  
there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

*Sec. Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more  
bawdy-houses: shall 's go hear the vestals sing?

*First Gent.* I'll do any thing now that is vir-  
tuous; but I am out of the road of rutting for-  
ever. [*Exeunt.* 10

SCENE VI. *The same. A room in the brothel.*

*Enter Pander, Bawd, and BOULT.*

*Pand.* Well, I had rather than twice the worth  
of her she had ne'er come here.

*Bawd.* Fie, fie upon her! she's able to freeze  
the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation.  
We must either get her ravished, or be rid of her.  
When she should do for clients her fitment, and  
do me the kindness of our profession, she has me  
her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her  
prayers, her knees; that she would make a puri-  
tan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

*Boult.* 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll  
disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make our  
swearers priests.

*Pand.* Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

*Bawd.* 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord Lysimachus disguised.

*Boult.* We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers. 21

*Enter* LYSIMACHUS.

*Lys.* How now! How a dozen of virginities?

*Bawd.* Now, the gods to bless your honour!

*Boult.* I am glad to see your honour in good health.

*Lys.* You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now! wholesome iniquity have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

*Bawd.* We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mytilene. 31

*Lys.* If she 'ld do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say.

*Bawd.* Your honour knows what 'tis to say well enough.

*Lys.* Well, call forth, call forth.

*Boult.* For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

*Lys.* What, prithee? 40

*Boult.* O, sir, I can be modest.

*Lys.* That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste. [Exit Boult.

*Bawd.* Here comes that which grows to the stalk; never plucked yet, I can assure you.

*Re-enter* BOULT with MARINA.

Is she not a fair creature?

*Lys.* 'Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you: leave us.

*Bawd.* I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done presently. 51

*Lys.* I beseech you, do.

*Bawd.* [*To Marina*] First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

*Mar.* I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

*Bawd.* Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

*Mar.* If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not. 61

*Bawd.* Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

*Mar.* What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

*Lys.* Ha' you done?

*Bawd.* My lord, she's not paced yet: you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together. Go thy ways.

[*Exeunt Bawd, Pander, and Boul.*]

*Lys.* Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

*Mar.* What trade, sir?

*Lys.* Why, I cannot name 't but I shall offend.

*Mar.* I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

*Lys.* How long have you been of this profession?

*Mar.* E'er since I can remember.

*Lys.* Did you go to 't so young? Were you a gamester\* at five or at seven? . \*Wanton. 81

*Mar.* Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

*Lys.* Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

*Mar.* Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into 't? I hear say you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

*Lys.* Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am? 90

*Mar.* Who is my principal?

*Lys.* Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand

aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come, come.

*Mar.* If you were born to honour, show it now; If put upon you, make the judgement good 100  
That thought you worthy of it.

*Lys.* How's this? how's this? Some more; be sage.

*Mar.* For me,  
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune  
Have placed me in this sty, where, since I came,  
Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,  
O, that the gods  
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,  
Though they did change me to the meanest bird  
That flies i' the purer air!

*Lys.* I did not think  
Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd  
thou couldst. 110

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,  
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:

Persever\* in that clear way thou goest, \*Persevere.  
And the gods strengthen thee!

*Mar.* The good gods preserve you!

*Lys.* For me, be you thoughten  
That I came with no ill intent; for to me  
The very doors and windows savour vilely.  
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue, and  
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.  
Hold, here's more gold for thee. 120  
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,  
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost  
Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

*Re-enter BOULT.*

*Boult.* I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

*Lys.* Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper!  
Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,  
Would sink and overwhelm you. Away! [*Exit.*

*Boult.* How's this? We must take another

course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope,\* shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

\*Canopy of heaven.

*Mar.* Whither would you have me?

*Boult.* I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your ways. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

*Re-enter Bawd.*

*Bawd.* How now! what's the matter? 140

*Boult.* Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

*Bawd.* O abominable!

*Boult.* She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

*Bawd.* Marry, hang her up for ever!

*Boult.* The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too. 149

*Bawd.* Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

*Boult.* An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

*Mar.* Hark, hark, you gods!

*Bawd.* She conjures: away with her! Would she had never come within my doors! Marry, hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! [*Exit.*

*Boult.* Come, mistress; come your ways with me.

*Mar.* Whither wilt thou have me?

*Boult.* To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

*Mar.* Prithee, tell me one thing first.

*Boult.* Come now, your one thing.

*Mar.* What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

*Boult.* Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress. 170



*Mar.* Neither of these are so bad as thou art,  
 Since they do better thee in their command.  
 Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend  
 Of hell would not in reputation change:  
 Thou art the damned doorkeeper to every  
 Coistrel\* that comes inquiring for his Tib;†  
 To the choleric fisting of every rogue \*Paltry fellow.  
 Thy ear is liable; thy food is such †Common woman.  
 As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs. 179

*Boult.* What would you have me do? go to  
 the wars, would you? where a man may serve  
 seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not  
 money enough in the end to buy him a wooden  
 one?

*Mar.* Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty  
 Old receptacles, or common shores, of filth;  
 Serve by indenture to the common hangman:  
 Any of these ways are yet better than this;  
 For what thou professest, a baboon, could he  
 speak,

Would own a name too dear. O, that the gods  
 Would safely deliver me from this place! 191  
 Here, here's gold for thee.

If that thy master would gain by me,  
 Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,  
 With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;  
 And I will undertake all these to teach.  
 I doubt not but this populous city will  
 Yield many scholars.

*Boult.* But can you teach all this you speak of?

*Mar.* Prove that I cannot, take me home again,  
 And prostitute me to the basest groom 201  
 That doth frequent your house.

*Boult.* Well, I will see what I can do for thee:  
 if I can place thee, I will.

*Mar.* But amongst honest women.

*Boult.* 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little  
 amongst them. But since my master and mis-  
 tress have bought you, there's no going but by  
 their consent: therefore I will make them ac-  
 quainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I  
 shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do  
 for thee what I can; come your ways. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Marina thus the brothel 'scapes, and chances  
 Into an honest house, our story says.  
 She sings like one immortal, and she dances  
 As goddess-like to her admired lays;  
 Deep clerks\* she dumbs; and with her neeld† com-  
 poses  
 Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,  
 That even her art sisters the natural roses;  
 Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry:  
 That pupils lacks she none of noble race,  
 Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain 10  
 She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;  
 And to her father turn our thoughts again,  
 Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost;  
 Whence, driven before the winds, he is arrived  
 Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast  
 Suppose him now at anchor. The city strived  
 God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence  
 Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,  
 His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;  
 And to him in his barge with fervour hies. 20  
 In your supposing once more put your sight  
 Of heavy Pericles; think this his bark:  
 Where what is done in action, more, if might,  
 Shall be discover'd; please you, sit and hark.

*[Exit.]*

SCENE I. *On board Pericles' ship, off Mytilene. A close pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it; Pericles within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.*

*Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them HELICANUS.*

*Tyr. Sail.* *[To the Sailor of Mytilene]*  
 Where is lord Helicanus? he can resolve you.  
 O, here he is.

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mytilene,  
And in it is Lysimachus the governor,  
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

*Hel.* That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

*Tyr. Sail.* Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

*Enter two or three Gentlemen.*

*First Gent.* Doth your lordship call?

*Hel.* Gentlemen, there's some of worth would come aboard;

I pray ye, greet them fairly. 10

*[The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend,  
and go on board the barge.]*

*Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS and Lords; with  
the Gentlemen and the two Sailors.*

*Tyr. Sail.* Sir,  
This is the man that can, in aught you would,  
Resolve you.

*Lys.* Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve you!

*Hel.* And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,  
And die as I would do.

*Lys.* You wish me well.  
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,  
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,  
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

*Hel.* First, what is your place? 20

*Lys.* I am the governor of this place you lie before.

*Hel.* Sir,  
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;  
A man who for this three months hath not spoken  
To any one, nor taken sustenance  
But to prorogue\* his grief. \*Lengthen.

*Lys.* Upon what ground is his distemperature?

*Hel.* 'Twould be too tedious to repeat;  
But the main grief springs from the loss  
Of a beloved daughter and a wife. 30

*Lys.* May we not see him?

*Hel.* You may;

But bootless is your sight: he will not speak  
To any.

*Lys.* Yet let me obtain my wish.

*Hel.* Behold him. [*Pericles discovered.*] This  
was a goodly person,  
Till the disaster that, one mortal night,  
Drove him to this.

*Lys.* Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you!  
Hail, royal sir! 40

*Hel.* It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

*First Lord.* Sir,  
We have a maid in Mytilene, I durst wager,  
Would win some words of him.

*Lys.* 'Tis well bethought.  
She questionless with her sweet harmony  
And other chosen attractions, would allure,  
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,  
Which now are midway stopp'd:  
She is all happy as the fairest of all,  
And, with her fellow maids, is now upon 50  
The leafy shelter that abuts against  
The island's side.

[*Whispers a Lord, who goes off in the  
barge of Lysimachus.*]

*Hel.* Sure, all's effectless; yet nothing we'll  
omit  
That bears recovery's name. But, since your  
kindness

We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you  
That for our gold we may provision have,  
Wherein we are not destitute for want,  
But weary for the staleness.

*Lys.* O, sir, a courtesy  
Which if we should deny, the most just gods  
For every graff would send a caterpillar, 60  
And so afflict our province. Yet once more  
Let me entreat to know at large the cause  
Of your king's sorrow.

*Hel.* Sit, sir, I will recount it to you:  
But, see, I am prevented.

*Re-enter, from the barge, Lord, with MARINA,  
and a young Lady.*

*Lys.* O, here is  
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!  
Is't not a goodly presence?

*Hel.* She's a gallant lady.

*Lys.* She's such a one, that, were I well  
assured  
Came of a gentle kind and noble stock,  
I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely  
wed.

Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty 70  
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:  
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat  
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,  
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay -  
As thy desires can wish.

*Mar.* Sir, I will use  
My utmost skill in his recovery,  
Provided  
That none but I and my companion maid  
Be suffer'd to come near him.

*Lys.* Come, let us leave her;  
And the gods make her prosperous! 80

*[Marina sings.]*

*Lys.* Mark'd he your music?

*Mar.* No, nor look'd on us.

*Lys.* See, she will speak to him.

*Mar.* Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.

*Per.* Hum, ha!

*Mar.* I am a maid,  
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,  
But have been gazed on like a comet: she  
speaks,

My lord, that, may be, hath endured a grief  
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.  
Though wayward fortune did malign my state, 90  
My derivation was from ancestors  
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:  
But time hath rooted out my parentage,  
And to the world and awkward casualties  
Bound me in servitude. *[Aside]* I will desist;

But there is something glows upon my cheek,  
And whispers in mine ear 'Go not till he speak.'

*Per.* My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—

To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

*Mar.* I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage, 100

You would not do me violence.

*Per.* I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.

You are like something that—What country-woman?

Here of these shores?

*Mar.* No, nor of any shores:  
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am  
No other than I appear.

*Per.* I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.  
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one

My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;

Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight; 110  
As silver-voiced; her eyes as jewel-like

And cased as richly; in pace another Juno;  
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,

The more she gives them speech. Where do you live?

*Mar.* Where I am but a stranger: from the deck

You may discern the place.

*Per.* Where were you bred?  
And how achieved you these endowments, which

You make more rich to owe?\*

\*Possess.

*Mar.* If I should tell my history, it would seem

Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

*Per.* Prithee, speak: 120  
Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou look'st

Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace

For the crown'd Truth to dwell in: I will believe thee,

And make my senses credit thy relation  
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st  
Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends?  
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back—  
Which was when I perceived thee—that thou  
camest

From good descending?

*Mar.* So indeed I did.

*Per.* Report thy parentage. I think thou  
said'st 130  
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,  
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal  
mine,

If both were open'd.

*Mar.* Some such thing  
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts  
Did warrant me was likely.

*Per.* Tell thy story;  
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part  
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I  
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look  
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and  
smiling

Extremity out of act. What were thy friends? 140  
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind  
virgin?

Recount, I do beseech thee: come, sit by me.

*Mar.* My name is Marina.

*Per.* O, I am mock'd,  
And thou by some incensed god sent hither  
To make the world to laugh at me.

*Mar.* Patience, good sir,  
Or here I'll cease.

*Per.* Nay, I'll be patient.  
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,  
To call thyself Marina.

*Mar.* The name  
Was given me by one that had some power, 150  
My father, and a king.

*Per.* How! a king's daughter?  
And call'd Marina?

*Mar.* You said you would believe me;  
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,  
I will end here.

*Per.* But are you flesh and blood?  
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?  
Motion! Well; speak on. Where were you born?  
And wherefore call'd Marina?

*Mar.* Call'd Marina  
For I was born at sea.

*Per.* At sea! what mother?

*Mar.* My mother was the daughter of a king;  
Who died the minute I was born, 160  
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft  
Deliver'd weeping.

*Per.* O, stop there a little!  
[*Aside*] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull  
sleep

Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be:  
My daughter's buried. Well: where were you  
bred?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,  
And never interrupt you.

*Mar.* You scorn: believe me, 'twere best I did  
give o'er.

*Per.* I will believe you by the syllable  
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave: 170  
How came you in these parts? where were you  
bred?

*Mar.* The king my father did in Tarsus leave  
me;

Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,  
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd  
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do't,  
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;  
Brought me to Mytilene. But, good sir,  
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep?

It may be,  
You think me an impostor; no, good faith;  
I am the daughter to King Pericles, 180  
If good King Pericles be.

*Per.* Ho, Helicanus!

*Hel.* Calls my lord?

*Per.* Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,



Most wise in general: tell me, if thou canst,  
What this maid is, or what is like to be,  
That thus hath made me weep?

*Hel.* I know not; but  
Here is the regent, sir, of Mytilene  
Speaks nobly of her.

*Lys.* She would never tell  
Her parentage; being demanded that, 190  
She would sit still and weep.

*Per.* O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;  
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;  
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me  
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,  
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come  
hither,

Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;  
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tarsus,  
And found at sea again! O Helicanus,  
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as  
loud 200

As thunder threatens us: this is Marina.  
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,  
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,  
Though doubts did ever sleep.

*Mar.* First, sir, I pray,  
What is your title?

*Per.* I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now  
My drown'd queen's name, as in the rest you  
said

Thou hast been godlike perfect,  
†The heir of kingdoms and another like  
To Pericles thy father. 210

*Mar.* Is it no more to be your daughter than  
To say my mother's name was Thaisa?  
Thaisa was my mother, who did end  
The minute I began.

*Per.* Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou art my  
child.

Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus;  
She is not dead at Tarsus, as she should have  
been,

By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;  
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge

She is thy very princess. Who is this? 220

*Hel.* Sir, 'tis the governor of Mytilene,  
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,  
Did come to see you.

*Per.* I embrace you.  
Give me my robes. I am wild in my beholding.  
O heavens bless my girl! But, hark, what music?  
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him  
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,  
How sure you are my daughter. But, what,  
music?

*Hel.* My lord, I hear none.

*Per.* None! 230  
The music of the spheres! List, my Marina.

*Lys.* It is not good to cross him; give him  
way.

*Per.* Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?

*Lys.* My lord, I hear. [*Music.*

*Per.* Most heavenly music!  
It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber  
Hangs upon mine eyes: let me rest. [*Sleeps.*

*Lys.* A pillow for his head:  
So, leave him all. Well, my companion friends,  
If this but answer to my just belief,  
I'll well remember you. 240

[*Exeunt all but Pericles.*

DIANA *appears to PERICLES as in a vision.*

*Dia.* My temple stands in Ephesus: hie thee  
thither,  
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.  
There, when my maiden priests are met together,  
Before the people all,  
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:  
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call  
And give them repetition to the life.  
Or perform my bidding, or thou livest in woe;  
Do it, and happy; by my silver bow!  
Awake, and tell thy dream. [*Disappears.* 250

*Per.* Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,\* \*Silver.  
I will obey thee. Helicanus!

*Re-enter* HELICANUS, LYSIMACHUS, *and*  
MARINA.

*Hel.* Sir?

*Per.* My purpose was for Tarsus, there to strike  
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am  
For other service first: toward Ephesus  
Turn our blown\*sails; eftsoon† I'll tell thee why.  
[*To Lysimachus*] Shall we refresh us, sir, upon  
your shore, \*Swollen. †Soon.  
And give you gold for such provision  
As our intents will need?

*Lys.* Sir, 260  
With all my heart; and, when you come ashore,  
I have another suit.

*Per.* You shall prevail,  
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems  
You have been noble towards her.

*Lys.* Sir, lend me your arm.

*Per.* Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Enter* GOWER, *before the temple of*  
*DIANA at Ephesus.*

*Gow.* Now our sands are almost run;  
More a little, and then dumb.  
This, my last boon, give me,  
For such kindness must relieve me,  
That you aptly will suppose 270  
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,  
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,  
The regent made in Mytilene.  
To greet the king. So he thrived,  
That he is promised to be wived  
To fair Marina; but in no wise  
Till he had done his sacrifice,  
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,  
The interim, pray you, all confound.\*  
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd, \*Consume. 280  
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.  
At Ephesus, the temple see,  
Our king and all his company.  
That he can hither come so soon,  
Is by your fancy's thankful doom. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The temple of Diana at Ephesus; THAISA standing near the altar, as high priestess; a number of Virgins on each side; CERIMON and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.*

*Enter PERICLES, with his train; LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.*

*Per.* Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,

I here confess myself the king of Tyre;  
Who, frighted from my country, did wed  
At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.  
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth  
A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,  
Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tarsus  
Was nursed with Cleon; who at fourteen years  
He sought to murder: but her better stars  
Brought her to Mytilene; 'gainst whose shore  
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,  
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she  
Made known herself my daughter.

*Thai.* Voice and favour!\*

You are, you are—O royal Pericles! [*Faints.*]

*Per.* What means the nun? she dies! help,  
gentlemen!

\*Countenance.

*Cer.* Noble sir,  
If you have told Diana's altar true,  
This is your wife.

*Per.* Reverend appearer, no;  
I threw her overboard with these very arms.

*Cer.* Upon this coast, I warrant you.

*Per.* 'Tis most certain. 20

*Cer.* Look to the lady; O, she's but o'erjoy'd.  
Early in blustering morn this lady was  
Thrown upon this shore. I oped the coffin,  
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and placed  
her

Here in Diana's temple.

*Per.* May we see them?

*Cer.* Great sir, they shall be brought you to  
my house,

Whither I invite you. Look, Thaisa is Recovered.

*Thai.* O, let me look!  
If he be none of mine, my sanctity  
Will to my sense\* bend no licentious ear, 30  
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,  
Are you not Pericles? Like him you spake,  
Like him you are: did you not name a tempest,  
A birth, and death? \*Sensual passion.

*Per.* The voice of dead Thaisa!

*Thai.* That Thaisa am I, supposed dead  
And drown'd.

*Per.* Immortal Dian!

*Thai.* Now I know you better.  
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,  
The king my father gave you such a ring.

*Per.* This, this: no more, you gods! your  
present kindness 40  
Makes my past miseries sports: you shall do well,  
That on the touching of her lips I may  
Melt and no more be seen. O, come, be buried  
A second time within these arms.

*Mar.* My heart  
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

*Per.* Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy  
flesh, Thaisa;  
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina  
For she was yielded there.

*Thai.* Blest, and mine own!

*Hel.* Hail, madam, and my queen!

*Thai.* I know you not.

*Per.* You have heard me say, when I did fly  
from Tyre, 50  
I left behind an ancient substitute:  
Can you remember what I call'd the man?  
I have named him oft.

*Thai.* 'Twas Helicanus then.

*Per.* Still confirmation:  
Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.  
Now do I long to hear how you were found;  
How possibly preserved; and who to thank,

Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

*Thai.* Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man,  
Through whom the gods have shown their power;  
that can 60

From first to last resolve\* you. \*Satisfy.

*Per.* Reverend sir,  
The gods can have no mortal officer  
More like a god than you. Will you deliver  
How this dead queen re-lives?

*Cer.* I will, my lord.  
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,  
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;  
How she came placed here in the temple;  
No needful thing omitted.

*Per.* Pure Dian, bless thee for thy vision! I  
Will offer night-oblations to thee. *Thaisa,* 70  
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,  
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,  
This ornament  
Makes me look dismal will I clip to form;  
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,  
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

*Thai.* Lord Cerimon hath letters of good  
credit, sir,  
My father's dead.

*Per.* Heavens make a star of him! Yet there,  
my queen,  
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves 80  
Will in that kingdom spend our following days:  
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.  
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay  
To hear the rest untold: sir, lead's the way.  
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* In Antiochus and his daughter you  
have heard  
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:  
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen,  
Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,  
Virtue preserved from fell destruction's blast,  
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last:  
In Helicanus may you well descry 91

A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:  
In reverend Cerimon there well appears  
The worth that learned charity aye wears :  
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame  
Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd  
name  
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,  
That him and his they in his palace burn;  
The gods for murder seemed so content  
To punish them; although not done, but meant.  
So, on your patience evermore attending, 100  
New joy wait on you ! Here our play has ending.  
[*Exit.*]

# POEMS.

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**VENUS AND ADONIS.**

**THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.**

**SONNETS.**

**A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.**

**THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.**



# VENUS AND ADONIS.

# VENUS AND ADONIS.

‘Vilia miretur vulgus ; mihi flavus Apollo  
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.’

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,  
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I KNOW not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden : only, if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a god-father, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content ; which I wish may always answer your own wish and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

EVEN as the sun with purple-colour'd face  
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,  
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase;  
Hunting he loved, but love he laugh'd to scorn;  
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,  
And like a bold-faced suitor 'gins to woo him.

‘Thrice-fairer than myself,’ thus she began,  
‘The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,  
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,  
More white and red than doves or roses are ;      10  
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,  
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

'Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,  
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;  
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed  
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know:  
Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,  
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses:

'And yet not cloy thy lips with loathed satiety,  
But rather famish them amid their plenty, 20  
Making them red and pale with fresh variety,  
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:  
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,  
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.'

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,  
The precedent of pith and livelihood,  
And trembling in her passion, calls it balm,  
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good:  
Being so enraged, desire doth lend her force  
Courageously to pluck him from his horse. 30

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,  
Under her other was the tender boy,  
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,  
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;  
She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,  
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough  
Nimbly she fastens:—O, how quick is love!—  
The steed is stalled up, and even now  
To tie the rider she begins to prove: 40  
Backward she push'd him, as she would be  
thrust,  
And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along as he was down,  
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:  
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,  
And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips;  
And kissing speaks, with lustful language  
broken,  
'If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.'

He burns with bashful shame; she with her tears  
 Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;  
 Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs 51  
 To fan and blow them dry again she seeks:

He saith she is immodest, blames her 'miss;  
 What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,  
 Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh and bone,  
 Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,  
 Till either gorge be stuff'd or prey be gone;  
 Even so she kissed his brow, his cheek, his chin,  
 And where she ends she doth anew begin. 60

Forced to content, but never to obey,  
 Panting he lies and breatheth in her face;  
 She feedeth on the steam as on a prey,  
 And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace;  
 Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,  
 So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

Look, how a bird lies tangled in a net,  
 So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies;  
 Pure shame and awed resistance made him fret,  
 Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes: 70  
 Rain added to a river that is rank  
 Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,  
 For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;  
 Still is he sullen, still he lours and frets,  
 'Twixt crimson shame and anger ashy-pale:  
 Being red, she loves him best; and being white,  
 Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;  
 And by her fair immortal hand she swears, 80  
 From his soft bosom never to remove,  
 Till he take truce with her contending tears,  
 Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all  
 wet;  
 And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless  
 debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,  
Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,  
Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;  
So offers he to give what she did crave;  
    But when her lips weré ready for his pay,  
    He winks, and turns his lips another way. 90

Never did passenger in summer's heat  
More thirst for drink than she for this good turn.  
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;  
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn:  
    'O, pity,' 'gan she cry, 'flint-hearted boy!  
    'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?

'I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,  
Even by the stern and direful god of war,  
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,  
Who conquers where he comes in every jar; 100  
    Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,  
    And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt  
    have.

'Over my altars hath he hung his lance,  
His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,  
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,  
To toy, to wanton, dally, smile and jest,  
    Scorning his churlish drum and ensign red,  
    Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

'Thus he that overruled I oversway'd,  
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain: 110  
Strong-tempered steel his stronger strength  
    obey'd,  
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.  
    O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,  
    For mastering her that foil'd the god of fight!

'Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,—  
Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red—  
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine.  
What seest thou in the ground? hold up thy head:  
    Look in mine eye-balls, there thy beauty lies;  
    Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

'Art thou ashamed to kiss? then wink again, 121  
And I will wink; so shall the day seem night;  
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain;  
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:  
    These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean  
    Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

'The tender spring upon thy tempting lip  
Shows thee unripe; yet mayst thou well be tasted:  
Make use of time, let not advantage slip;  
Beauty within itself should not be wasted: 130  
    Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime  
    Rot and consume themselves in little time.

'Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,  
Ill-nurtured, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,  
O'erworn, despised, rheumatic and cold,  
Thick-sighted, barren, lean and lacking juice,  
    Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for  
    thee;  
    But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

'Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;  
Mine eyes are gray and bright and quick in  
    turning; 140  
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,  
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;  
    My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand  
    felt,  
    Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

'Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,  
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,  
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,  
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:  
    Love is a spirit all compact of fire,  
    Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire. 150

'Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;  
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support  
    me;  
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the  
    sky,

From morn till night, even where I list to sport  
me:

Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be  
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

‘Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?  
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?  
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,  
Steal thine own freedom and complain on theft.  
Narcissus so himself himself forsook, 161  
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

‘Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,  
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,  
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear:  
Things growing to themselves are growth’s abuse:  
Seeds spring from seeds and beauty breedeth  
beauty;  
Thou wast begot; to get it is thy duty.

‘Upon the earth’s increase why shouldst thou feed,  
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed? 170  
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,  
That thine may live when thou thyself art dead;  
And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,  
In that thy likeness still is left alive.’

By this the love-sick queen began to sweat,  
For where they lay the shadow had forsook them,  
And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,  
With burning eye did hotly overlook them;  
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,  
So he were like him and by Venus’ side. 180

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,  
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,  
His louring brows o’erwhelming his fair sight,  
Like misty vapours when they blot the sky,  
Souring his cheeks cries ‘Fie, no more of love!  
The sun doth burn my face; I must remove.’

‘Ay me,’ quoth Venus, ‘young, and so unkind?  
What bare excuses makest thou to be gone!

I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind  
 Shall cool the heat of this descending sun : 190  
 I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;  
 If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

'The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,  
 And, lo, I lie between that sun and thee :  
 The heat I have from thence doth little harm,  
 Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me;  
 And were I not immortal, life were done  
 Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

'Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,  
 Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth ?  
 Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel 201  
 What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?  
 O, had thy mother borne so hard a mind,  
 She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

'What am I, that thou shouldst condemn me this?  
 Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?  
 What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?  
 Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute:  
 Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again, 209  
 And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

'Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,  
 Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,  
 Statue contenting but the eye alone,  
 Thing like a man, but of no woman bred !  
 Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,  
 For men will kiss even by their own direction.'

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,  
 And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;  
 Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;  
 Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause :  
 And now she weeps, and now she fain would  
 speak, 221  
 And now her sobs do her intendments\* break.

\*Intentions.

Sometimes she shakes her head and then his hand,  
 Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;



Sometimes her arms infold him like a band :  
She would, he will not in her arms be bound ;  
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,  
She locks her lily fingers one in one.

‘Fondling,’ she saith, ‘since I have henim’d thee  
here

Within the circuit of this ivory pale, 230  
I’ll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer;  
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale:  
Graze on my lips; and if those hills be dry,  
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

‘Within this limit is relief enough,  
Sweet bottom-grass and high delightful plain,  
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,  
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain:  
Then be my deer, since I am such a park; 239  
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.’

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,  
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:  
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,  
He might be buried in a tomb so simple;  
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,  
Why, there Love lived and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,  
Open’d their mouths to swallow Venus’ liking.  
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?  
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?  
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,  
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?  
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing;  
The time is spent, her object will away,  
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.  
‘Pity,’ she cries, ‘some favour, some remorse!’  
Away he springs and hasteth to his horse.

But, lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,  
A breeding jennet, lusty, young and proud, 260

Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,  
And forth she rushes, snorts and neighs aloud:  
The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,  
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,  
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;  
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,  
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's  
thunder;  
The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth,  
Controlling what he was controlled with. 270

His ears up-prick'd; his braided hanging mane  
Upon his compass'd crest now stand on end;  
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,  
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send:  
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,  
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,  
With gentle majesty and modest pride;  
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,  
As who should say 'Lo, thus my strength is tried,  
And this I do to captivate the eye 281  
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.'

What reckoneth he his rider's angry stir,  
His flattering 'Holla,' or his 'Stand, I say?'  
What cares he now for curb or pricking spur?  
For rich caparisons or trapping gay?  
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,  
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,  
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed, 290  
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,  
As if the dead the living should exceed;  
So did this horse excel a common one  
In shape, in courage, colour, pace and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and  
long,

Broad breast, full eye, small head and nostril wide,  
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing  
strong,  
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:  
Look, what a horse should have he did not  
lack,  
Save a proud rider on so proud a back. 300

Sometime he scuds far off and there he stares;  
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;  
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,  
And whether he run or fly they know not whether;  
For through his mane and tail the high wind  
sings,  
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd  
wings.

He looks upon his love and neighs unto her;  
She answers him as if she knew his mind:  
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,  
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind,  
Spurns at his love and scorns the heat he feels,  
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,  
He vails\* his tail that, like a falling plume, \*Lowers.  
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent:  
He stamps and bites the poor flies in his fume.  
His love, perceiving how he is enraged,  
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuaged.

His testy master goeth about to take him;  
When, lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear, 320  
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,  
With her the horse, and left Adonis there:  
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie  
them,  
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chafing, down Adonis sits,  
Banning\* his boisterous and unruly beast: \*Cursing.  
And now the happy season once more fits,  
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest;

For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong  
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue. 330

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,  
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:  
So of concealed sorrow may be said;  
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;  
But when the heart's attorney\* once is mute,  
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit. \*Agent.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,  
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,  
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;  
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind, 340  
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,  
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O, what a sight it was, wistly\* to view      \*Wistfully.  
How she came stealing to the wayward boy!  
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,  
How white and red each other did destroy!  
But now her cheek was pale, and by and by  
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,  
And like a lowly lover down she kneels; 350  
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,  
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:  
His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print,  
As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between them!  
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing;  
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;  
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:  
And all this dumb play had his acts made plain  
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did  
rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand, 361  
A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,  
Or ivory in an alabaster band;  
So white a friend engirts so white a foe:

This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,  
Show'd like two silver doves that sit a-billing,

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:  
'O fairest mover on this mortal round,  
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man, 369  
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;  
For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,  
Though nothing but my body's bane would cure  
thee.'

'Give me my hand,' saith he, 'why dost thou feel  
it?'

'Give me my heart,' saith she, 'and thou shalt have  
it;

O, give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,  
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it:  
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,  
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.'

'For shame,' he cries, 'let go, and let me go;  
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone, 380  
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so:  
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone;  
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,  
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.'

Thus she replies: 'Thy palfrey, as he should,  
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire:  
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;  
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire:  
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none;  
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

'How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree, 391  
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!  
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,  
He held such petty bondage in disdain;  
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,  
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

'Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,  
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,

But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,  
His other agents aim at like delight? 400

Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold  
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

'Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy;  
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,  
To take advantage on presented joy;  
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach  
thee:

O, learn to love; the lesson is but plain,  
And once made perfect, never lost again.'

'I know not love,' quoth he, 'nor will not know it,  
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it; 410

'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it;  
My love to love is love but to disgrace it;  
For I have heard it is a life in death,  
That laughs and weeps, and all but with a breath.

'Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd  
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?  
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,  
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:  
The colt that's back'd and burden'd being young  
Loseth his pride and never waxeth strong. 420

'You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,  
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:  
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;  
To love's alarms it will not ope the gate:  
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your  
flattery,  
For where a heart is hard they make no battery.'

'What! canst thou talk?' quoth she, 'hast thou a  
tongue?

O, would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!  
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong;  
I had my load before, now press'd with bearing:  
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sound-  
ing, 431  
Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore  
wounding.

'Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would love  
 That inward beauty and invisible;  
 Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move  
 Each part in me that were but sensible:  
     Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,  
     Yet should I be in love by touching thee.

'Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,  
 And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch, 440  
 And nothing but the very smell were left me,  
 Yet would my love to thee be still as much;  
     For from the stillitory of thy face excelling  
     Comes breath perfumed that breedeth love by  
     smelling.

'But, O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,  
 Being nurse and feeder of the other four!  
 Would they not wish the feast might ever last,  
 And bid Suspicion double-lock the door,  
     Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest, 449  
     Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast?'

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,  
 Which to his speech did honey passage yield;  
 Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd  
 Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,  
     Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,  
     Gusts and foul flaws\* to herdmen and to herds.  
\*Winds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh:  
 Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,  
 Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,  
 Or as the berry breaks before it staineth, 460  
     Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,  
     His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,  
 For looks kill love and love by looks reviveth;  
 A smile recures the wounding of a frown;  
 But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!  
     The silly boy, believing she is dead,  
     Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red;

And all amazed brake off his late intent,  
 For sharply he did think to reprehend her, 470  
 Which cunning love did wittily prevent:  
 Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!  
 For on the grass she lies as she were slain,  
 Till his breath breathe'n life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,  
 He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,  
 He chafes her lips; a thousand ways he seeks  
 To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd:  
 He kisses her; and she, by her good will,  
 Will never rise, so he will kiss her still. 480

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:  
 Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,  
 Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array  
 He cheers the morn and all the earth relieveth;  
 And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,  
 So is her face illumined with her eye;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,  
 As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.  
 Were never four such lamps together mix'd,  
 Had not his clouded with his brow's repine; 490  
 But hers, which through the crystal tears gave  
 light,  
 Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

'O, where am I?' quoth she, 'in earth or heaven,  
 Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?  
 What hour is this? or morn or weary even?  
 Do I delight to die, or life desire?  
 But now I lived, and life was death's annoy;  
 But now I died, and death was lively joy.

'O, thou didst kill me: kill me once again: 499  
 Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,  
 Hath taught them scornful tricks and such disdain  
 That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine;  
 And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,  
 But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.



'Long may they kiss each other, for this cure!  
O, never let their crimson liveries wear!  
And as they last, their verdure still endure,  
To drive infection from the dangerous year!  
That the star-gazers, having writ on death, 509  
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

'Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,  
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?  
To sell myself I can be well contented,  
So thou wilt buy and pay and use good dealing;  
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips  
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

'A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;  
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.  
What is ten hundred touches unto thee?  
Are they not quickly told and quickly gone? 520  
Say, for non-payment that the debt should  
double,  
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?'

'Fair queen,' quoth he, 'if any love you owe me,  
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years:  
Before I know myself, seek not to know me;  
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears:  
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,  
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

'Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,  
His day's hot task hath ended in the west; 530  
The owl, night's herald, shrieks, "'Tis very late;"  
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest,  
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light  
Do summon us to part and bid good night.

'Now let me say "Good night," and so say you;  
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.'  
'Good night,' quoth she, and, ere he says 'Adieu,'  
The honey fee of parting tender'd is:  
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;  
Incorporate then they seem; face grows to  
face. 540

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew  
 The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,  
 Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,  
 Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drouth:  
 He with her plenty press'd, she faint with  
 dearth,  
 Their lips together glued, fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding prey,  
 And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;  
 Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,  
 Paying what ransom the insulter willeth; 550  
 Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so  
 high,  
 That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry:

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,  
 With blindfold fury she begins to forage;  
 Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth  
 boil,  
 And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;  
 Planting oblivion, beating reason back,  
 Forgetting shame's pure blush and honour's  
 wrack.\*

\*Wreck.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,  
 Like a wild bird being tamed with too much  
 handling, 560  
 Or as the fleet-foot roe that's tired with chasing,  
 Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,  
 He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,  
 While she takes all she can, not all she  
 listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,  
 And yields at last to every light impression?  
 Things out of hope are compass'd oft with ventur-  
 ing,  
 Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission:  
 Affection faints not like a pale-faced coward,  
 But then woos best when most his choice is  
 froward. 570

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,  
 Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.  
 Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;  
 What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis  
     pluck'd:  
     Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,  
     Yet love breaks through and picks them all at  
     last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;  
 The poor fool prays her that he may depart:  
 She is resolved no longer to restrain him;  
 Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart, 580  
     The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,  
     He carries thence incaged in his breast.

'Sweet boy,' she says, 'this night I'll waste in  
     sorrow,  
 For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.  
 Tell me, Love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?  
 Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the  
     match?'  
 He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends  
 To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

'The boar!' quoth she; whereat a sudden pale,  
 Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,  
 Usurps her cheek; she trembles at his tale, 591  
 And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:  
     She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,  
     He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,  
 Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:  
 All is imaginary she doth prove,  
 He will not manage her, although he mount her;  
     That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,  
     To clip\* Elysium and to lack her joy.      \*Embrace.

Even as poor birds, deceived with painted grapes,  
 Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw, 602  
 Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,  
 As those poor birds that helpless berries saw.

The warm effects which she in him finds missing  
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be;  
She hath assay'd as much as may be proved;  
Her pleading hath deserved a greater fee; 609  
She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not loved.  
'Fie, fie,' he says, 'you crush me; let me go;  
You have no reason to withhold me so.'

'Thou hadst been gone,' quoth she, 'sweet boy, ere  
this,  
But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt the  
' boar.

O, be advised! thou know'st not what it is  
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,  
Whose tushes never sheathed he whetteth still,  
Like to a mortal butcher bent to kill.

'On his bow-back he hath a battle set  
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes; 620  
His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth  
fret;  
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;  
Being moved, he strikes whate'er is in his way,  
And whom he strikes his crooked tushes slay.

'His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm'd,  
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;  
His short thick neck cannot be easily harm'd;  
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture:  
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,  
As fearful of him, part, through whom he rushes.

'Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine, 631  
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes;  
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips and crystal eyne,\*  
Whose full perfection all the world amazes; \*Eyes.  
But ~~having~~ thee at vantage,†—wondrous dread!—  
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.  
†Advantage.

'O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still;  
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends:

Come not within his danger by thy will; 639  
 They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.  
 When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,  
 I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

' Didst thou not mark my face? was it not white?  
 Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?  
 Grew I not faint? and fell I not downright?  
 Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,  
 My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,  
 But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my  
 breast.

' For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy  
 Doth call himself Affection's sentinel; 650  
 Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,  
 And in a peaceful hour doth cry "Kill, kill!"  
 Distempering gentle Love in his desire,  
 As air and water do abate the fire.

' This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,  
 This canker that eats up Love's tender spring,\*  
 This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy, \*Bud.  
 That sometime true news, sometime false doth  
 bring,  
 Knocks at my heart and whispers in mine ear  
 That if I love thee, I thy death should fear: 660

' And more than so, presenteth to mine eye  
 The picture of an angry-chafing boar,  
 Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie  
 An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;  
 Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed  
 Doth make them droop with grief and hang the  
 head.

' What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,  
 That tremble at the imagination?  
 The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,  
 And fear doth teach it divination: 670  
 I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,  
 If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

‘ But if thou needs wilt hunt, be ruled by me;  
 Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,  
 Or at the fox which lives by subtlety,  
 Or at the roe which no encounter dare:  
     Pursue these fearful creatures o’er the downs,  
     And on thy well-breath’d horse keep with thy  
         hounds.

‘ And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,  
 Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles  
 How he outruns the wind and with what care 681  
 He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles:  
     The many musets\* through the which he goes  
     Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

\*Openings in fence or thicket.

‘ Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,  
 To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,  
 And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,  
 To stop the loud pursuers in their yell,  
     And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer:  
     Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear: 690

‘ For there his smell with others being mingled,  
 The hot scent - snuffing hounds are driven to  
     doubt,  
 Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled  
 With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;  
     Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,  
     As if another chase were in the skies.

‘ By this, poor Wat,\* far off upon a hill,      \*Hare.  
 Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,  
 To hearken if his foes pursue him still:  
 Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;      700  
     And now his grief may be compared well  
     To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

‘ Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch  
 Turn, and return, indenting with the way;  
 Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,  
 Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay;  
     For misery is trodden on by many,  
     And being low never relieved by any.

‘Lie quietly, and hear a little more;  
 Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise: 710  
 To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,  
 Unlike myself thou hear’st me moralize,  
     Applying this to that, and so to so;  
 For love can comment upon every woe.

‘Where did I leave?’ ‘No matter where;’ quoth he,  
 ‘Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:  
 The night is spent.’ ‘Why, what of that?’ quoth  
     she.

‘I am,’ quoth he, ‘expected of my friends;  
     And now ’tis dark, and going I shall fall.’  
 ‘In night,’ quoth she, ‘desire sees best of all. 720

‘But if thou fall, O, then imagine this,  
 The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,  
 And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.  
 Rich preys make true men thieves; so do thy lips  
     Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,  
 Lest she should steal a kiss and die forsworn.

‘Now of this dark night I perceive the reason:  
 Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,  
 Till forging Nature be condemn’d of treason, 729  
 For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine;  
     Wherein she framed thee in high heaven’s  
     despite,  
 To shame the sun by day and her by night.

‘And therefore hath she bribed the Destinies  
 To cross the curious workmanship of nature,  
 To mingle beauty with infirmities,  
 And pure perfection with impure defeature,\*  
     Making it subject to the tyranny      \*Disfigurement.  
 Of mad mischances and much misery;

‘As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,  
 Life-poisoning pestilence and frenzies wood,\* 740  
 The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint      \*Mad.  
 Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:  
     Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn’d de-  
     spair,  
 Swear Nature’s death for framing thee so fair.

'And not the least of all these maladies  
But in one minute's fight brings beauty under:  
Both favour, savour, hue and qualities,  
Whereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,  
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd and done,  
As mountain-snow melts with the midday sun.

'Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity, 751  
Love-lacking vestals and self-loving nuns,  
That on the earth would breed a scarcity  
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,  
Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night  
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

'What is thy body but a swallowing grave,  
Seeming to bury that posterity  
Which by the rights of time thou needs must  
have,  
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity? 760  
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,  
Sith\* in thy pride so fair a hope is slain. \*Since.

'So in thyself thyself art made away;  
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,  
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do  
slay,  
Or butcher-sire that reaves his son of life.  
Foul-cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,  
But gold that's put to use more gold begets.'

'Nay, then,' quoth Adon, 'you will fall again  
Into your idle over-handled theme: 770  
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,  
And all in vain you strive against the stream;  
For, by this black-faced night, desire's foul  
nurse,  
Your treatise makes me like you worse and  
worse.

'If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,  
And every tongue more moving than your own,  
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,  
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;



For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,  
And will not let a false sound enter there; 780

'Lest the deceiving harmony should run  
Into the quiet closure of my breast;  
And then my little heart were quite undone,  
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.

No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,  
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

'What have you urged that I cannot reprove?  
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger:  
I hate not love, but your device in love, 789  
That lends embracements unto every stranger.

You do it for increase: O strange excuse,  
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse!

'Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled,  
Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his name;  
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed  
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;  
Which the hot tyrant stains and soon bereaves,  
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

'Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,  
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun; 800  
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,  
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done;  
Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies;  
Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.

'More I could tell, but more I dare not say;  
The text is old, the orator too green.  
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away;  
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen:\* \*Grief.  
Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,  
Do burn themselves for having so offended.' 810

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace,  
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,  
And homeward through the dark laund\* runs  
apace; \*Lawn.  
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.

Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,  
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore  
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,  
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,  
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend:  
So did the merciless and pitchy night 821  
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amazed, as one that unaware  
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,  
Or stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,  
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood,  
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,  
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,  
That all the neighbour caves, as seeming troubled,  
Make verbal repetition of her moans; 831  
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:  
'Ay me!' she cries, and twenty times 'Woe, woe!'  
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She marking them begins a wailing note  
And sings extemporally a woeful ditty;  
How love makes young men thrall and old men  
dote;  
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:  
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,  
And still the choir of echoes answer so. 840

Her song was tedious and outwore the night,  
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short:  
If pleased themselves, others, they think, delight  
In such-like circumstance, with such-like sport:  
Their copious stories oftentimes begun  
End without audience and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal  
But idle sounds resembling parasites,  
Like shrill-tongued tapsters answering every call,  
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits? 850

She says "'Tis so:' they answer all "'Tis so;'  
And would say after her, if she said 'No.'

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,  
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,  
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast  
The sun ariseth in his majesty;  
Who doth the world so gloriously behold  
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:  
'O thou clear god, and patron of all light, 860  
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow  
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,  
There lives a son that suck'd an earthly mother,  
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other.'

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,  
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,  
And yet she hears no tidings of her love:  
She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn:  
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,  
And all in haste she coasteth\* to the cry. 870  
\*Advanceth.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way  
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,  
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay:  
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,  
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,  
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this, she hears the hounds are at a bay;  
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder  
Wreathed up in fatal folds just in his way,  
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shud- 880  
der;  
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds  
Appals her senses and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,  
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,  
Because the cry remaineth in one place,  
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:

Finding their enemy to be so curst,  
They all strain courtesy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,  
Through which it enters to surprise her heart; 890  
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,  
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part:  
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,  
They basely fly and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy;  
Till, cheering up her senses all dismay'd,  
She tells them 'tis a causeless fantasy,  
And childish error, that they are afraid;  
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no  
more:— 899  
And with that word she spied the hunted boar.

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,  
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,  
A second fear through all her sinews spread,  
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither:  
This way she runs, and now she will no further,  
But back retires to rate the boar for murther.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;  
She treads the path that she untreads again;  
Her more than haste is mated with delays,  
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain, 910  
Full of respects, yet nought at all respecting;  
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennell'd in a brake she finds a hound,  
And asks the weary caitiff for his master,  
And there another licking of his wound,  
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster;  
And here she meets another sadly scowling,  
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howl-  
ing.

When he hath ceased his ill-resounding noise,  
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,

Against the welkin\* volleys out his voice;      \*Sky.  
 Another and another answer him,      922  
     Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,  
     Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amazed  
 At apparitions, signs and prodigies,  
 Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,  
 Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;  
     So she at these sad signs draws up her breath  
     And sighing it again, exclaims on Death.      930

'Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,  
 Hateful divorce of love,'—thus chides she Death,—  
 'Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost  
     thou mean

To stifle beauty and to steal his breath,  
     Who when he lived, his breath and beauty set  
     Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

'If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,  
 Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it:—  
 O yes, it may; thou' hast no eyes to see,  
 But hatefully at random dost thou hit.      940  
     Thy mark is feeble age, but thy false dart  
     Mistakes that aim and cleaves an infant's heart.

'Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,  
 And, hearing him, thy power had lost his power.  
 The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke;  
 They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower:  
     Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,  
     And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.

'Dost thou drink tears, that thou provokest such  
     weeping?  
 What may a heavy groan advantage thee?      950  
 Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping  
 Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?  
     Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,  
     Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour.'

Here overcome, as one full of despair,  
 She vail'd\* her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopt

The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair  
 In the sweet channel of her bosom dropt; \*Lowered.  
 But through the flood-gates breaks the silver  
     rain, 959  
 And with his strong course opens them again.

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!  
 Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye;  
 Both crystals, where they view'd each other's  
     sorrow,  
 Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry;  
 But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,  
 Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,  
 As striving who should best become her grief;  
 All entertain'd, each passion labours so,  
 That every present sorrow seemeth chief, 970  
 But none is best: then join they all together,  
 Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman hollo;  
 A nurse's song ne'er pleased her babe so well:  
 The dire imagination she did follow  
 This sound of hope doth labour to expel;  
 For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,  
 And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,  
 Being prison'd in her eye like pearls in glass; 980  
 Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,  
 Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass,  
 To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,  
 Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems  
 Not to believe, and yet too credulous!  
 Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes;  
 Despair and hope makes thee ridiculous:  
 The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,  
 In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought;  
 Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;

It was not she that call'd him all-to naught:  
 Now she adds honours to his hateful name;  
 She clepes\* him king of graves and grave for  
     kings, \*Calls.  
 Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

'No, no,' quoth she, 'sweet Death, I did but jest;  
 Yet pardon me I felt a kind of fear  
 When as I met the boar, that bloody beast,  
 Which knows no pity, but is still severe; 1000  
 Then, gentle shadow,—truth I must confess,—  
 I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

'Tis not my fault: the boar provoked my tongue;  
 Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;  
 'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;  
 I did but act, he's author of thy slander:  
 Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet  
 Could rule them both without ten women's wit.'

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,  
 Her rash suspect\* she doth extenuate; 1010  
 And that his beauty may the better thrive,  
 With Death she humbly doth insinuate; \*Suspicion.  
 Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories  
 His vict'ories, his triumphs and his glories.

'O Jove,' quoth she, 'how much a fool was I  
 To be of such a weak and silly mind  
 To wail his death who lives and must not die  
 Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!  
 For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,  
 And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

'Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear 1021  
 As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves;  
 Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,  
 Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves.'  
 Even at this word she hears a merry horn,  
 Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure, away she flies;  
 The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;

And in her haste unfortunately spies  
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight; 1030  
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the  
view,  
Like stars ashamed of day, themselves withdrew:

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,  
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,  
And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,  
Long after fearing to creep forth again;  
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled  
Into the deep dark cabins of her head:

Where they resign their office and their light  
To the disposing of her troubled brain; 1040  
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,  
And never wound the heart with looks again;  
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,  
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;  
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,  
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,  
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound.  
This mutiny each part doth so surprise  
That from their dark beds once more leap her  
eyes;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light  
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd  
In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white  
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was  
    drench'd:  
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,  
But stole his blood and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;  
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;  
Dumbly she passions,\* frantically she doteth;  
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead: 1060  
Her voice is stopt, her joints forget to bow;  
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.  
\*Expresses sorrow.



Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,  
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem  
three;

And then she reprehends her mangling eye,  
That makes more gashes where no breach should  
be:

His face seems twain, each several limb is  
doubled;

For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being  
troubled.

'My tongue cannot express my grief for one,  
And yet,' quoth she, 'behold two Adons dead!  
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,  
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:

Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire!  
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

'Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!  
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?  
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast  
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?

The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and  
trim;

But true-sweet beauty lived and died with him. 1079

'Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear!  
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:  
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear;  
The sun doth scorn you and the wind doth hiss  
you:

But when Adonis lived, sun and sharp air  
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair:

'And therefore would he put his bonnet on,  
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep;  
The wind would blow it off and, being gone,  
Play with his locks: then would Adonis weep;  
And straight, in pity of his tender years, 1091  
They both would strive who first should dry his  
tears.

'To see his face the lion walk'd along  
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him;

To recreate himself when he hath sung,  
 The tiger would be tame and gently hear him;  
 If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey  
 And never fright the silly lamb that day.

'When he beheld his shadow in the brook,  
 The fishes spread on it their golden gills; 1100  
 When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,  
 That some would sing, some other in their bills  
 Would bring him mulberries and ripe-red cher-  
       ries;  
 He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

'But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,  
 Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,  
 Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;  
 Witness the entertainment that he gave:  
 If he did see his face, why then I know  
 He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

"Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain: 1111  
 He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,  
 Who did not whet his teeth at him again,  
 But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;  
 And nuzzling\* in his flank, the loving swine  
 Sheathed unaware the tusk in his soft groin.

\*Nestling.

'Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,  
 With kissing him I should have kill'd him first;  
 But he is dead, and never did he bless  
 My youth with his; the more am I accurst.' 1120  
 With this, she falleth in the place she stood,  
 And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;  
 She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;  
 She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,  
 As if they heard the woeful words she told;  
 She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,  
 Where, lo, two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies;

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld  
 A thousand times, and now no more reflect; 1130

Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,  
And every beauty robb'd of his effect:

'Wonder of time,' quoth she, 'this is my spite,  
That, thou being dead, the day should yet be  
light.

'Since thou art dead, lo, here I prophesy:  
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend:  
It shall be waited on with jealousy,  
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end,  
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low, 1139  
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

'It shall be fickle, false and full of fraud,  
Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while;  
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd  
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile:  
The strongest body shall it make most weak,  
Strike the wise dumb and teach the fool to speak.

'It shall be sparing and too full of riot,  
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;  
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,  
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treas-  
ures; 1150  
It shall be raging-mad and silly-mild,  
Make the young old, the old become a child.

'It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;  
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;  
It shall be merciful and too severe,  
And most deceiving when it seems most just;  
Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward,  
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

'It shall be cause of war and dire events,  
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire; 1160  
Subject and servile to all discontents,  
As dry combustious matter is to fire:  
Sith in his prime Death doth my love destroy,  
They that love best their loves shall not enjoy.'

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd  
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,

And in his blood that on the ground lay spill'd,  
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white,  
Resembling well his pale cheeks and the blood  
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to  
smell, 1171

Comparing it to her Adonis' breath,  
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,  
Since he himself is reft from her by death:  
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears,  
Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

'Poor flower,' quoth she, 'this was thy father's  
guise—

Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire—  
For every little grief to wet his eyes:  
To grow unto himself was his desire, 1180  
And so 'tis thine; but know, it is as good  
To wither in my breast as in his blood.

'Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;  
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right:  
Lo, in this hollow cradle take thy rest,  
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night:  
There shall not be one minute in an hour  
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower.'

Thus weary of the world, away she hies, 1189  
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid  
Their mistress mounted through the empty skies  
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd;  
Holding their course to Paphos, where their  
queen  
Means to immure herself and not be seen.



# THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.



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## LUCRECE AND TARQUIN.

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This exquisite example of the work of Alexander Cabanel, a leader in the greatest era of modern French art, illuminates the text of the poem as does all illustration which is inspired by sympathy and founded upon knowledge.

# THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

THE love I dedicate to your lordship is without end ; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours ; what I have to do is yours ; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater ; meantime, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your lordship's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

## THE ARGUMENT.

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS, for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus, after he had caused his own father-in-law Servius Tullius to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife : among whom Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome ; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife, though it were late in the night,



For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,  
 Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state;  
 What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent  
 In the possession of his beauteous mate;  
 Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,  
     That kings might be espoused to more fame, 20  
     But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!  
 And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done  
 As is the morning's silver-melting dew  
 Against the golden splendour of the sun!  
 An expired date, cancell'd ere well begun:  
     Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,  
     Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade  
 The eyes of men without an orator; 30  
 What needeth then apologies be made,  
 To set forth that which is so singular?  
 Or why is Collatine the publisher  
     Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown  
     From thievish ears, because it is his own?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty  
 Suggested this proud issue of a king;  
 For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be:  
 Perchance that envy of so rich a thing  
 Braving compare, disdainfully did sting 40  
     His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men  
     should vaunt  
     That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate  
 His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those:  
 His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,  
 Neglected all, with swift intent he goes  
 To quench the coal which in his liver glows.  
     O rash false heat, wrapp'd in repentant cold,  
     Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old!

When at Collatium this false lord arrived, 50  
 Well was he welcomed by the Roman dame,

Within whose face beauty and virtue strived  
Which of them both should underprop her fame:  
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for  
shame;

When beauty boasted blushes, in despite  
Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intituled,  
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field:  
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,  
Which virtue gave the golden age to gild 60  
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield;  
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,  
When shame assail'd, the red should fence the  
white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,  
Argued by beauty's red and virtue's white:  
Of either's colour was the other queen,  
Proving from world's minority their right:  
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight;  
The sovereignty of either being so great,  
That oft they interchange each other's seat. 70

Their silent war of lilies and of roses,  
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,  
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;  
Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,  
The coward captive vanquished doth yield  
To those two armies that would let him go,  
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow  
tongue,—

The niggard prodigal that praised her so,—  
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong, 80  
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show:  
Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe  
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,  
In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,  
Little suspecteth the false worshipper;

For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil;  
 Birds never limed no secret bushes fear:  
 So guiltless she securely gives good cheer  
 And reverend welcome to her princely guest, 90  
 Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd:

For that he colour'd with his high estate,  
 Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty;  
 That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,  
 Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,  
 Which, having all, all could not satisfy;  
 But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,  
 That, cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she, that never coped with stranger eyes,  
 Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,  
 Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies 101  
 Writ in the glassy margents\* of such books:  
 She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no  
 hooks; \*Margins.  
 Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,  
 More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,  
 Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;  
 And decks with praises Collatine's high name,  
 Made glorious by his manly chivalry  
 With bruised arms and wreaths of victory: 110  
 Her joy with heaved-up hand she doth ex-  
 press,  
 And, wordless, so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming hither,  
 He makes excuses for his being there:  
 No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather  
 Doth yet in his fair welkin\* once appear; \*Sky.  
 Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,  
 Upon the world dim darkness doth display,  
 And in her vaulty prison stows the Day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed, 120  
 Intending weariness with heavy spright;  
 For, after supper, long he questioned



With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night:  
 Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth  
     fight;  
 And every one to rest themselves betake,  
 Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds, that  
     wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving  
 The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;  
 Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,  
 Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstain-  
     ing: 130  
 Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining;  
 And when great treasure is the meed proposed,  
 Though death be adjunct, there's no death sup-  
     posed.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond,  
 For what they have not, that which they possess  
 They scatter and unloose it from their bond,  
 And so, by hoping more, they have but less;  
 Or, gaining more, the profit of excess  
 Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,  
 That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich  
     gain. 140

The aim of all is but to nurse the life  
 With honour, wealth? and ease, in waning age;  
 And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,  
 That one for all, or all for one we gage;  
 As life for honour in fell battle's rage;  
     Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth  
     cost  
 The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in venturing ill we leave to be  
 The things we are for that which we expect;  
 And this ambitious foul infirmity, 150  
 In having much, torments us with defect  
 Of that we have: so then we do neglect  
     The thing we have; and, all for want of wit,  
 Make something nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,  
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust;  
And for himself himself he must forsake:  
Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust?  
When shall he think to find a stranger just, 159  
    When he himself himself confounds, betrays  
    To slanderous tongues and wretched hateful  
    days?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,  
When heavy sleep had closed up mortal eyes:  
No comfortable star did lend his light,  
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries;  
Now serves the season that they may surprise  
    The silly lambs: pure thoughts are dead and still,  
    While lust and murder wake to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,  
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm; 170  
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread;  
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm;  
But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,  
    Doth too too oft betake him to retire,  
    Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,  
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly;  
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,  
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye;  
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly, 180  
    'As from this cold flint I enforced this fire,  
    So Lucrece must I force to my desire.'

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate  
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,  
And in his inward mind he doth debate  
What following sorrow may on this arise:  
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise  
    His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,  
    And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust:

'Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not  
To darken her whose light excelleth thine: 191

And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot  
 With your uncleanness that which is divine;  
 Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:  
     Let fair humanity abhor the deed  
     That spots and stains love's modest snow-white  
     weed.

'O shame to knighthood and to shining arms!  
 O foul dishonour to my household's grave!  
 O impious act, including all foul harms!  
 A martial man to be soft fancy's slave! 200  
 True valour still a true respect should have;  
     Then my digression is so vile, so base,  
     That it will live engraven in my face.

'Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,  
 And be an eye-sore in my golden coat;  
 Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,  
 To cipher me how fondly I did dote;  
 That my posterity, shamed with the note,  
     Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin  
     To wish that I their father had not been. 210

'What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?  
 A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.  
 Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week?  
 Or sells eternity to get a toy?  
 For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?  
     Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,  
     Would with the sceptre straight be stricken  
     down?

'If Collatinus dream of my intent,  
 Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage  
 Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent? 220  
 This siege that hath engirt his marriage,  
 This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,  
     This dying virtue, this surviving shame,  
     Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame?

'O, what excuse can my invention make,  
 When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?

Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints  
shake,  
Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed?  
The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed;  
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly, 230  
But coward-like with trembling terror die.

‘Had Collatinus kill’d my son or sire,  
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,  
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire  
Might have excuse to work upon his wife,  
As in revenge or quittal of such strife:  
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,  
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

‘Shameful it is; ay, if the fact be known:  
Hateful it is; there is no hate in loving: 240  
I’ll beg her love; but she is not her own:  
The worst is but denial and reproving:  
My will is strong, past reason’s weak removing.  
Who fears a sentence or an old man’s saw  
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.’

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation  
’Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,  
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,  
Urging the worsen sense for vantage still;  
Which in a moment doth confound and kill 250  
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,  
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, ‘She took me kindly by the hand,  
And gazed for tidings in my eager eyes,  
Fearing some hard news from the warlike band,  
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.  
O, how her fear did make her colour rise!  
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,  
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

‘And how her hand, in my hand being lock’d, 260  
Forced it to tremble with her loyal fear!  
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock’d,

Until her husband's welfare she did hear;  
 Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,  
 That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,  
 Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

'Why hunt I then for colour or excuses?  
 All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;  
 Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;  
 Love thrives not in the heart that shadows  
 dreadeth: 270

Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;  
 And when his gaudy banner is display'd,  
 The coward fights and will not be dismay'd.

'Then, childish fear, avaunt! debating, die!  
 Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age!  
 My heart shall never countermand mine eye:  
 Sad pause and deep regard beseem the sage;  
 My part is youth, and beats these from the  
 stage:

Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;  
 Then who fears sinking where such treasure  
 lies?' 280

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear  
 Is almost choked by unresisted lust.  
 Away he steals with open listening ear,  
 Full of foul hope and full of fond mistrust;  
 Both which, as servitors to the unjust,  
 So cross him with their opposite persuasion,  
 That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,  
 And in the self-same seat sits Collatine:  
 That eye which looks on her confounds his wits;  
 That eye which him beholds, as more divine, 291  
 Unto a view so false will not incline;  
 But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,  
 Which once corrupted takes the worser part;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,  
 Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,  
 Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;

And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,  
 Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.  
 By reprobate desire thus madly led, 300  
 The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,  
 Each one by him enforced retires his ward;  
 But, as they open, they all rate his ill,  
 Which drives the creeping thief to some regard:  
 The threshold grates the door to have him heard;  
 Night-wandering weasels shriek to see him  
     there;  
 They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,  
 Through little vents and crannies of the place 310  
 The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,  
 And blows the smoke of it into his face,  
 Extinguishing his conduct in this case;  
 But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,  
 Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch:

And being lighted, by the light he spies  
 Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks:  
 He takes it from the rushes where it lies,  
 And griping it, the needle his finger pricks;  
 As who should say 'This glove to wanton tricks  
     Is not inured; return again in haste; 321  
 Thou see'st our mistress' ornaments are chaste.'

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him;  
 He in the worst sense construes their denial:  
 The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him,  
 He takes for accidental things of trial;  
 Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,  
     Who with a lingering stay his course doth let,  
 Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

'So, so,' quoth he, 'these lets\* attend the time, 330  
 Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,  
 To add a more rejoicing to the prime, \*Hindrances.  
 And give the sneaped† birds more cause to sing.  
 Pain pays the income of each precious thing;

Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves  
 and sands, †Pinched.  
 The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.'

Now is he come unto the chamber door,  
 That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,  
 Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,  
 Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.  
 So from himself impiety hath wrought, 341  
 That for his prey to pray he doth begin,  
 As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,  
 Having solicited th' eternal power  
 That his foul thoughts might compass his fair  
 fair,  
 And they would stand auspicious to the hour,  
 Even there he starts: quoth he, 'I must deflower:  
 The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,  
 How can they then assist me in the act? 350

'Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!  
 My will is back'd with resolution:  
 Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried;  
 The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;  
 Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.  
 The eye of heaven is out, and misty night  
 Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.'

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,  
 And with his knee the door he opens wide.  
 The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch:  
 Thus treason works ere traitors be espied. 361  
 Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside;  
 But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,  
 Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,  
 And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.  
 The curtains being close, about he walks,  
 Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head:  
 By their high treason is his heart misled;

Which gives the watch-word to his hand full  
soon  
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon. 370

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,  
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;  
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun  
To wink, being blinded with a greater light:  
Whether it is that she reflects so bright,  
That dazzleth them, or else some shame sup-  
posed;  
But blind they are, and keep themselves en-  
closed.

O, had they in that darksome prison died!  
Then had they seen the period of their ill; 380  
Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' side,  
In his clear bed might have reposed still:  
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill;  
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight  
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,  
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;  
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,  
Swelling on either side to want his bliss;  
Between whose hills her head entombed is: 390  
Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,  
To be admired of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,  
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white  
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,  
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.  
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheathed their  
light,  
And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,  
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her  
breath; 400  
O modest wantons! wanton modesty!  
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,



And death's dim look in life's mortality :  
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,  
As if between them twain there were no strife,  
But that life lived in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,  
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,  
Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,  
And him by oath they truly honoured. 410  
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred;  
Who, like a foul usurper, went about  
From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see but mightily he noted ?  
What did he note but strongly he desired ?  
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,  
And in his will his wilful eye he tired.  
With more than admiration he admired  
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,  
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey, 421  
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,  
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,  
His rage of lust by gazing qualified;  
Slack'd, not suppress'd; for standing by her side,  
His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,  
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins:

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fight-  
ing,  
Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting,  
In bloody death and ravishment delighting, 430  
Nor children's tears nor mothers' groans respect-  
ing,  
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting:  
Anon his beating heart, alarum striking,  
Gives the hot charge and bids them do their  
liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,  
His eye commends the leading to his hand;  
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,

Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand  
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land;  
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did  
scale, 440  
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet  
Where their dear governess and lady lies,  
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,  
And fright her with confusion of their cries:  
She, much amazed, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,  
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,  
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and con-  
troll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night 449  
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,  
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,  
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a-shaking;  
What terror 'tis! but she, in worser taking,  
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view  
The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,  
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies;  
She dares not look; yet, winking, there appears  
Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes:  
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries; 460  
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,  
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful  
sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,—  
Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall!—  
May feel her heart—poor citizen!—distress'd,  
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,  
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.  
This moves in him more rage and lesser pity,  
To make the breach and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin 470  
To sound a parley to his heartless foe;  
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,

The reason of this rash alarm to know,  
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show;  
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still  
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: 'The colour in thy face,  
That even for anger makes the lily pale,  
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,  
Shall plead for me and tell my loving tale: 480  
Under that colour am I come to scale  
Thy never-conquer'd fort: the fault is thine,  
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

'Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:  
Thy beauty hath ensnared thee to this night,  
Where thou with patience must my will abide;  
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,  
Which I to conquer sought with all my might;  
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,  
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred. 490

'I see what crosses my attempt will bring;  
I know what thorns the growing rose defends;  
I think the honey guarded with a sting;  
All this beforehand counsel comprehends:  
But will is deaf and hears no heedful friends;  
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,  
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

'I have debated, even in my soul,  
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall  
breed;  
But nothing can affection's course control, 500  
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.  
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,  
Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity;  
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.'

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,  
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,  
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,  
Whose crooked beak threatens if he mount he dies:  
So under his insulting falchion lies

Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells 510  
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's  
bells.

'Lucrece,' quoth he, 'this night I must enjoy  
thee:

If thou deny, then force must work my way,  
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee:  
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,  
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;  
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,  
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

'So thy surviving husband shall remain  
The scornful mark of every open eye; 520  
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,  
Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy:  
And thou, the author of their obloquy,  
Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,  
And sung by children in succeeding times.

'But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend:  
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;  
A little harm done to a great good end  
For lawful policy remains enacted.  
The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted  
In a pure compound; being so applied, 531  
His venom in effect is purified.

'Then, for thy husband and thy children's sake,  
Tender my suit: bequeath not to their lot  
The shame that from them no device can take,  
The blemish that will never be forgot;  
Worse than a slavish wipe or birth-hour's blot:  
For marks descried in men's nativity  
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy.'

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye 540  
He rouseth up himself and makes a pause;  
While she, the picture of pure piety,  
Like a white hind under the gripe's sharp claws,  
Pleads, in a wilderness where are no laws,

To the rough beast that knows no gentle  
right,  
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

But when a black-faced cloud the world doth  
threat,  
In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,  
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth  
get,  
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their bid-  
ing, 550  
Hindering their present fall by this dividing;  
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,  
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,  
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse  
panteth:  
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,  
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth:  
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth  
No penetrable entrance to her plaining:  
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with  
raining. 560

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fixed  
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face;  
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mixed,  
Which to her oratory adds more grace.  
She puts the period often from his place;  
And midst the sentence so her accent breaks,  
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,  
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's  
oath,  
By her untimely tears, her husband's love, 570  
By holy human law, and common troth,  
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,  
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,  
And stoop to honour. not to foul desire.

Quoth she, 'Reward not hospitality  
With such black payment as thou hast pretended;  
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;  
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;  
End thy ill aim before thy shoot be ended;  
He is no woodman that doth bend his bow 580  
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

'My husband is thy friend; for his sake spare me:  
Thyself art mighty; for thine own sake leave me:  
Myself a weakling; do not then ensnare me:  
Thou look'st not like deceit; do not deceive me.  
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave  
thee:

If ever man were moved with woman's moans,  
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans:

'All which together, like a troubled ocean,  
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,  
To soften it with their continual motion; 591  
For stones dissolved to water do convert.  
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,  
Melt at my tears, and be compassionate!  
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

'In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee:  
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?  
To all the host of heaven I complain me,  
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely  
name. 599  
Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,  
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;  
For kings like gods should govern every thing.

'How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,  
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring!  
If in thy hope thou darest do such outrage,  
What darest thou not when once thou art a king?  
O, be remember'd, no outrageous thing  
From vassal actors can be wiped away;  
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

'This deed will make thee only loved for fear; 610  
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love:

With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,  
 When they in thee the like offences prove:  
 If but for fear of this, thy will remove;  
     For princes are the glass, the school, the book,  
     Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

'And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall  
     learn?  
 Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?  
 Wilt thou be glass wherein it shall discern  
 Authority for sin, warrant for blame, 620  
 To privilege dishonour in thy name?  
     Thou back'st reproach against long-living laud,  
     And makest fair reputation but a bawd.

'Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee,  
 From a pure heart command thy rebel will:  
 Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,  
 For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.  
 Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,  
     When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul sin may say,  
     He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way?

'Think but how vile a spectacle it were, 631  
 To view thy present trespass in another.  
 Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;  
 Their own transgressions partially they smother:  
 This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy  
     brother.  
     O, how are they wrapp'd in with infamies  
     That from their own misdeeds askance their  
     eyes!

'To thee, to thee, my heaved-up hands appeal,  
 Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier:  
 I sue for exiled majesty's appeal; 640  
 Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire;  
 His true respect will prison false desire,  
     And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eyne,\*  
     That thou shalt see thy state and pity mine.' \*Eyes

'Have done,' quoth he: 'my uncontrolled tide  
 Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.\*

Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,  
And with the wind in greater fury fret: \*Hindrance.  
The petty streams that pay a daily debt  
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls'  
haste 650  
And to his flow, but alter not his taste.'

'Thou art,' quoth she, 'a sea, a sovereign king;  
And, lo, there falls into thy boundless flood  
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,  
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.  
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,  
Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hearsed,  
And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

'So shall these slaves be king, and thou their  
slave;  
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified; 660  
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave:  
Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride:  
The lesser thing should not the greater hide;  
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,  
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

'So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state'—  
'No more,' quoth he; 'by heaven, I will not hear  
thee:  
Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,  
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee;  
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee 670  
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,  
To be thy partner in this shameful doom.'

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,  
For light and lust are deadly enemies:  
Shame folded up in blind concealing night,  
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.  
The wolf hath seized his prey, the poor lamb cries;  
Till with her own white fleece her voice contröll'd  
Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold:

For with the nightly linen that she wears 680  
He pens her piteous clamours in her head;



Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears  
 That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.  
 O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed!  
     The spots whereof could weeping purify,  
     Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,  
 And he hath won what he would lose again:  
 This forced league doth force a further strife;  
 This momentary joy breeds months of pain; 690  
 This hot desire converts to cold disdain:  
     Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,  
     And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,  
 Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,  
 Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk  
 The prey wherein by nature they delight;  
 So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:  
     His taste delicious, in digestion souring, 699  
     Devours his will, that lived by foul devouring.

O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit  
 Can comprehend in still imagination!  
 Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,  
 Ere he can see his own abomination.  
 While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation  
     Can curb his heat or rein his rash desire,  
     Till like a jade Self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,  
 With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless  
     pace,  
 Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor, and meek, 710  
 Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:  
 The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with  
     Grace,  
     For there it revels; and when that decays,  
     The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,  
 Who this accomplishment so hotly chased;

For now against himself he sounds this doom,  
That through the length of times he stands disgraced:

Besides, his soul's fair temple is defaced;  
To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares, 720  
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection  
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,  
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection  
Her immortality, and made her thrall  
To living death and pain perpetual:  
Which in her prescience she controlled still,  
But her foresight could not forestall their will.

Even in this thought through the dark night he  
stealeth,  
A captive victor that hath lost in gain; 730  
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,  
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain;  
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.  
She bears the load of lust he left behind,  
And he the burthen of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence;  
She like a wearied lamb lies panting there;  
He scowls and hates himself for his offence;  
She, desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear;  
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear; 740  
She stays, exclaiming on the direful night;  
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loathed delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite;\* \*Convert.  
She there remains a hopeless castaway;  
He in his speed looks for the morning light;  
She prays she never may behold the day,  
'For day,' quoth she, 'night's scapes doth open lay,  
And my true eyes have never practised how  
To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

'They think not but that every eye can see 750  
The same disgrace which they themselves behold;

And therefore would they still in darkness be,  
 To have their unseen sin remain untold;  
 For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,  
     And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,  
     Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel.'

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,  
 And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.  
 She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,  
 And bids it leap from thence, where it may find  
 Some purer chest to close so pure a mind. 761  
     Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her  
     spite  
     Against the unseen secrecy of night:

'O comfort-killing Night, image of hell!  
 Dim register and notary of shame!  
 Black stage for tragedies and murders fell!  
 Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!  
 Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour for defame!  
     Grim cave of death! whispering conspirator  
     With close-tongued treason and the ravisher!

'O hateful, vaporous, and foggy Night! 771  
 Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,  
 Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,  
 Make war against proportion'd course of time;  
 Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb  
     His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,  
     Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

'With rotten damps ravish the morning air;  
 Let their exhaled unwholesome breaths make sick  
 The life of purity, the supreme fair, 780  
 Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick;  
 And let thy misty vapours march so thick,  
     That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light  
     May set at noon and make perpetual night.

'Were Tarquin Night, as he is but Night's child,  
 The silver-shining queen he would distain;  
 Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defiled,

Through Night's black bosom should not peep  
again:

So should I have co-partners in my pain;  
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage, 790  
As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.

'Where now I have no one to blush with me,  
To cross their arms and hang their heads with mine,  
To mask their brows and hide their infamy;  
But I alone alone must sit and pine,  
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,  
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with  
groans,  
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

'O Night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,  
Let not the jealous Day behold that face 800  
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak  
Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace!  
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,  
That all the faults which in thy reign are made  
May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade!

'Make me not object to the tell-tale Day!  
The light will show, character'd\* in my brow,  
The story of sweet chastity's decay, \*Written.  
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow:  
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how 810  
To cipher† what is writ in learned books, †Decipher.  
Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks.

'The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,  
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name:  
The orator, to deck his oratory,  
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame;  
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,  
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,  
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

'Let my good name, that senseless reputation,  
For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted: 821  
If that be made a theme for disputation,  
The branches of another root are rotted,  
And undeserved reproach to him allotted

That is as clear from this attaint of mine  
As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

'O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!  
O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar!  
Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,  
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar, 830  
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.

Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,  
Which not themselves, but he that gives them  
knows!

'If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,  
From me by strong assault it is bereft.  
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,  
Have no perfection of my summer left,  
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft:  
In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,  
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee  
kept.

'Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wrack;\* \*Wreck.  
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him; 842  
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,  
For it had been dishonour to disdain him:  
Besides, of weariness he did complain him,  
And talk'd of virtue: O unlook'd-for evil,  
When virtue is profaned in such a devil!

'Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?  
Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests?  
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud? 850  
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?  
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?  
But no perfection is so absolute,  
That some impurity doth not pollute.

'The aged man that coffers-up his gold  
Is plagued with cramps and gout's and painful  
fits;  
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,  
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,  
And useless barns the harvest of his wits;

Having no other pleasure of his gain      860  
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

'So then he hath it when he cannot use it,  
And leaves it to be master'd by his young;  
Who in their pride do presently abuse it:  
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,  
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.  
The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sours  
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

'Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;  
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious      870  
    flowers;  
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;  
What virtue breeds iniquity devours:  
We have no good that we can say is ours,  
    But ill-annexed Opportunity  
    Or kills his life or else his quality.

'O Opportunity, thy guilt is great!  
'Tis thou that executest the traitor's treason:  
Thou set'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;  
Whoever plots the sin, thou 'point'st the season;  
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;  
    And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,  
'Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

'Thou makest the vestal violate her oath;  
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd;  
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth;  
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!  
Thou plantest scandal and displacest laud:  
    Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,  
    Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

'Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,      890  
Thy private feasting to a public fast,  
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,  
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste:  
Thy violent vanities can never last.  
    How comes it then, vile Opportunity,  
    Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

'When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,  
 And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd?  
 When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end?  
 Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chain'd?  
 Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd? 901  
 The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for  
 thee;  
 But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

'The patient dies while the physician sleeps;  
 The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;  
 Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;  
 Advice is sporting while infection breeds:  
 Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds:  
 Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,  
 Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

'When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,  
 A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid:  
 They buy thy help; but Sin ne'er gives a fee,  
 He gratis comes; and thou art well appaid  
 As well to hear as grant what he hath said.  
 My Collatine would else have come to me  
 When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

'Guilty thou art of murder and of theft,  
 Guilty of perjury and subornation,  
 Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift, 920  
 Guilty of incest, that abomination;  
 An accessory by thine inclination  
 To all sins past, and all that are to come,  
 From the creation to the general doom.

'Mis-shapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night,  
 Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care,  
 Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,  
 Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's  
 snare;  
 Thou nursest all and murder'st all that are:  
 O, hear me then, injurious, shifting Time! 930  
 Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

'Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,  
Betray'd the hours thou gavest me to repose,  
Cancell'd my fortunes, and enchained me  
To endless date of never-ending woes?  
Time's office is to fine the hate of foes;  
To eat up errors by opinion bred,  
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

'Time's glory is to calm contending kings,  
To unmask falsehood and bring truth to light, 940  
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,  
To wake the morn and sentinel the night,  
To wrong the wronger till he render right,  
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,  
And smear with dust their glittering golden  
towers;

'To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,  
To feed oblivion with decay of things,  
To blot old books and alter their contents,  
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,  
To dry the old oak's sap and cherish springs, 950  
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,  
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel;

'To show the beldam daughters of her daughter,  
To make the child a man, the man a child,  
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,  
To tame the unicorn and lion wild,  
To mock the subtle in themselves beguiled,  
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful  
crops,  
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

'Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,  
Unless thou couldst return to make amends? 961  
One poor retiring minute in an age  
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,  
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends:  
O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come  
back,  
I could prevent this storm and shun thy wrack!



'Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,  
 With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight:  
 Devise extremes beyond extremity,  
 To make him curse this cursed crimeful night:  
 Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright; 971  
 And the dire thought of his committed evil  
 Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

'Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,  
 Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;  
 Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,  
 To make him moan; but pity not his moans:  
 Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones;  
 And let mild women to him lose their mildness,  
 Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness. 980

'Let him have time to tear his curled hair,  
 Let him have time against himself to rave,  
 Let him have time of Time's help to despair,  
 Let him have time to live a loathed slave,  
 Let him have time a beggar's orts\* to crave,  
 And time to see one that by alms doth live  
 Disdain to him disdained scraps to give. \*Leavings.

'Let him have time to see his friends his foes,  
 And merry fools to mock at him resort;  
 Let him have time to mark how slow time goes  
 In time of sorrow, and how swift and short 991  
 His time of folly and his time of sport;  
 And ever let his unrecalling crime  
 Have time to wail th' abusing of his time.

'O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,  
 Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill!  
 At his own shadow let the thief run mad,  
 Himself himself seek every hour to kill!  
 Such wretched hands such wretched blood should  
 spill;  
 For who so base would such an office have 1000  
 As slanderous deathsman to so base a slave?

'The baser is he, coming from a king,  
 To shame his hope with deeds degenerate:

The mightier man, the mightier is the thing  
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate;  
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.

The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,  
But little stars may hide them when they list.

'The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,  
And unperceived fly with the filth away; 1010  
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,  
The stain upon his silver down will stay.  
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious  
day:

Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,  
But eagles gazed upon with every eye.

'Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools!  
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!  
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools;  
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters;  
To trembling clients be you mediators: 1020  
For me, I force not argument a straw,  
Since that my case is past the help of law.

'In vain I rail at Opportunity,  
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night;  
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,  
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite:  
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.  
The remedy indeed to do me good  
Is to let forth my foul-defiled blood.

'Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?  
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame; 1031  
For if I die, my honour lives in thee;  
But if I live, thou livest in my defame:  
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,  
And wast afraid to scratch her wicked foe,  
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so.'

This said, from her be-tumbled couch she starteth,  
To find some desperate instrument of death:  
But this no slaughterhouse no tool imparteth

To make more vent for passage of her breath; 1040  
Which, thronging through her lips, so vanisheth  
As smoke from *Ætna*, that in air consumes,  
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

'In vain,' quoth she, 'I live, and seek in vain  
Some happy mean to end a hapless life.  
I fear'd by *Tarquin's* falchion to be slain,  
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife:  
But when I fear'd I was a loyal wife:  
So am I now: O no, that cannot be;  
Of that true type hath *Tarquin* rifled me. 1050

'O, that is gone for which I sought to live,  
And therefore now I need not fear to die.  
To clear this spot by death, at least I give  
A badge of fame to slander's livery;  
A dying life to living infamy:  
Poor helpless help, the treasure stol'n away,  
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay !

'Well, well, dear *Collatine*, thou shalt not know  
The stained taste of violated troth;  
I will not wrong thy true affection so, 1060  
To flatter thee with an infringed oath;  
This bastard graff shall never come to growth:  
He shall not boast who did thy stock pollute  
That thou art doting father of his fruit.

'Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,  
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;  
But thou shalt know thy interest was not  
bought

Basely with gold, but stol'n from forth thy gate.  
'For me, I am the mistress of my fate,  
And with my trespass never will dispense, 1070  
Till life to death acquit my forced offence.

'I will not poison thee with my attaint,  
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses;  
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,  
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses:  
My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes, like sluices,

As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,  
 Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure  
 tale.'

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended  
 The well-tuned warble of her nightly sorrow, 1080  
 And solemn night with slow sad gait descended  
 To ugly hell; when, lo, the blushing morrow  
 Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow:  
 But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,  
 And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,  
 And seems to point her out where she sits weeping;  
 To whom she sobbing speaks: 'O eye of eyes,  
 Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy  
 peeping:  
 Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are  
 sleeping: 1090  
 Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,  
 For day hath nought to do what's done by night.'

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees:  
 True grief is fond and testy as a child,  
 Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees:  
 Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild;  
 Continuance tames the one; the other wild,  
 Like an unpractised swimmer plunging still,  
 With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care, 1100  
 Holds disputation with each thing she views,  
 And to herself all sorrow doth compare;  
 No object but her passion's strength renews;  
 And as one shifts, another straight ensues:  
 Sometime her grief is dumb and hath no words;  
 Sometime 'tis mad and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy  
 Make her moans mad with their sweet melody:  
 For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;  
 Sad souls are slain in merry company; 1110  
 Grief best is pleased with grief's society:

True sorrow then is feelingly sufficed  
When with like semblance it is sympathized.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore;  
He ten times pines that pines beholding food;  
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more;  
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good;  
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,

Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'er-  
flows;

Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows. 1120

'You mocking birds,' quoth she, 'your tunes  
entomb

Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts,  
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb:

My restless discord loves no stops nor rests;

A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests:

Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;

Distress likes dumps when time is kept with  
tears.

'Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,

Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair:

As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,

So I at each sad strain will strain a tear, 1131

And with deep groans the diapason bear;

For burden-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,

While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill.

'And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,

To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,

To imitate thee well, against my heart

Will fix a sharp knife to affright mine eye;

Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.

These means, as frets upon an instrument, 1140

Shall tune our heart-strings to true languish-  
ment.

'And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,

As shaming any eye should thee behold,

Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,

That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,

Will we find out; and there we will unfold  
To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their  
kinds:  
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle  
minds.'

As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,  
Wildly determining which way to fly, 1150  
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,  
That cannot tread the way out readily;  
So with herself is she in mutiny,  
To live or die which of the twain were better,  
When life is shamed, and death reproach's  
debtor.

'To kill myself,' quoth she, 'alack, what were it,  
But with my body my poor soul's pollution?  
They that lose half with greater patience bear it  
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.  
That mother tries a merciless conclusion 1160  
Who, having two sweet babes, when death  
takes one,  
Will slay the other and be nurse to none.

'My body or my soul, which was the dearer,  
When the one pure, the other made divine?  
Whose love of either to myself was nearer,  
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine?  
Ay me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,  
His leaves will wither and his sap decay;  
So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

'Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted, 1170  
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy;  
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,  
Grossly engirt with daring infamy:  
Then let it not be call'd impiety,  
If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole  
Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

'Yet die I will not till my Collatine  
Have heard the cause of my untimely death;  
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,

Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.  
My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath, 1181  
Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,  
And as his due writ in my testament.

'My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife  
That wounds my body so dishonoured.  
'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life;  
The one will live, the other being dead:  
So of shame's ashes shall my frame be bred;  
For in my death I murder shameful scorn:  
My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

'Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost, 1191  
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?  
My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,  
By whose example thou revenged mayst be.  
How Tarquin must be used, read it in me:  
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,  
And for my sake serve thou false Tarquin so.

'This brief abridgement of my will I make:  
My soul and body to the skies and ground;  
My resolution, husband, do thou take; 1200  
Mine honour be the knife's that makes my wound;  
My shame be his that did my fame confound;  
And all my fame that lives disbursed be  
To those that live, and think no shame of me.

'Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will;  
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it!  
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill;  
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.  
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say "So be it:"  
Yield to my hand; my hand shall conquer thee:  
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.'

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,  
And wiped the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,  
With untuned tongue she hoarsely calls her maid,  
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies:  
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers  
flies.

Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so  
As winter meads when sun doth melt their  
snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,  
With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty,  
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow, 1221  
For why her face wore sorrow's livery;  
But durst not ask of her audaciously  
Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,  
Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,  
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye;  
Even so the maid with swelling drops gan wet  
Her circled eyne, enforced by sympathy  
Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky, 1230  
Who in a salt-waved ocean quench their light,  
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy  
night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,  
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling:  
One justly weeps; the other takes in hand  
No cause, but company, of her drops spilling:  
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing;  
Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,  
And then they drown their eyes or break their  
hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen, minds, 1240  
And therefore are they form'd as marble will;  
The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange  
kinds  
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill:  
Then call them not the authors of their ill,  
No more than wax shall be accounted evil  
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,  
Lays open all the little worms that creep;  
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain  
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep: 1250



Through crystal walls each little mote will peep:  
 Though men can cover crimes with bold stern  
 looks,  
 Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,  
 But chide rough winter that the flower hath  
 kill'd:  
 Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,  
 Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild  
 Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd  
 With men's abuses: those proud lords, to blame,  
 Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view, 1261  
 Assail'd by night with circumstances strong  
 Of present death, and shame that might ensue  
 By that her death, to do her husband wrong:  
 Such danger to resistance did belong,  
 That dying fear through all her body spread;  
 And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak  
 To the poor counterfeit of her complaining:  
 'My girl,' quoth she, 'on what occasion break  
 Those tears from thee, that down thy cheek are  
 raining? 1271  
 If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,  
 Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood:  
 If tears could help, mine own would do me  
 good.

'But tell me, girl, when went'—and there she  
 stay'd  
 Till after a deep groan—'Tarquin from hence?'  
 'Madam, ere I was up,' replied the maid,  
 'The more to blame my sluggard negligence:  
 Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense;  
 Myself was stirring ere the break of day, 1280  
 And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

'But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,  
 She would request to know your heaviness.'

'O, peace!' quoth Lucrece: 'if it should be told,  
The repetition cannot make it less;  
For more it is than I can well express:  
And that deep torture may be call'd a hell  
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

'Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen:  
Yet save that labour, for I have them here. 1290  
What should I say? One of my husband's men  
Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear  
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear:  
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it;  
The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ.'

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,  
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill:  
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;  
What wit sets down is blotted straight with will;  
This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill: 1300  
Much like a press of people at a door,  
Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: 'Thou worthy lord  
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,  
Health to thy person! next vouchsafe t' afford—  
If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see—  
Some present speed to come and visit me.  
So, I commend me from our house in grief:  
My woes are tedious, though my words are  
brief.'

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe, 1310  
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.  
By this short schedule Collatine may know  
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality:  
She dares not thereof make discovery,  
Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,  
Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd  
excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion  
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her:

When sighs and groans and tears may grace the  
fashion

Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her 1320  
From that suspicion which the world might bear  
her.

To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter  
With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told;  
For then the eye interprets to the ear  
The heavy motion that it doth behold,  
When every part a part of woe doth bear.

'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear:

Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow  
fords,

And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of  
words. 1330

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ  
'At Ardea to my lord with more than haste.'

The post attends, and she delivers it,  
Charging the sour-faced groom to hie as fast  
As lagging fowls before the northern blast:

Speed more than speed but dull and slow she  
deems:

Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain court'sies to her low;  
And, blushing on her, with a steadfast eye

Receives the scroll without or yea or no, 1340

And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.

But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie

Imagine every eye beholds their blame;

For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her  
shame

When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect  
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.

Such harmless creatures have a true respect  
To talk in deeds, while others saucily

Promise more speed, but do it leisurely:

Even so this pattern of the worn-out age 1350

Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,  
 That two red fires in both their faces blazed;  
 She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's  
 lust,

And, blushing with him, wistly\* on him gazed;  
 Her earnest eye did make him more amazed:

The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,  
 The more she thought he spied in her some  
 blemish.

\*Wistfully.

But long she thinks till he return again,  
 And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone. 1360  
 The weary time she cannot entertain,  
 For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan:  
 So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,  
 That she her plaints a little while doth stay,  
 Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece  
 Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy;  
 Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,  
 For Helen's rape the city to destroy,  
 Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy; 1370  
 Which the conceited painter drew so proud,  
 As heaven, it seem'd, to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,  
 In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life:  
 Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,  
 Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife:  
 The red blood reek'd, to show the painter's strife;  
 And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,  
 Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioner\* 1380  
 Begrimed with sweat, and smeared all with dust;  
 And from the towers of Troy there would appear  
 The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,  
 Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust: \*Pioneer,  
 Such sweet observance in this work was had,  
 That one might see those far-off eyes look sad,

In great commanders grace and majesty  
 You might behold, triumphing in their faces;  
 In youth, quick bearing and dexterity;  
 And here and there the painter interlaces 1390  
 Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces;  
 Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,  
 That one would swear he saw them quake and  
 tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art  
 Of physiognomy might one behold!  
 The face of either cipher'd either's heart;  
 Their face their manners most expressly told:  
 In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;  
 But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent 1399  
 Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,  
 As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight;  
 Making such sober action with his hand,  
 That it beguiled attention, charm'd the sight:  
 In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,  
 Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly  
 Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,  
 Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice;  
 All jointly listening, but with several graces, 1410  
 As if some mermaid did their ears entice,  
 Some high, some low, the painter was so nice;  
 The scalps of many, almost hid behind,  
 To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,  
 His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear;  
 Here one being throng'd bears back, all boll'n\* and  
 red; \*Swollen.  
 Another smother'd seems to pelt and swear;  
 And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,  
 As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words, 1420  
 It seem'd they would debate with angry swords,

For much imaginary work was there;  
 Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,  
 That for Achilles' image stood his spear,  
 Griped in an armed hand; himself, behind,  
 Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind:  
     A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,  
     Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy  
 When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to  
     field, 1430  
 Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy  
 To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;  
 And to their hope they such odd action yield,  
     That through their light joy seemed to appear,  
     Like bright things stain'd, a kind of heavy fear.

And from the strand of Dardan, where they  
     fought,  
 To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,  
 Whose waves to imitate the battle sought  
 With swelling ridges; and their ranks began  
 To break upon the galled shore, and than 1440  
     Retire again, till, meeting greater ranks,  
     They join and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,  
 To find a face where all distress is stell'd.\* \*Fixed.  
 Many she sees where cares have carved some,  
 But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,  
 Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,  
     Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,  
     Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomized 1450  
 Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign:  
 Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were dis-  
     guised;  
 Of what she was no semblance did remain:  
 Her blue blood changed to black in every vein,  
     Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had  
     fed,  
 Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,  
 And shapes her sorrow to the beldam's woes,  
 Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,  
 And bitter words to ban\* her cruel foes:      \*Curse.  
 The painter was no god to lend her those;      1461  
 And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,  
 To give her so much grief and not a tongue.

'Poor instrument,' quoth she, 'without a sound,  
 I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue;  
 And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,  
 And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong;  
 And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long;  
 And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes  
 Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.      1470

'Show me the strumpet that began this stir,  
 That with my nails her beauty I may tear.  
 Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur  
 This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear:  
 Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here;  
 And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,  
 The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter die.

'Why should the private pleasure of some one  
 Become the public plague of many moe?\*'      \*More.  
 Let sin, alone committed, light alone      1480  
 Upon his head that hath transgressed so;  
 Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe:  
 For one's offence why should so many fall,  
 To plague a private sin in general?

'Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,  
 Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swoonds,  
 Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,  
 And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,  
 And one man's lust these many lives confounds:  
 Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire, 1490  
 Troy had been bright with fame and not with  
 fire.'

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes:  
 For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,

Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;  
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell:  
So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell  
    To pencill'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow;  
    She lends them words, and she their looks doth  
    borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting round,  
And whom she finds forlorn she doth lament.  
At last she sees a wretched image bound, 1501  
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent:  
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content;  
    Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,  
    So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill  
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show  
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,  
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe;  
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so 1510  
    That blushing red no guilty instance gave,  
    Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,  
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,  
And therein so ensconced his secret evil,  
That jealousy itself could not mistrust  
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust  
    Into so bright a day such black-faced storms,  
    Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew  
For perjured Sinon, whose enchanting story 1521  
The credulous old Priam after slew;  
Whose words like wildfire burnt the shining glory  
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,  
    And little stars shot from their fixed places,  
    When their glass fell wherein they view'd their  
    faces.

This picture she advisedly perused,  
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill,  
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abused;



So fair a form lodged not a mind so ill: 1530  
And still on him she gazed; and gazing still,  
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,  
That she concludes the picture was belied.

'It cannot be,' quoth she, 'that so much guile'—  
She would have said 'can lurk in such a look;'  
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,  
And from her tongue 'can lurk' from 'cannot' took:  
'It cannot be' she in that sense forsook,  
And turn'd it thus, 'It cannot be, I find,  
But such a face should bear a wicked mind:

'For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,  
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,  
As if with grief or travail he had fainted,  
To me came Tarquin armed; so beguiled  
With outward honesty, but yet defiled  
With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,  
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

'Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,  
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds!  
Priam, why art thou old and yet not wise? 1550  
For every tear he falls a Trojan bleeds:  
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds;  
Those round clear pearls of his, that move thy  
pity,  
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

'Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;  
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,  
And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell;  
These contraries such unity do hold,  
Only to flatter fools and make them bold:  
So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter,  
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.'

Here, all enraged, such passion her assails,  
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.  
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,  
Comparing him to that unhappy guest  
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest:

At last she smilingly with this gives o'er;  
 'Fool, fool!' quoth she, 'his wounds will not be  
 sore.'

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,  
 And time doth weary time with her complaining.  
 She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,  
 And both she thinks too long with her remaining:  
 Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustain-  
 ing;  
 Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps;  
 And they that watch see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,  
 That she with painted images hath spent;  
 Being from the feeling of her own grief brought  
 By deep surmise of others' detriment;  
 Losing her woes in shows of discontent. 1580  
 It easeth some, though none it ever cured,  
 To think their dolour others have endured.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,  
 Brings home his lord and other company;  
 Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black:  
 And round about her tear-distained eye  
 Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky:  
 These water-galls\* in her dim element  
 Foretell new storms to those already spent.  
 \*Secondary rainbow.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,  
 Amazedly in her sad face he stares: 1591  
 Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and  
 raw,  
 Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.  
 He hath no power to ask her how she fares:  
 Both stood, like old acquaintance in a trance,  
 Met far from home, wondering each other's  
 chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,  
 And thus begins: 'What uncouth ill event  
 Hath thee befall'n, that thou dost trembling stand?

Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent?  
 Why art thou thus attired in discontent? 1601  
 Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,  
 And tell thy grief, that we may give redress.'

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,  
 Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:  
 At length address'd to answer his desire,  
 She modestly prepares to let them know  
 Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe;  
 While Collatine and his consorted lords  
 With sad attention long to hear her words. 1610

And now this pale swan in her watery nest  
 Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending;  
 'Few words,' quoth she, 'shall fit the trespass best,  
 Where no excuse can give the fault amending:  
 In me moe\* woes than words are now depending;  
 And my laments would be drawn out too long,  
 To tell them all with one poor tired tongue. \*More.

'Then be this all the task it hath to say:  
 Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed  
 A stranger came, and on that pillow lay 1620  
 Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;  
 And what wrong else may be imagined  
 By foul enforcement might be done to me,  
 From that, alas, thy Lucrece is not free.

'For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,  
 With shining falchion in my chamber came  
 A creeping creature, with a flaming light,  
 And softly cried "Awake, thou Roman dame,  
 And entertain my love; else lasting shame  
 On thee and thine this night I will inflict, 1630  
 If thou my love's desire do contradict.

'“For some hard-favour'd groom of thine,” quoth  
 he,  
 “Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,  
 I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee  
 And swear I found you where you did fulfil  
 The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill

The lechers in their deed: this act will be  
My fame and thy perpetual infamy."

'With this, I did begin to start and cry;  
And then against my heart he sets his sword, 1640  
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,  
I should not live to speak another word;  
So should my shame still rest upon record,  
And never be forgot in mighty Rome  
Th' adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

'Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,  
And far the weaker with so strong a fear:  
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;  
No rightful plea might plead for justice there:  
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear 1650  
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes;  
And when the judge is robb'd the prisoner  
dies.

'O, teach me how to make mine own excuse!  
Or at the least this refuge let me find;  
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,  
Immaculate and spotless is my mind;  
That was not forced; that never was inclined  
To accessory yieldings, but still pure  
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.'

Lo, here, the hopeless merchant of this loss, 1660  
With head declined, and voice damm'd up with  
woe,  
With sad set eyes, and wretched arms across,  
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow  
The grief away that stops his answer so:  
But, wretched as he is, he strives in vain;  
What he breathes out his breath drinks up  
again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide  
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste,  
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride  
Back to the strait that forced him on so fast; 1670  
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past:

Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,  
To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth,  
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:  
'Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth.  
Another power; no flood by raining slaketh  
My woe too sensible thy passion maketh  
More feeling-painful: let it then suffice 1679  
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

'And for my sake, when I might charm thee so  
For she that was thy Lucrece, now attend me:  
Be suddenly revenged on my foe,  
Thine, mine, his own: suppose thou dost defend me  
From what is past: the help that thou shalt lend me  
Come all too late, yet let the traitor die;  
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

'But ere I name him, you fair lords,' quoth she,  
Speaking to those that came with Collatine,  
'Shall plight your honourable faiths to me, 1690  
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine;  
For 'tis a meritorious fair design  
To chase injustice with revengeful arms:  
Knights, by their oaths, **should** right poor  
ladies' harms.'

At this request, with noble disposition  
Each present lord began to promise aid,  
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,  
Longing to hear the hateful foe betray'd.  
But she, that yet her sad task hath not said, 1699  
The protestation stops. 'O, speak,' quoth she,  
'How may this forced stain be wiped from me?

'What is the quality of mine offence,  
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?  
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,  
My low-declined honour to advance?  
May any terms acquit me from this chance?  
The poison'd fountain clears itself again;  
And why not I from this compelled stain?'

With this, they all at once began to say,  
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears; 1710  
While with a joyless smile she turns away  
The face, that map which deep impression bears  
Of hard misfortune, carved in it with tears.

'No, no,' quoth she, 'no dame, hereafter living,  
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.'

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,  
Shethrows forth Tarquin's name: 'He, he,' she says,  
But more than 'he' her poor tongue could not  
speak;

Till after many accents and delays,  
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays, 1720  
She utters this, 'He, he, fair lords, 'tis he,  
That guides this hand to give this wound to me.'

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast  
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheathed:  
That blow did bail it from the deep unrest  
Of that polluted prison where it breathed:  
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathed  
Her winged sprite, and through her wounds  
doth fly  
Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed, 1730  
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew;  
Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,  
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw;  
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew  
The murderous knife, and, as it left the place,  
Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide  
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood  
Circles her body in on every side,  
Who, like a late-sack'd island, vastly\* stood 1740  
Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.

Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,  
And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin  
stain'd.

\*Like a waste.

About the mourning and congealed face  
 Of that black blood a watery rigol\* goes,      \*Circle.  
 Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:  
 And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,  
 Corrupted blood some watery token shows;  
     And blood untainted still doth red abide,  
     Blushing at that which is so putrified.      1750

'Daughter, dear daughter,' old Lucretius cries,  
 'That life was mine which thou hast here de-  
     prived.

If in the child the father's image lies,  
 Where shall I live now Lucrece is unliv'd? \*  
 Thou wast not to this end from me derived.  
     If children pre-decease progenitors,      \*Bereft of life.  
     We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

'Poor broken glass, I often did behold  
 In thy sweet semblance my old age new born;  
 But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,      1760  
 Shows me a bare-boned death by time outworn:  
 O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn,  
     And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,  
     That I no more can see what once I was!

'O time, cease thou thy course and last no longer,  
 If they surcease to be that should survive.  
 Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger  
 And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?  
 The old bees die, the young possess their hive:  
     Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again and see  
     Thy father die, and not thy father thee!'      1771

By this, starts Collatine as from a dream,  
 And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;  
 And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream  
 He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,  
 And counterfeits to die with her a space;  
     Till manly shame bids him possess his breath  
     And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul  
 Hath served a dumb arrest upon his tongue;      1780

Who, mad that sorrow should his use control,  
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,  
Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng  
Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's  
aid,  
That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime 'Tarquin' was pronounced plain,  
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.  
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,  
Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;  
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er: 1790  
Then son and father weep with equal strife  
Who should weep most, for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,  
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.  
The father says 'She's mine.' 'O, mine she is,'  
Replies her husband: 'do not take away  
My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say  
He weeps for her, for she was only mine,  
And only must be wail'd by Collatine.'

'O,' quoth Lucretius, 'I did give that life 1800  
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.'  
'Woe, woe,' quoth Collatine, 'she was my wife,  
I owed\* her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd.'  
'My daughter' and 'my wife' with clamours  
fill'd \*Possessed.  
The dispersed air, who, holding Lucrece' life,  
Answer'd their cries, 'my daughter' and 'my  
wife.'

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,  
Seeing such emulation in their woe,  
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,  
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show. 1810  
He with the Romans was esteemed so  
As silly-jeering idiots are with kings,  
For sportive words and uttering foolish things:

But now he throws that shallow habit by,  
Wherein deep policy did him disguise;



And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,  
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.  
'Thou wronged lord of Rome,' quoth he, 'arise:  
Let my unsounded self, supposed a fool,  
Now set thy long-experienced wit to school.

'Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe? 1821  
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous  
deeds?

Is it revenge to give thyself a blow  
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?  
Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds:

Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,  
To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

'Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart  
In such relenting dew of lamentations;  
But kneel with me and help to bear thy part,  
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations, 1831  
That they will suffer these abominations,  
Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgraced,  
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets  
chased.

'Now, by the Capitol that we adore,  
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain'd,  
By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's  
store,  
By all our country rights in Rome maintain'd,  
And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complain'd  
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,  
We will revenge the death of this true wife.'

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,  
And kiss'd the fatal knife, to end his vow;  
And to his protestation urged the rest,  
Who, wondering at him, did his words allow:  
Then jointly to the ground their knees they  
bow;  
And that deep vow, which Brutus made before,  
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,  
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence;  
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome, 1851  
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence:  
Which being done with speedy diligence,  
The Romans plausibly did give consent  
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.



# SONNETS.



# SONNETS.

TO THE ONLIE BEGETTER OF  
THESE INSUING SONNETS  
MR. W. H. ALL HAPPINESSE  
AND THAT ETERNITIE  
PROMISED BY  
OUR EVER-LIVING POET  
WISHETH  
THE WELL-WISHING  
ADVENTURER IN  
SETTING  
FORTH

T. T.

## I.

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,  
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,  
But as the riper should by time decease,  
His tender heir might bear his memory:  
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,  
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel  
Making a famine where abundance lies,  
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.  
'Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament  
And only herald to the gaudy spring,  
Within thine own bud buriest thy content  
And, tender churl, makest waste in niggarding.  
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,  
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

## II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,  
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,

Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,  
 Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:  
 Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,  
 Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,  
 To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,  
 Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.  
 How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,  
 If thou couldst answer 'This fair child of mine  
 Shall sum my count and make my old excuse,'  
 Proving his beauty by succession thine!

This were to be new made when thou art old,  
 And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

## III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest  
 Now is the time that face should form another;  
 Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,  
 Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.  
 For where is she so fair whose unear'd\* womb  
 Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry? \*Unploughed.  
 Or who is he so fond will be the tomb  
 Of his self-love, to stop posterity?  
 Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee  
 Calls back the lovely April of her prime:  
 So thou through windows of thine age shalt see  
 Despite of wrinkles this thy golden time.

But if thou live, remember'd not to be,  
 Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

## IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend  
 Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?  
 Nature's bequest gives nothing but doth lend,  
 And being frank she lends to those are free.  
 Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse  
 The bounteous largess given thee to give?  
 Profitless usurer, why dost thou use  
 So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?  
 For having traffic with thyself alone,  
 Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.  
 Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,  
 What acceptable audit canst thou leave?

Thy unused beauty must be tomb'd with thee,  
Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

## V.

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame  
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell  
Will play the tyrants to the very same  
And that unfair\* which fairly doth excel;  
For never-resting time leads summer on  
To hideous winter and confounds him there;  
Sap check'd with frost and lusty leaves quite  
gone,

\*Deprive of beauty.

Beauty o'ersnow'd and bareness every where:  
Then, were not summer's distillation left,  
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,  
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,  
Nor it nor no remembrance what it was:  
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter  
meet,  
Leeset† but their show; their substance still lives  
sweet.

†Lose.

## VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface  
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:  
Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place  
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.  
That use\* is not forbidden usury      \*Interest.  
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;  
That's for thyself to breed another thee,  
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;  
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,  
If ten of thine ten times refigured thee:  
Then what could death do, if thou shouldst de-  
part,  
Leaving thee living in posterity?  
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair  
To be death's conquest and make worms thine  
heir.

## VII.

Lo! in the orient when the gracious light  
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye



Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,  
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;  
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,  
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,  
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,  
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;  
But when from highmost pitch, with weary car,  
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,  
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are  
From his low tract and look another way:  
So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,  
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

## VIII.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?  
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.  
Why lovest thou that which thou receivest not  
gladly,  
Or else receivest with pleasure thine annoy?  
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,  
By unions married, do offend thine ear,  
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds  
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.  
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,  
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering,  
Resembling sire and child and happy mother  
Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:  
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming  
one,  
Sings this to thee: 'thou single wilt prove none.'

## IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye  
That thou consumest thyself in single life?  
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,  
The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife;  
The world will be thy widow and still weep  
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,  
When every private widow well may keep  
By children's eyes her husband's shape in mind.  
Look, what an unthrif in the world doth spend  
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;

But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,  
And kept unused, the user so destroys it.  
No love toward others in that bosom sits  
That on himself such murderous shame commits.

## X.

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,  
Who for thyself art so unprovident.  
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many,  
But that thou none lovest is most evident;  
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate  
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,  
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate  
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.  
O, change thy thought, that I may change my  
mind!  
Shall hate be fairer lodged than gentle love?  
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,  
Or to thyself at least kind-hearted prove:  
Make thee another self, for love of me,  
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

## XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou growest  
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;  
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestowest  
Thou mayst call thine when thou from youth convertest.  
Herein lives wisdom, beauty and increase;  
Without this, folly, age and cold decay:  
If all were minded so, the times should cease  
And threescore year would make the world away.  
Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,  
Harsh featureless and rude, barrenly perish:  
Look, whom she best endow'd she gave the more;  
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish:  
She carved thee for her seal, and meant thereby  
Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

## XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,  
 And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;  
 When I behold the violet past prime,  
 And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white;  
 When lofty trees I see barren of leaves  
 Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,  
 And summer's green all girded up in sheaves  
 Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,  
 Then of thy beauty do I question make,  
 That thou among the wastes of time must go,  
 Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake  
 And die as fast as they see others grow;  
     And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make  
         defence  
     Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee  
         hence.

## XIII.

O, that you were yourself! but, love, you are,  
 No longer yours than you yourself here live:  
 Against this coming end you should prepare,  
 And your sweet semblance to some other give.  
 So should that beauty which you hold in lease  
 Find no determination; then you were  
 Yourself again after yourself's decease,  
 When your sweet issue your sweet form should  
     bear.  
 Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,  
 Which husbandry in honour might uphold  
 Against the stormy gusts of winter's day  
 And barren rage of death's eternal cold?  
     O, none but unthrifths! Dear my love, you know  
     You had a father: let your son say so.

## XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgement pluck;  
 And yet methinks I have astronomy,  
 But not to tell of good or evil luck,  
 Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality;  
 Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,

Pointing to each his thunder, rain and wind,  
 Or say with princes if it shall go well,  
 By oft predict that I in heaven find:  
 But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,  
 And, constant stars, in them I read such art  
 As truth and beauty shall together thrive,  
 If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert;  
 Or else of thee this I prognosticate:  
 Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

## XV.

When I consider every thing that grows  
 Holds in perfection but a little moment,  
 That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows  
 Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;  
 When I perceive that men as plants increase,  
 Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky,  
 Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,  
 And wear their brave state out of memory;  
 Then the conceit of this inconstant stay  
 Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,  
 Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,  
 To change your day of youth to sullied night;  
 And all in war with Time for love of you,  
 As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

## XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way  
 Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?  
 And fortify yourself in your decay  
 With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?  
 Now stand you on the top of happy hours,  
 And many maiden gardens yet unset  
 With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers,  
 Much liker than your painted counterfeit:  
 So should the lines of life that life repair,  
 Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,  
 Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,  
 Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.  
 To give away yourself keeps yourself still,  
 And you must live, drawn by your own sweet  
 skill.

## XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,  
 If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?  
 Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb  
 Which hides your life and shows not half your parts.  
 If I could write the beauty of your eyes  
 And in fresh numbers number all your graces,  
 The age to come would say 'This poet lies;  
 Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.'  
 So should my papers yellow'd with their age  
 Be scorn'd like old men of less truth than tongue,  
 And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage  
 And stretched metre of an antique song:  
     But were some child of yours alive that time,  
     You should live twice; in it and in my rhyme.

## XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date:  
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;  
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
 By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd,\*  
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade  
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;  
 Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade;  
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest:  
     So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,  
     So long lives this and this gives life to thee.

\*Spoiled of grace.

## XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,  
 And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;  
 Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,  
 And burn the long-lived phoenix in her blood;  
 Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,  
 And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,  
 To the wide world and all her fading sweets;  
 But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:

O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,  
 Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;  
 Him in thy course untainted do allow  
 For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.

Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,  
 My love shall in my verse ever live young.

## XX.

A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted  
 Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;  
 A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted  
 With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;  
 An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,  
 Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;  
 A man in hue, all 'hues' in his controlling,  
 Which steals men's eyes and women's souls  
 amazeth.

And for a woman wert thou first created;  
 Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,  
 And by addition me of thee defeated,  
 By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.

But since she prick'd thee out for women's  
 pleasure,  
 Mine be thy love and thy love's use their treasure.

## XXI.

So is it not with me as with that Muse  
 Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,  
 Who heaven itself for ornament doth use  
 And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;  
 Making a couplement\* of proud compare, \*Union.  
 With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,  
 With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare  
 That heaven's air in this huge rondure† hems.

O, let me, true in love, but truly write, †Enclosure.  
 And then believe me, my love is as fair  
 As any mother's child, though not so bright  
 As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:

Let them say more that like of hearsay well;  
 I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

## XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,  
 So long as youth and thou are of one date;  
 But when in thee time's furrows I behold,  
 Then look I death my days should expiate.  
 For all that beauty that doth cover thee  
 Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,  
 Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me:  
 How can I then be elder than thou art?  
 O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary  
 As I, not for myself, but for thee will;  
 Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary  
 As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.  
 Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;  
 Thou gavest me thine, not to give back again.

## XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage  
 Who with his fear is put besides his part,  
 Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,  
 Whose strength's abundance weakens his own  
 heart,  
 So I, for fear of trust, forget to say  
 The perfect ceremony of love's rite,  
 And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,  
 O'ercharged with burden of mine own love's might.  
 O, let my books be then the eloquence  
 And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,  
 Who plead for love and look for recompense  
 More than that tongue that more hath more ex-  
 press'd.  
 O, learn to read what silent love hath writ:  
 To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

## XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath stell'd\*  
 Thy beauty's form in tablet† of my heart;  
 My body is the frame wherein 'tis held, †Tablet.  
 And perspective it is best painter's art.  
 For through the painter must you see his skill,  
 To find where your true image pictured lies;

Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,  
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.  
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:  
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me  
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun  
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;  
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art;  
They draw but what they see, know not the  
heart.

## XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars  
Of public honour and proud titles boast,  
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,  
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.  
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread  
But as the marigold at the sun's eye,  
And in themselves their pride lies buried,  
For at a frown they in their glory die.  
The painful warrior famoused for fight,  
After a thousand victories once foil'd,  
Is from the book of honour razed quite,  
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:  
Then happy I, that love and am beloved  
Where I may not remove nor be removed.

## XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage  
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,  
To thee I send this written embassy,  
To witness duty, not to show my wit:  
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine  
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,  
But that I hope some good conceit of thine  
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it;  
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving  
Points on me graciously with fair aspect  
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,  
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:  
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;  
Till then not show my head where thou mayst  
prove me.



## XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,  
 The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;  
 But then begins a journey in my head,  
 To work my mind, when body's work's expired:  
 For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,  
 Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,  
 And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,  
 Looking on darkness which the blind do see:  
 Save that my soul's imaginary sight  
 Presents thy shadows to my sightless view,  
 Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,  
 Makes black night beauteous and her old face new.  
 Lo! thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,  
 For thee and for myself no quiet find.

## XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,  
 That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?  
 When day's oppression is not eased by night,  
 But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd?  
 And each, though enemies to either's reign,  
 Do in consent shake hands to torture me;  
 'The one by toil, the other to complain  
 How far I toil, still farther off from thee.  
 I tell the day, to please him thou art bright  
 And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:  
 So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night,  
 When sparkling stars twire\* not thou gild'st the  
 even. \*Twinkle.  
 But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer  
 And night doth nightly make grief's strength  
 seem stronger.

## XXIX.

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  
 I all alone beweepe my outcast state  
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries  
 And look upon myself and curse my fate,  
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
 Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,

Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,  
With what I most enjoy contented least;  
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,  
Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;  
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth  
brings  
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

## XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
I summon up remembrance of things past,  
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:  
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,  
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,  
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,  
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight:  
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,  
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,  
Which I new pay as if not paid before.  
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,  
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

## XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,  
Which I by lacking have supposed dead,  
And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,  
And all those friends which I thought buried.  
How many a holy and obsequious tear  
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye  
As interest of the dead, which now appear  
But things removed that hidden in thee lie!  
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,  
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,  
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;  
That due of many now is thine alone:  
Their images I loved I view in thee,  
And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

## XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,  
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall  
    cover,  
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey  
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,  
Compare them with the bettering of the time,  
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,  
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,  
Exceeded by the height of happier men.  
O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:  
'Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing  
    age,  
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,  
To march in ranks of better equipage:  
    But since he died and poets better prove,  
    Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.'

## XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,  
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,  
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;  
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride  
With ugly rack on his celestial face,  
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,  
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:  
Even so my sun one early morn did shine  
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;  
But out, alack! he was but one hour mine;  
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.  
    Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;  
    Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun  
    staineth.

## XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day  
And make me travel forth without my cloak,  
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,  
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?  
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,  
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,

For no man well of such a salve can speak  
That heals the wound and cures not the disgrace:  
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;  
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:  
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief  
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.  
Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love  
    sheds,  
And they are rich and ransom all ill deeds.

## XXXV.

No more be grieved at that which thou hast done:  
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;  
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,  
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.  
All men make faults, and even I in this,  
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,  
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,  
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are;  
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense—  
'Thy adverse party is thy advocate—  
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence:  
Such civil war is in my love and hate  
    That I an accessory needs must be  
    To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

## XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,  
Although our undivided loves are one:  
So shall those blots that do with me remain  
Without thy help by me be borne alone.  
In our two loves there is but one respect,  
'Though in our lives a separable spite,  
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,  
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.  
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,  
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,  
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,  
Unless thou take that honour from thy name:  
    But do not so; I love thee in such sort  
    As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report,

## XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight  
To see his active child do deeds of youth,  
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,  
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.  
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,  
Or any of these all, or all, or more,  
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,  
I make my love engrafted to this store:  
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despised,  
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give  
That I in thy abundance am sufficed  
And by a part of all thy glory live.

Look, what is best, that best I wish in thee:  
This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

## XXXVIII.

How can my Muse want subject to invent,  
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse  
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent  
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?  
O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me  
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;  
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,  
When thou thyself dost give invention light?  
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth  
Than those old nine which rhymers invoke;  
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth  
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.

If my slight Muse do please these curious days,  
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

## XXXIX.

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,  
When thou art all the better part of me?  
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?  
And what is't but mine own when I praise thee?  
Even for this let us divided live,  
And our dear love lose name of single one,  
That by this separation I may give  
That due to thee which thou deservest alone.

O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,  
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave  
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,  
Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,  
And that thou teachest how to make one twain,  
By praising him here who doth hence remain!

## XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;  
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?  
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call;  
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.  
Then if for my love thou my love receivest,  
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest;  
But yet be blamed, if thou thyself deceivest  
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.  
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,  
Although thou steal thee all my poverty;  
And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief  
To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.  
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,  
Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

## XLI.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,  
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,  
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,  
For still temptation follows where thou art.  
Gentle thou art and therefore to be won,  
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assailed;  
And when a woman woos, what woman's son  
Will sourly leave her till she have prevailed?  
Ay me! but yet thou mightst my seat forbear,  
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,  
Who lead thee in their riot even there  
Where thou art forced to break a twofold truth,  
Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,  
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

## XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,  
And yet it may be said I loved her dearly;

That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,  
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.  
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:  
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her;  
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,  
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.  
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,  
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;  
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,  
And both for my sake lay on me this cross:  
But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;  
Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone.

## XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,  
For all the day they view things unrespected;  
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,  
And darkly bright are bright in dark directed.  
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make  
bright,  
How would thy shadow's form form happy show  
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,  
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!  
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made  
By looking on thee in the living day,  
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade  
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay!  
All days are nights to see till I see thee,  
And nights bright days when dreams do show  
thee me.

## XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,  
Injurious distance should not stop my way;  
For then despite of space I would be brought,  
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.  
No matter then although my foot did stand  
Upon the farthest earth removed from thee;  
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land  
As soon as think the place where he would be.  
But, ah! thought kills me that I am not thought,  
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,

But that so much of earth and water wrought  
I must attend time's leisure with my moan,  
Receiving nought by elements so slow  
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

## XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,  
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;  
The first my thought, the other my desire,  
These present-absent with swift motion slide.  
For when these quicker elements are gone  
In tender embassy of love to thee,  
My life, being made of four, with two alone  
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;  
Until life's composition be recured  
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,  
Who even but now come back again, assured  
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:  
This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,  
I send them back again and straight grow sad.

## XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war  
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;  
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,  
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.  
My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,—  
A closet never pierced with crystal eyes—  
But the defendant doth that plea deny  
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.  
To 'cide this title is impanneled  
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart,  
And by their verdict is determined  
The clear eye's moiety and the dear heart's part:  
As thus; mine eye's due is thy outward part,  
And my heart's right thy inward love of heart.

## XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,  
And each doth good turns now unto the other:



When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,  
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,  
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast  
And to the painted banquet bids my heart;  
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest  
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:  
So, either by thy picture or my love,  
Thyself away art present still with me;  
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,  
And I am still with them and they with thee;  
Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight  
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

## XLVIII.

How careful was I, when I took my way,  
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,  
That to my use it might unused stay  
From hands of fashood, in sure wards of trust!  
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,  
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,  
Thou, best of dearest and mine only care,  
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.  
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,  
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,  
Within the gentle closure of my breast,  
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and  
part;  
And even thence thou wilt be stol'n, I fear,  
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

## XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,  
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,  
When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum,  
Call'd to that audit by advised respects;  
Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass  
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,  
When love, converted from the thing it was,  
Shall reasons find of settled gravity,—  
Against that time do I ensconce me here  
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,

And this my hand against myself uprear,  
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:  
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,  
Since why to love I can allege no cause.

## L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,  
When what I seek, my weary travel's end,  
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say  
'Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend!'  
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,  
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,  
As if by some instinct the wretch did know  
His rider loved not speed, being made from thee:  
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on  
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide;  
Which heavily he answers with a groan,  
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;  
For that same groan doth put this in my mind;  
My grief lies onward and my joy behind.

## LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence  
Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed:  
From where thou art why should I haste me  
thence?  
Till I return, of posting is no need.  
O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,  
When swift extremity can seem but slow?  
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind;  
In winged speed no motion shall I know:  
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;  
Therefore desire, of perfect'st love being made,  
Shall neigh—no dull flesh—in his fiery race;  
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade;  
Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,  
Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

## LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key  
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,

The which he will not every hour survey,  
 For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.  
 Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,  
 Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,  
 Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,  
 Or captain jewels in the carcanet.  
 So is the time that keeps you as my chest,  
 Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,  
 To make some special instant special blest,  
 By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.  
 Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,  
 Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

## LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,  
 That millions of strange shadows on you tend?  
 Since every one hath, every one, one shade,  
 And you, but one, can every shadow lend.  
 Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit  
 Is poorly imitated after you:  
 On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,  
 And you in Grecian tires are painted new:  
 Speak of the spring and foison\* of the year; \*Plenty.  
 The one doth shadow of your beauty show,  
 The other as your bounty doth appear;  
 And you in every blessed shape we know.  
 In all external grace you have some part,  
 But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

## LIV.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem  
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!  
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem  
 For that sweet odour which doth in it live.  
 The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye  
 As the perfumed tincture of the roses,  
 Hang on such thorns and play as wantonly  
 When summer's breath their masked buds dis-  
 closes:  
 But, for their virtue only is their show,  
 They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade,

Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;  
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:  
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,  
When that shall fade, my verse distills your truth.

## LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments  
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;  
But you shall shine more bright in these contents  
Than unswept stone besmear'd with sluttish time.  
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,  
And broils root out the work of masonry,  
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn  
The living record of your memory.  
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity  
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find  
room  
Even in the eyes of all posterity  
That wear this world out to the ending doom.  
So, till the judgement that yourself arise,  
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

## LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said  
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,  
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,  
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:  
So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill  
Thy hungry eyes even till they wink with fullness,  
To-morrow see again, and do not kill  
The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness.  
Let this sad interim like the ocean be  
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new  
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see  
Return of love, more blest may be the view;  
Else call it winter, which being full of care  
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd,  
more rare.

## LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend  
Upon the hours and times of your desire?

I have no precious time at all to spend,  
 Nor services to do, till you require.  
 Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour  
 Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,  
 Nor think the bitterness of absence sour  
 When you have bid your servant once adieu;  
 Nor dare I question with my jealous thought  
 Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,  
 But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought  
 Save, where you are how happy you make those.  
     So true a fool is love that in your will,  
     Though you do any thing, he thinks no ill.

## LVIII.

That god forbid that made me first your slave,  
 I should in thought control your times of pleasure,  
 Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,  
 Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!  
 O, let me suffer, being at your beck,  
 The imprison'd absence of your liberty;  
 And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,  
 Without accusing you of injury.  
 Be where you list, your charter is so strong  
 That you yourself may privilege your time  
 To what you will; to you it doth belong  
 Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.  
     I am to wait, though waiting so be hell;  
     Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

## LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that which is  
 Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled,  
 Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss  
 The second burthen of a former child!  
 O, that record could with a backward look,  
 Even of five hundred courses of the sun,  
 Show me your image in some antique book,  
 Since mind at first in character\* was done! \*Writing.  
 That I might see what the old world could say  
 To this composed wonder of your frame;  
 Whether we are mended, or whether better they,  
 Or whether revolution be the same.

O, sure I am, the wits of former days  
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

## LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,  
So do our minutes hasten to their end;  
Each changing place with that which goes before,  
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.  
Nativity, once in the main of light,  
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,  
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,  
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.  
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth  
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,  
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,  
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:  
†And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,  
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

## LXI.

Is it thy will thy image should keep open  
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?  
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,  
While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?  
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee  
So far from home into my deeds to pry,  
To find out shames and idle hours in me,  
The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?  
O, no! thy love, though much, is not so great;  
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;  
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,  
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:  
For thee watch I whilst thou dost wake else-  
where,  
From me far off, with others all too near.

## LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye  
And all my soul and all my every part;  
And for this sin there is no remedy,  
It is so groundèd inward in my heart.

Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,  
No shape so true, no truth of such account;  
And for myself mine own worth do define,  
As I all other in all worths surmount.  
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,  
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,  
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;  
Self so self-loving were iniquity.

'Tis thee, myself, that for myself I praise,  
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

## LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,  
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;  
When hours have drain'd his blood and fill'd his  
brow

With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn  
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night,  
And all those beauties whereof now he's king  
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,  
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;  
For such a time do I now fortify  
Against confounding age's cruel knife,  
That he shall never cut from memory  
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life:  
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,  
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

## LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced  
The rich proud cost of outworn buried age;  
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed  
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;  
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain  
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,  
And the firm soil win of the watery main,  
Increasing store with loss and loss with store;  
When I have seen such interchange of state,  
Or state itself confounded to decay;  
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminare,  
That Time will come and take my love away.

This thought is as a death, which cannot choose  
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

## LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless  
sea,  
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,  
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,  
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?  
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out  
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,  
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,  
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?  
O fearful meditation! where, alack,  
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?  
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?  
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?  
O, none, unless this miracle have might,  
That in black ink my love may still shine  
bright.

## LXVI.

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,  
As, to behold desert a beggar born,  
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,  
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,  
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,  
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,  
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,  
And strength by limping sway disabled,  
And art made tongue-tied by authority,  
And folly doctor-like controlling skill,  
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,  
And captive good attending captain ill:  
Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,  
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

## LXVII.

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,  
And with his presence grace impiety,  
That sin by him advantage should achieve  
And lace\* itself with his society? \*Embellish.  
Why should false painting imitate his cheek



And steal dead seeing of his living hue?  
 Why should poor beauty indirectly seek  
 Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?  
 Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,  
 Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?  
 For she hath no exchequer now but his,  
 And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.

O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had  
 In days long since, before these last so bad.

## LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,  
 When beauty lived and died as flowers do now,  
 Before these bastard signs of fair were born,  
 Or durst inhabit on a living brow;  
 Before the golden tresses of the dead,  
 The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,  
 To live a second life on second head;  
 Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:  
 In him those holy antique hours are seen,  
 Without all ornament, itself and true,  
 Making no summer of another's green,  
 Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;  
 And him as for a map doth Nature store,  
 To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

## LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view  
 Want nothing that the thought of hearts can  
     mend;  
 All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee that  
     due,  
 Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.  
 Thy outward thus with outward praise is crown'd;  
 But those same tongues that give thee so thine  
     own  
 In other accents do this praise confound  
 By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.  
 They look into the beauty of thy mind,  
 And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;  
 Then, churls, their thoughts, although their eyes  
     were kind,

To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:  
 But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,  
 The solve\* is this, that thou dost common grow.  
\*Solution.

## LXX.

That thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,  
 For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;  
 The ornament of beauty is suspect,\* \*Suspicion.  
 A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.  
 So thou be good, slander doth but approve  
 Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;  
 For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,  
 And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.  
 Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,  
 Either not assail'd or victor being charged;  
 Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,  
 To tie up envy evermore enlarged:  
 If some suspect\* of ill mask'd not thy show,  
 Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst  
 owe.

## LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead  
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell  
 Give warning to the world that I am fled  
 From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:  
 Nay, if you read this line, remember not  
 The hand that writ it; for I love you so  
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot  
 If thinking on me then should make you woe.  
 O, if, I say, you look upon this verse  
 When I perhaps compounded am with clay,  
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,  
 But let your love even with my life decay,  
 Lest the wise world should look into your moan  
 And mock you with me after I am gone.

## LXXII.

O, lest the world should task you to recite  
 What merit lived in me, that you should love  
 After my death, dear love, forget me quite,  
 For you in me can nothing worthy prove;

Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,  
 To do more for me than mine own desert,  
 And hang more praise upon deceased I  
 Than niggard truth would willingly impart:  
 O, lest your true love may seem false in this,  
 That you for love speak well of me untrue,  
 My name be buried where my body is,  
 And live no more to shame nor me nor you.  
     For I am shamed by that which I bring forth,  
     And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

## LXXIII.

That time of year thou mayst in me behold  
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds  
     sang.  
 In me thou see'st the twilight of such day  
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,  
 Which by and by black night doth take away,  
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.  
 In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire  
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,  
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire  
 Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.  
     This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more  
     strong,  
     To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

## LXXIV.

But be contented: when that fell arrest  
 Without all bail shall carry me away,  
 My life hath in this line some interest,  
 Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.  
 When thou reviewest this, thou dost review  
 The very part was consecrate to thee:  
 The earth can have but earth, which is his due;  
 My spirit is thine, the better part of me:  
 So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,  
 The prey of worms, my body being dead,  
 The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,  
 Too base of thee to be remembered.

The worth of that is that which it contains,  
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

## LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,  
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground;  
And for the peace of you I hold such strife  
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;  
Now proud as an enjoyer and anon  
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure,  
Now counting best to be with you alone,  
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure;  
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight  
And by and by clean starved for a look;  
Possessing or pursuing no delight,  
Save what is had or must from you be took.  
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,  
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

## LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,  
So far from variation or quick change?  
Why with the time do I not glance aside  
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?  
Why write I still all one, ever the same,  
And keep invention in a noted weed,  
That every word doth almost tell my name,  
Showing their birth and where they did proceed?  
O, know, sweet love, I always write of you,  
And you and love are still my argument;  
So all my best is dressing old words new,  
Spending again what is already spent:  
For as the sun is daily new and old,  
So is my love still telling what is told.

## LXXVII.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,  
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;  
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,  
And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.  
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show  
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;

Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know  
Time's thievish progress to eternity.  
Look, what thy memory can not contain  
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find  
Those children nursed, deliver'd from thy brain,  
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.  
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,  
Shall profit thee and much enrich thy book.

## LXXVIII.

So oft have I invoked thee for my Muse  
And found such fair assistance in my verse  
As every alien pen hath got my use  
And under thee their poesy disperse.  
Thine eyes that taught the dumb on high to sing  
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly  
Have added feathers to the learned's wing  
And given grace a double majesty.  
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,  
Whose influence is thine and born of thee:  
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,  
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;  
But thou art all my art and dost advance  
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

## LXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,  
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace,  
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd  
And my sick Muse doth give another place.  
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument  
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen,  
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent  
He robs thee of and pays it thee again.  
He lends thee virtue and he stole that word  
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give  
And found it in thy cheek; he can afford  
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.  
Then thank him not for that which he doth  
say,  
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost  
pay.

## LXXX.

O, how I faint when I of you do write,  
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,  
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,  
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your  
fame!

But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,  
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,  
My saucy bark inferior far to his  
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.  
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,  
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;  
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,  
He of tall building and of goodly pride:  
Then if he thrive and I be cast away,  
The worst was this; my love was my decay.

## LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,  
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;  
From hence your memory death cannot take,  
Although in me each part will be forgotten.  
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,  
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:  
The earth can yield me but a common grave,  
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.  
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,  
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read,  
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse  
When all the breathers of this world are dead;  
You still shall live—such virtue hath my pen—  
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths  
of men.

## LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse  
And therefore mayst without attaint o'erlook  
The dedicated words which writers use  
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.  
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,  
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise,

And therefore art enforced to seek anew  
 Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.  
 And do so, love; yet when they have devised  
 What strained touches rhetoric can lend,  
 Thou truly fair wert truly sympathized  
 In true plain words by thy true-telling friend;  
 And their gross painting might be better used  
 Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abused.

## LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need  
 And therefore to your fair no painting set;  
 I found, or thought I found, you did exceed  
 The barren tender of a poet's debt;  
 And therefore have I slept in your report,  
 That you yourself being extant well might show  
 How far a modern quill doth come too short,  
 Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.  
 This silence for my sin you did impute,  
 Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;  
 For I impair not beauty being mute,  
 When others would give life and bring a tomb.  
 There lives more life in one of your fair eyes  
 Than both your poets can in praise devise.

## LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most? which can say more  
 Than this rich praise, that you alone are you?  
 In whose confine immured is the store  
 Which should example where your equal grew.  
 Lean penury within that pen doth dwell  
 That to his subject lends not some small glory;  
 But he that writes of you, if he can tell  
 That you are you, so dignifies his story,  
 Let him but copy what in you is writ,  
 Not making worse what nature made so clear,  
 And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,  
 Making his style admired every where.  
 You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,  
 Being fond on praise, which makes your praises  
 worse.

## LXXXV.

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,  
While comments of your praise, richly compiled,  
Reserve their character with golden quill  
And precious phrase by all the Muses filed.  
I think good thoughts whilst other write good  
words,  
And like unletter'd clerk still cry 'Amen'  
To every hymn that able spirit affords  
In polish'd form of well-refined pen.  
Hearing you praised, I say "'Tis so, 'tis true,'  
And to the most of praise add something more;  
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,  
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank  
before.  
Then others for the breath of words respect,  
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

## LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,  
Bound for the prize of all too precious you,  
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,  
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?  
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write  
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?  
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night  
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.  
He, nor that affable familiar ghost  
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,  
As victors of my silence cannot boast;  
I was not sick of any fear from thence:  
But when your countenance fill'd up his line,  
Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

## LXXXVII.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,  
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:  
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;  
My bonds in thee are all determinate.  
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?  
And for that riches where is my deserving?



The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,  
 And so my patent back again is swerving.  
 Thyself thou gavest, thy own worth then not  
     knowing,  
 Or me, to whom thou gavest it, else mistaking;  
 So thy great gift, upon misprision\* growing,  
 Comes home again, on better judgement making.  
 Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,  
 In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

\*Mistake.

## LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be disposed to set me light  
 And place my merit in the eye of scorn,  
 Upon thy side against myself I'll fight  
 And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.  
 With mine own weakness being best acquainted,  
 Upon thy part I can set down a story  
 Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted,  
 That thou in losing me shalt win much glory:  
 And I by this will be a gainer too;  
 For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,  
 The injuries that to myself I do,  
 Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.  
 Such is my love, to thee I so belong,  
 That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

## LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,  
 And I will comment upon that offence;  
 Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,  
 Against thy reasons making no defence.  
 Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,  
 To set a form upon desired change,  
 As I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,  
 I will acquaintance strangle and look strange,  
 Be absent from thy walks, and in my tongue  
 Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,  
 Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong  
 And haply of our old acquaintance tell.  
 For thee against myself I'll vow debate,  
 For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

## XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;  
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,  
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,  
And do not drop in for an after-loss:  
Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,  
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;  
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,  
To linger out a purposed overthrow.  
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,  
When other petty griefs have done their spite,  
But in the onset come; so shall I taste  
At first the very worst of fortune's might,  
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,  
Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.

## XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,  
Some in their wealth, some in their bodies' force,  
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,  
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;  
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,  
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest:  
But these particulars are not my measure;  
All these I better in one general best.  
Thy love is better than high birth to me,  
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,  
Of more delight than hawks or horses' be;  
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast:  
Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take  
All this away and me most wretched make.

## XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,  
For term of life thou art assured mine,  
And life no longer than thy love will stay,  
For it depends upon that love of thine.  
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,  
When in the least of them my life hath end.

I see a better state to me belongs  
 Than that which on thy humour doth depend;  
 Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,  
 Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.  
 O, what a happy title do I find,  
 Happy to have thy love, happy to die !  
 But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot ?  
 Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not.

## XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,  
 Like a deceived husband; so love's face  
 May still seem love to me, though alter'd new;  
 Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:  
 For there can live no hatred in thine eye,  
 Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.  
 In many's looks the false heart's history  
 Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange,  
 But heaven in thy creation did decree  
 That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;  
 Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings  
     be,  
 Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness  
     tell.  
 How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,  
 If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show !

## XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,  
 That do not do the thing they most do show,  
 Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,  
 Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow,  
 They rightly do inherit heaven's graces  
 And husband nature's riches from expense;  
 They are the lords and owners of their faces,  
 Others but stewards of their excellence.  
 The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,  
 Though to itself it only live and die,  
 But if that flower with base infection meet,  
 The basest weed outbraves his dignity:  
     For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;  
     Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

## XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame  
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,  
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!  
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!  
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,  
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,  
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;  
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.  
O, what a mansion have those vices got  
Which for their habitation chose out thee,  
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,  
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!  
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;  
The hardest knife ill-used doth lose his edge.

## XCVI.

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness;  
Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport;  
Both grace and faults are loved of more and less;  
Thou makest faults graces that to thee resort.  
As on the finger of a throned queen  
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,  
So are those errors that in thee are seen  
To truths translated and for true things deem'd.  
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,  
If like a lamb he could his looks translate!  
How many gazers mightst thou lead away,  
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!  
But do not so; I love thee in such sort  
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

## XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been  
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!  
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!  
What old December's bareness every where!  
And yet this time removed was summer's time,  
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,  
Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,  
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease:

Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me  
 \ But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit;  
 For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,  
 And, thou away, the very birds are mute;  
     Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer  
     That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's  
     near.

## XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,  
 When proud-pied April dress'd in all his trim  
 Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,  
 That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.  
 Yet nor the lays of birds nor the sweet smell  
 Of different flowers in odour and in hue  
 Could make me any summer's story tell,  
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they  
     grew;  
 Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,  
 Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;  
 They were but sweet, but figures of delight,  
 Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.  
     Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,  
     As with your shadow I with these did play:

## XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide:  
 Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet  
     that smells,  
 If not from my love's breath? The purple pride  
 Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells  
 In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.  
 The lily I condemned for thy hand,  
 And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair:  
 The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,  
 One blushing shame, another white despair;  
 A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both  
 And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;  
 But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth  
 A vengeful canker eat him up to death.  
     More flowers I noted, yet I none could see  
     But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.

## C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long  
 To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?  
 Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,  
 Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light?  
 Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem  
 In gentle numbers time so idly spent;  
 Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem  
 And gives thy pen both skill and argument.  
 Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,  
 If Time have any wrinkle graven there;  
 If any, be a satire to decay,  
 And make Time's spoils despised every where.

Give my love fame faster than Time wastes  
 life;

So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked  
 knife.

## CI.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends  
 For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed?  
 Both truth and beauty on my love depends;  
 So dost thou too, and therein dignified.  
 Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say  
 'Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd;  
 Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;  
 But best is best, if never intermix'd?'  
 Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?  
 Excuse not silence so; for 't lies in thee  
 To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,  
 And to be praised of ages yet to be.

Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how  
 To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

## CII.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in  
 seeming;

I love not less, though less the show appear:  
 That love is merchandized whose rich esteeming  
 The owner's tongue doth publish every where.  
 Our love was new and then but in the spring  
 When I was wont to greet it with my lays,

As Philomel in summer's front doth sing  
 And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:  
 Not that the summer is less pleasant now  
 Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,  
 But that wild music burthens every bough  
 And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.  
 Therefore like her I sometime hold my tongue,  
 Because I would not dull you with my song.

## CIII.

Alack, what poverty my Muse brings forth,  
 That having such a scope to show her pride,  
 The argument all bare is of more worth  
 Than when it hath my added praise beside!  
 O, blame me not, if I no more can write!  
 Look in your glass, and there appears a face  
 That over-goes my blunt invention quite,  
 Dulling my lines and doing me disgrace.  
 Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,  
 To mar the subject that before was well?  
 For to no other pass my verses tend  
 Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;  
 And more, much more, than in my verse can sit  
 Your own glass shows you when you look in it.

## CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,  
 For as you were when first your eye I eyed,  
 Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold  
 Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,  
 Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd  
 In process of the seasons have I seen,  
 Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,  
 Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.  
 Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,  
 Steal from his figure and no pace perceived;  
 So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth  
 stand,  
 Hath motion and mine eye may be deceived:  
 For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred;  
 Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

## CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,  
 Nor my beloved as an idol show,  
 Since all alike my songs and praises be  
 To one, of one, still such, and ever so.  
 Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,  
 Still constant in a wondrous excellence;  
 Therefore my verse to constancy confined,  
 One thing expressing, leaves out difference.  
 'Fair, kind, and true' is all my argument,  
 'Fair, kind, and true' varying to other words;  
 And in this change is my invention spent,  
 Three themes in one, which wondrous scope  
     affords.  
 'Fair, kind, and true,' have often lived alone,  
 Which three till now never kept seat in one.

## CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time  
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,\*      \*Persons.  
 And beauty making beautiful old rhyme  
 In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,  
 Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,  
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,  
 I see their antique pen would have express'd  
 Even such a beauty as you master now.  
 So all their praises are but prophecies  
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring;  
 And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,  
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing:  
     For we, which now behold these present days,  
     Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to  
     praise.

## CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul  
 Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,  
 Can yet the lease of my true love control,  
 Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.  
 The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured  
 And the sad augurs mock their own presage;



Incertainties now crown themselves assured  
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.  
Now with the drops of this most balmy time  
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,  
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,  
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:  
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,  
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are  
spent.

## CVIII.

What's in the brain that ink may character  
Which hath not figured to thee my true spirit?  
What's new to speak, what new to register,  
That may express my love or thy dear merit?  
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,  
I must each day say o'er the very same,  
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,  
Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.  
So that eternal love in love's fresh case  
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,  
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,  
But makes antiquity for aye his page,  
Finding the first conceit of love there bred  
Where time and outward form would show it  
dead.

## CIX.

O, never say that I was false of heart,  
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.  
As easy might I from myself depart  
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:  
That is my home of love: if I have ranged,  
Like him that travels I return again,  
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,  
So that myself bring water for my stain.  
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd  
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,  
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,  
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;  
For nothing this wide universe I call,  
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

## CX.

Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there  
 And made myself a motley\* to the view, \*Fool.  
 Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most  
 dear,  
 Made old offences of affections new;  
 Most true it is that I have look'd on truth  
 Askance and strangely: but, by all above,  
 These blenches† gave my heart another youth,  
 And worse essays proved thee my best of love.  
 Now all is done, have what shall have no end:  
 Mine appetite I never more will grind †Starts.  
 On newer proof, to try an older friend,  
 A god in love, to whom I am confined.  
 Then give me welcome, next my heaven the  
 best,  
 Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

## CXI.

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,  
 The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,  
 That did not better for my life provide  
 Than public means which public manners breeds.  
 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,  
 And almost thence my nature is subdued  
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:  
 Pity me then and wish I were renew'd;  
 Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink  
 Potions of eisel\* 'gainst my strong infection;  
 No bitterness that I will bitter think, \*Vinegar.  
 Nor double penance, to correct correction.  
 Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye  
 Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

## CXII.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill  
 Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;  
 For what care I who calls me well or ill,  
 So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?  
 You are my all the world, and I must strive  
 To know my shames and praises from your tongue;

None else to me, nor I to none alive,  
 That my steel'd sense or changes right or wrong.  
 In so profound abysm I throw all care  
 Of others' voices, that my adder's sense  
 To critic and to flatterer stopped are.  
 Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:  
 You are so strongly in my purpose bred  
 That all the world besides methinks are dead.

## CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind;  
 And that which governs me to go about  
 Doth part his function and is partly blind,  
 Seems seeing, but effectually is out;  
 For it no form delivers to the heart  
 Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch:  
 Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,  
 Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch:  
 For if it see the rudest or gentlest sight,  
 The most sweet favour or deformed'st creature,  
 The mountain or the sea, the day or night,  
 The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature:  
 Incapable of more, replete with you,  
 My most true mind thus makes mine eye untrue.\*

\*Untruth.

## CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with  
 you,  
 Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?  
 Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,  
 And that your love taught it this alchemy,  
 To make of monsters and things indigest\*  
 Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,  
 Creating every bad a perfect best, \*Disordered.  
 As fast as objects to his beams assemble?  
 O, 'tis the first; 'tis flattery in my seeing,  
 And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:  
 Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'gree-  
 ing,  
 And to his palate doth prepare the cup:  
 If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin  
 That mine eye loves it and doth first begin.

## CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,  
Even those that said I could not love you dearer:  
Yet then my judgement knew no reason why  
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.  
But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents  
Creep in 'twixt vows and change decrees of kings,  
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,  
Divert strong minds to the course of altering  
things:

Alas, why, fearing of time's tyranny,  
Might I not then say 'Now I love you best,'  
When I was certain o'er incertainty,  
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?  
Love is a babe; then might I not say so,  
To give full growth to that which still doth  
grow?

## CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove:  
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark  
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;  
It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be  
taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and  
cheeks

Within his bending sickle's compass come;  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

If this be error and upon me proved,  
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

## CXVII.

Accuse me thus: that I have scanted all  
Wherein I should your great deserts repay,  
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,  
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;

That I have frequent been with unknown minds  
 And given to time your own dear-purchased right;  
 That I have hoisted sail to all the winds  
 Which should transport me farthest from your  
 sight.

Book both my wilfulness and errors down  
 And on just proof surmise accumulate;  
 Bring me within the level of your frown,  
 But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate;  
 Since my appeal says I did strive to prove  
 The constancy and virtue of your love.

## CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,  
 With eager compounds we our palate urge,  
 As, to prevent our maladies unseen,  
 We sicken to shun sickness when we purge,  
 Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweet-  
 ness,

To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding  
 And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness  
 To be diseased ere that there was true needing.  
 Thus policy in love, to anticipate  
 The ills that were not, grew to faults assured  
 And brought to medicine a healthful state  
 Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured:  
 But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,  
 Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

## CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,  
 Distill'd from limbecks\* foul as hell within,  
 Applying fears to hopes and hopes to fears,  
 Still losing when I saw myself to win!     \*Alembics.  
 What wretched errors hath my heart committed,  
 Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!  
 How have mine eyes out of their spheres been  
 fitted  
 In the distraction of this madding fever!  
 O benefit of ill! now I find true  
 That better is by evil still made better;

And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,  
 Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.  
 So I return rebuked to my content  
 And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

## CXX.

That you were once unkind befriends me now,  
 And for that sorrow which I then did feel  
 Needs must I under my transgression bow,  
 Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.  
 For if you were by my unkindness shaken  
 As I by yours, you've pass'd a hell of time,  
 And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken  
 To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.  
 O, that our night of woe might have remember'd  
 My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,  
 And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd  
 The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!  
 But that your trespass now becomes a fee;  
 Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom  
 me.

## CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteem'd,  
 When not to be receives reproach of being,  
 And the just pleasure lost which is so deem'd  
 Not by our feeling but by others' seeing:  
 For why should others' false adulterate eyes  
 Give salutation to my sportive blood?  
 Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,  
 Which in their wills count bad what I think good?  
 No, I am that I am, and they that level  
 At my abuses reckon up their own:  
 I may be straight, though they themselves be  
 bevel;  
 By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be  
 shown;  
 Unless this general evil they maintain,  
 All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

## CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables,\* are within my brain \*Note-book.  
 Full character'd† with lasting memory, †Engraved.

Which shall above that idle rank remain  
Beyond all date, even to eternity;  
Or at the least, so long as brain and heart  
Have faculty by nature to subsist;  
Till each to razed oblivion yield his part  
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.  
That poor retention could not so much hold,  
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score;  
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,  
To trust those tables that receive thee more:  
    To keep an adjunct to remember thee  
    Were to import forgetfulness in me.

## CXXIII.

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:  
Thy pyramids built up with newer might  
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;  
They are but dressings of a former sight.  
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire  
What thou dost foist upon us that is old,  
And rather make them born to our desire  
Than think that we before have heard them told.  
Thy registers and thee I both defy,  
Not wondering at the present nor the past,  
For thy records and what we see doth lie,  
Made more or less by thy continual haste.  
    This I do vow and this shall ever be;  
    I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

## CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,  
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,  
As subject to Time's love or to Time's hate,  
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers  
    gather'd.  
No, it was builded far from accident;  
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls  
Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,  
Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls:  
It fears not policy, that heretic,  
Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,

But all alone stands hugely politic,  
That it nor grows with heat nor drowns with  
showers.

To this I witness call the fools of time,  
Which die for goodness, who have lived for  
crime.

## CXXV.

Were 't aught to me I bore the canopy,  
With my extern\* the outward honouring, \*External.  
Or laid great bases for eternity,  
Which prove more short than waste or ruining?  
Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour  
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,  
For compound sweet forgoing simple savour,  
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?  
No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,  
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,  
Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,  
But mutual render, only me for thee.

Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul  
When most impeach'd stands least in thy control.

## CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power  
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour;  
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st  
Thy lovers withering as thy sweet self grow'st;  
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,  
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,  
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill  
May time disgrace and wretched minutes kill.  
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!  
She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure:  
Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,  
And her quietus is to render thee.

## CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,  
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;



But now is black beauty's successive heir,  
 And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame:  
 For since each hand hath put on nature's power,  
 Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,  
 Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,  
 But is profaned, if not lives in disgrace.  
 Therefore my mistress' brows are raven black,  
 Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem  
 At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,  
 Slandering creation with a false esteem:  
 Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,  
 That every tongue says beauty should look so.

## CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,  
 Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds  
 With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st  
 The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,  
 Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap  
 To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,  
 Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest  
     reap,  
 At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!  
 To be so tickled, they would change their state  
 And situation with those dancing chips,  
 O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,  
 Making dead wood more blest than living lips.  
 Since saucy jacks so happy are in this:  
 Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

## CXXIX.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame  
 Is lust in action: and till action, lust  
 Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,  
 Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,  
 Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight,  
 Past reason hunted, and no sooner had  
 Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait  
 On purpose laid to make the taker mad;  
 Mad in pursuit and in possession so;  
 Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;

bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe;  
 fore, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.  
 All this the world well knows; yet none knows  
     well  
 To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

## CXXX.

' mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;  
 paler is far more red than her lips' red;  
 snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;  
 hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.  
 Have seen roses damask'd, red and white,  
 but no such roses see I in her cheeks;  
 and in some perfumes is there more delight  
 than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.  
 I love to hear her speak, yet well I know  
 that music hath a far more pleasing sound;  
 I grant I never saw a goddess go;  
 ' mistress, when she walks, treads on the  
     ground:  
 And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare  
 As any she belied with false compare.

## CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,  
 those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;  
 for well thou know'st to my dear dotting heart  
 thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.  
 Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold  
 thy face hath not the power to make love groan:  
 to say they err I dare not be so bold,  
 though I swear it to myself alone.  
 And, to be sure that is not false I swear,  
 a thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,  
 which on another's neck, do witness bear  
 thy black is fairest in my judgement's place.  
 In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,  
 And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

## CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,  
 knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,

Have put on black and loving mourners be,  
 Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.  
 And truly not the morning sun of heaven  
 Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,  
 Nor that full star that ushers in the even  
 Doth half that glory to the sober west,  
 As those two mourning eyes become thy face:  
 O, let it then as well beseem thy heart  
 To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,  
 And suit thy pity like in every part.  
 Then will I swear beauty herself is black  
 And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

## CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan  
 For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!  
 Is 't not enough to torture me alone,  
 But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?  
 Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,  
 And my next self thou harder hast engross'd:  
 Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;  
 A torment thrice threefold thus to be cross'd.  
 Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,  
 But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;  
 Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;  
 Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol:  
 And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,  
 Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

## CXXXIV.

So, now I have confess'd that he is thine,  
 And I myself am mortgaged to thy will,  
 Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine  
 Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:  
 But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,  
 For thou art covetous and he is kind;  
 He learn'd but surety-like to write for me  
 Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.  
 The statute\* of thy beauty thou wilt take, \*Security.  
 Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,† †Interest.  
 And sue a friend came debtor for my sake;  
 So him I lose through my unkind abuse.

Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me:  
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

## CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy 'Will,'  
And 'Will' to boot, and 'Will' in overplus;  
More than enough am I that vex thee still,  
To thy sweet will making addition thus.  
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,  
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?  
Shall will in others seem right gracious,  
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?  
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still  
And in abundance addeth to his store;  
So thou, being rich in 'Will,' add to thy 'Will'  
One will of mine, to make thy large 'Will' more.  
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;  
Think all but one, and me in that one 'Will.'

## CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,  
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy 'Will,'  
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;  
Thus far for love my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.  
'Will' will fulfil the treasure of thy love,  
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.  
In things of great receipt with ease we prove  
Among a number one is reckon'd none:  
Then in the number let me pass untold,  
Though in thy stores' account I one must be;  
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold  
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:  
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,  
And then thou lovest me, for my name is 'Will.'

## CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,  
That they behold, and see not what they see?  
They know what beauty is, see where it lies,  
Yet what the best is take the worst to be.  
If eyes corrupt by over-partial looks

Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,  
 Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,  
 Whereto the judgement of my heart is tied?  
 Why should my heart think that a several plot  
 Which my heart knows the wide world's common  
 place?

Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not,  
 To put fair truth upon so foul a face?  
 In things right true my heart and eyes have erred,  
 And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

## CXXXVIII.

When my love swears that she is made of truth  
 I do believe her, though I know she lies,  
 That she might think me some untutor'd youth,  
 Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.  
 Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,  
 Although she knows my days are past the best,  
 Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue:  
 On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.  
 But wherefore says she not she is unjust?  
 And wherefore say not I that I am old?  
 O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,  
 And age in love loves not to have years told:  
 Therefore I lie with her and she with me,  
 And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

## CXXXIX.

O, call not me to justify the wrong  
 That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;  
 Wound me not with thine eye but with thy tongue;  
 Use power with power and slay me not by art.  
 Tell me thou lovest elsewhere, but in my sight,  
 Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside:  
 What need'st thou wound with cunning when thy  
 might  
 Is more than my o'er-press'd defence can bide?  
 Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows  
 Her pretty looks have been mine enemies,  
 And therefore from my face she turns my foes,  
 That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:

Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,  
Kill me outright with looks and rid my pain.

## CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press  
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;  
Lest sorrow lend me words and words express  
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.  
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,  
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;  
As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,  
No news but health from their physicians know;  
For if I should despair, I should grow mad,  
And in my madness might speak ill of thee:  
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,  
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.  
That I may not be so, nor thou belied,  
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud  
heart go wide.

## CXLI.

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,  
For they in thee a thousand errors note;  
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,  
Who in despite of view is pleased to dote;  
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted,  
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,  
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited  
To any sensual feast with thee alone:  
But my five wits nor my five senses can  
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,  
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,  
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:  
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,  
That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

## CXLII.

Love is my sin and thy dear virtue hate,  
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving:  
O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,  
And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;

Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,  
 That have profaned their scarlet ornaments  
 And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,  
 Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.  
 Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lovest those  
 Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:  
 Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows  
 Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.  
 If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,  
 By self-example mayst thou be denied!

## CXLIII.

Lo! as a careful housewife runs to catch  
 One of her feather'd creatures broke away,  
 Sets down her babe and makes all swift dispatch  
 In pursuit of the thing she would have stay,  
 Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,  
 Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent  
 To follow that which flies before her face,  
 Not prizing her poor infant's discontent;  
 So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,  
 Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind;  
 But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,  
 And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:  
 So will I pray that thou mayst have thy 'Will,'  
 If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

## CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,  
 Which like two spirits do suggest me still:  
 The better angel is a man right fair,  
 The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.  
 To win me soon to hell, my female evil  
 Tempteth my better angel from my side,  
 And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,  
 Wooing his purity with her foul pride.  
 And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend  
 Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;  
 But being both from me, both to each friend,  
 I guess one angel in another's hell:  
 Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,  
 Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

## CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make  
Breathed forth the sound that said 'I hate'  
To me that languish'd for her sake;  
But when she saw my woeful state,  
Straight in her heart did mercy come,  
Chiding that tongue that ever sweet  
Was used in giving gentle doom,  
And taught it thus anew to greet;  
'I hate' she alter'd with an end,  
That follow'd it as gentle day  
Doth follow night, who like a fiend  
From heaven to hell is flown away;  
'I hate' from hate away she threw,  
And saved my life, saying 'not you.'

## CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,  
†..... these rebel powers that thee array,  
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,  
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?  
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,  
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?  
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,  
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?  
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,  
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;  
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;  
Within be fed, without be rich no more:  
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,  
And Death once dead, there's no more dying  
then.

## CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still  
For that which longer nurseth the disease,  
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,  
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.  
My reason, the physician to my love,  
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,  
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve  
Desire is death, which physic did except.



Past cure I am, now reason is past care,  
 And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;  
 My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,  
 At random from the truth vainly express'd;  
     For I have sworn thee fair and thought thee  
     bright,  
 Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

## CXLVIII.

O me, what eyes hath Love put in my head,  
 Which have no correspondence with true sight!  
 Or, if they have, where is my judgement fled,  
 That censures falsely what they see aright?  
 If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,  
 What means the world to say it is not so?  
 If it be not, then love doth well denote  
 Love's eye is not so true as all men's 'No.'  
 How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,  
 That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?  
 No marvel then, though I mistake my view;  
 The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.  
     O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me  
     blind,  
 Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

## CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,  
 When I against myself with thee partake?  
 Do I not think on thee, when I forgot  
 Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?  
 Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?  
 On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?  
 Nay, if thou lour'st on me, do I not spend  
 Revenge upon myself with present moan?  
 What merit do I in myself respect,  
 That is so proud thy service to despise,  
 When all my best doth worship thy defect,  
 Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?  
     But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;  
     Those that can see thou lovest, and I am blind.

## CL.

O, from what power hast thou this powerful might  
With insufficiency my heart to sway?  
To make me give the lie to my true sight,  
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?  
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,  
That in the very refuse of thy deeds  
There is such strength and warrantise of skill  
That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?  
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more  
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?  
O, though I love what others do abhor,  
With others thou shouldst not abhor my state:  
If thy unworthiness raised love in me,  
More worthy I to be beloved of thee.

## CLI.

Love is too young to know what conscience is;  
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?  
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,  
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove:  
For, thou betraying me, I do betray  
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;  
My soul doth tell my body that he may  
Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason;  
But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee  
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,  
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,  
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.  
No want of conscience hold it that I call  
Her 'love' for whose dear love I rise and fall.

## CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,  
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing,  
In act thy bed-vow broke and new faith torn  
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.  
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,  
When I break twenty? I am perjured most;  
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee  
And all my honest faith in thee is lost,

For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,  
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy,  
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,  
Or made them swear against the thing they see;  
For I have sworn thee fair; more perjured I,  
To swear against the truth so foul a lie!

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## CLIII.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep:  
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,  
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep  
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;  
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love  
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,  
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove  
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.  
But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fired,  
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;  
I, sick withal, the help of bath desired,  
And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,  
But found no cure: the bath for my help lies  
Where Cupid got new fire—my mistress' eyes.

## CLIV.

The little Love-god lying once asleep  
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,  
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep  
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand  
The fairest votary took up that fire  
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;  
And so the general of hot desire  
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.  
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,  
Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,  
Growing a bath and healthful remedy  
For men diseased; but I, my mistress' thrall,  
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,  
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

# A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.



## A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

FROM off a hill whose concave womb re-worded  
A plaintful story from a sistering vale,  
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,  
And down I laid to list the sad-tuned tale;  
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,  
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,  
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,  
Which fortified her visage from the sun,  
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw  
The carcass of a beauty spent and done: 11  
Time had not scythed all that youth begun,  
Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's fell rage,  
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age.

Oft did she heave her napkin\* to her eyne,†  
Which on it had conceited characters, \*Handkerchief.  
Laundering the silken figures in the brine †Eyes.  
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,  
And often reading what contents it bears;  
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe, 20  
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,  
As they did battery to the spheres intend;  
Sometime diverted their poor balls are tied  
To the orb'd earth; sometimes they do extend  
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend  
To every place at once, and, nowhere fix'd,  
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose nor tied in formal plat,  
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride 30  
For some, untuck'd, descended her sheaved hat,

Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;  
 Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,  
 And true to bondage would not break from  
     thence,  
 Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund\* she drew \*Basket.  
 Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,  
 Which one by one she in a river threw,  
 Upon whose weeping margent† she was set; †Margin.  
 Like usury, applying wet to wet, 40  
 Or monarch's hands that let not bounty fall  
 Where want cries some, but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,  
 Which she perused, sigh'd, tore, and gave the  
     flood;  
 Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,  
 Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;  
 Found yet moe\* letters sadly penn'd in blood, \*More.  
 With sleided† silk feat and affectedly †Raw.  
 Enswathed, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bathed she in her fluxive eyes, 50  
 And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear;  
 Cried 'O false blood, thou register of lies,  
 What unapproved witness dost thou bear!  
 Ink would have seem'd more black and damned  
     here!'

This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,  
 Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that grazed his cattle nigh—  
 Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew  
 Of court, of city, and had let go by  
 The swiftest hours, observed as they flew— 60  
 Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew,  
 And, privileged by age, desires to know  
 In brief the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,\* \*Cudgel.  
 And comely-distant sits he by her side;  
 When he again desires her, being sat,

Her grievance with his hearing to divide:  
If that from him there may be aught applied  
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,  
'Tis promised in the charity of age. 70

'Father,' she says, 'though in me you behold  
The injury of many a blasting hour,  
Let it not tell your judgement I am old;  
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:  
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,  
Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied  
Love to myself and to no love beside.

'But, woe is me! too early I attended  
A youthful suit—it was to gain my grace—  
Of one by nature's outwards so commended, 80  
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face:  
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her  
place;  
And when in his fair parts she did abide,  
She was new lodged and newly deified.

'His browny locks did hang in crooked curls;  
And every light occasion of the wind  
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.  
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find;  
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind,  
For on his visage was in little drawn 90  
What largeness thinks in Paradise was sawn.

'Small show of man was yet upon his chin;  
His phoenix down began but to appear  
Like unshorn velvet on that termless skin  
Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to  
wear:  
Yet show'd his visage by that cost more dear;  
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt  
If best were as it was, or best without.

'His qualities were beauteous as his form,  
For maiden-tongued he was, and thereof free; 100  
Yet, if men moved him, was he such a storm



As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,  
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they  
be.

His rudeness so with his authorized youth  
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

'Well could he ride, and often men would say  
"That horse his mettle from his rider takes:  
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,  
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what  
stop he makes!"

And controversy hence a question takes, 110  
Whether the horse by him became his deed,  
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

'But quickly on this side the verdict went:  
His real habitude gave life and grace  
To appertainings and to ornament,  
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case:  
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,  
Came for additions; yet their purposed trim  
Pieced not his grace, but were all graced by him.

'So on the tip of his subduing tongue 120  
All kind of arguments and question deep,  
All replication prompt, and reason strong,  
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:  
To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weep,  
He had the dialect and different skill,  
Catching all passions in his craft of will:

'That he did in the general bosom reign  
Of young, of old; and sexes both enchanted,  
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain  
In personal duty, following where he haunted: 130  
Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted;  
And dialogued for him what he would say,  
Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

'Many there were that did his picture get,  
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;  
Like fools that in th' imagination set  
The goodly objects which abroad they find

Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd;  
And labouring in mœ pleasures to bestow them  
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe  
them: 140

'So many have, that never touch'd his hand,  
Sweetly supposed them mistress of his heart.  
My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,  
And was my own fee-simple, not in part,  
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,  
Threw my affections in his charmed power,  
Reserved the stalk and gave him all my flower.

'Yet did I not, as some my equals did,  
Demand of him, nor being desired yielded;  
Finding myself in honour so forbid, 150  
With safest distance I mine honour shielded:  
Experience for me many bulwarks builded  
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil  
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

'But, ah, who ever shunn'd by precedent  
The destined ill she must herself assay?  
Or forced examples, 'gainst her own content,  
To put the by-past perils in her way?  
Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay;  
For when we rage, advice is often seen 160  
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

'Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,  
That we must curb it upon others' proof:  
To be forbod\* the sweets that seem so good,  
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof,  
O appetite, from judgement stand aloof! \*Forbidden.  
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,  
Though Reason weep, and cry "It is thy last."

'For further I could say "This man's untrue,"  
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling; 170  
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,  
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;  
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling;

Thought characters and words merely but art,  
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

' And long upon these terms I held my city,  
Till thus he gan besiege me: "Gentle maid,  
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,  
And be not of my holy vows afraid:  
That's to ye sworn to none was ever said;      180  
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,  
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never woo.

" "All my offences that abroad you see  
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;  
Love made them not: with acture\* they may be,  
Where neither party is nor true nor kind:      \*Action.  
They sought their shame that so their shame did  
find;  
And so much less of shame in me remains,  
By how much of me their reproach contains.

" "Among the many that mine eyes have seen, 190  
Not one whose flame my heart so much as  
warm'd,  
Or my affection put to the smallest teen,\*      \*Grief.  
Or any of my leasures ever charm'd:  
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd;  
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,  
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

" "Look here, what tributes wounded fancies  
sent me,  
Of paled pearls and rubies red as blood;  
Figuring that they their passions likewise  
lent me  
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood      200  
In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood;  
Effects of terror and dear modesty,  
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

" "And, lo, behold these talents\* of their hair,  
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,† \*Locketts.  
I have received from many a several fair, †Intertwined.  
Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,

With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,  
 And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify  
 Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality. 210

“The diamond,—why, 'twas beautiful and hard,  
 Whereto his invised\* properties did tend; \*Invisible.  
 The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard  
 Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;  
 The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend  
 With objects manifold: each several stone,  
 With wit well blazon'd, smiled or made some moan.

“Lo, all these trophies of affections hot,  
 Of pensived and subdued desires the tender,  
 Nature hath charged me that I hoard them not, 220  
 But yield them up where I myself must render,  
 That is, to you, my origin and ender;  
 For these, of force, must your oblations be,  
 Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

“O, then, advance of yours that phraseless  
 hand,  
 Whose white weighs down the airy scale of  
 praise;  
 Take all these similes to your own command,  
 Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise;  
 What me your minister, for you obeys,  
 Works under you; and to your audit comes 230  
 Their distract parcels in combined sums.

“Lo, this device was sent me from a nun,  
 Or sister sanctified, of holiest note;  
 Which late her noble suit in court did shun,  
 Whose rarest havings\* made the blossoms dote;  
 For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,  
 But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,  
 To spend her living in eternal love. \*Possessions.

“But, O my sweet, what labour is 't to leave  
 The thing we have not, mastering what not  
 strives,  
 †Playing the place which did no form receive, 241

Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves?  
 She that her fame so to herself contrives,  
 The scars of battle 'scapeth by the flight,  
 And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

' " O, pardon me, in that my boast is true:  
 The accident which brought me to her eye  
 Upon the moment did her force subdue,  
 And now she would the caged cloister fly:  
 Religious love put out Religion's eye: 250  
 Not to be tempted, would she be immured,  
 And now, to tempt, all liberty procured.

' " How mighty then you are, O, hear me tell!  
 The broken bosoms that to me belong  
 Have emptied all their fountains in my well,  
 And mine I pour your ocean all among:  
 I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,  
 Must for your victory us all congest,  
 As compound love to physic your cold breast.

' " My parts had power to charm a sacred nun,  
 Who, disciplined, ay, dieted in grace, 261  
 Believed her eyes when they to assail begun,  
 All vows and consecrations giving place:  
 O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,  
 In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,  
 For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

' " When thou impresses, what are precepts worth  
 Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,  
 How coldly those impediments stand forth  
 Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame! 270  
 †Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense,  
 'gainst shame,  
 And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,  
 The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

' " Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,  
 Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine:  
 And supplicant their sighs to you extend,  
 To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,  
 Lending soft audience to my sweet design,

And credent\* soul to that strong-bonded oath  
 That shall prefer and undertake my troth." 280  
 \*Credible.

'This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,  
 Whose sights till then were levell'd on my face;  
 Each cheek a river running from a fount  
 With brinish current downward flow'd apace:  
 O, how the channel to the stream gave grace!  
 Who glazed with crystal gate the glowing roses  
 That flame through water which their hue en-  
 closes.

'O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies  
 In the small orb of one particular tear!  
 But with the inundation of the eyes 290  
 What rocky heart to water will not wear?  
 What breast so cold that is not warmed here?  
 O cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,  
 Both fire from hence and chill extinc'ture hath.

'For, lo, his passion, but an art of craft,  
 Even there resolved\* my reason into tears; \*Dissolved.  
 There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,  
 Shook off my sober guards and civil fears;  
 Appear to him, as he to me appears,  
 All melting; though our drops this difference  
 bore, 300  
 His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

'In him a plenitude of subtle matter,  
 Applied to cautels,\* all strange forms receives,  
 Of burning blushes, or of weeping water, \*Deceits.  
 Or swooning paleness; and he takes and leaves,  
 In either's aptness, as it best deceives,  
 To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,  
 Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows:

'That not a heart which in his level came  
 Could 'scape the hail of his all-hurting aim, 310  
 Showing fair nature is both kind and tame;  
 And, veil'd in them, did win whom he would  
 maim:  
 Against the thing he sought he would exclaim,

When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,  
He preach'd pure maid, and praised cold chastity.

'Thus merely with the garment of a Grace  
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd;  
That th' unexperient gave the tempter place,  
Which like a cherubin above them hover'd.  
Who, young and simple, would not be so  
lover'd? 320

Ay me! I fell; and yet do question make  
What I should do again for such a sake.

'O, that infected moisture of his eye,  
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,  
O, that forced thunder from his heart did fly,  
O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,  
O, all that borrow'd motion seeming owed,  
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,  
And new pervert a reconciled maid! ' 329

# THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.





# THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

## I.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,  
I do believe her, though I know she lies,  
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,  
Unskilful in the world's false forgeries.  
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,  
Although I know my years be past the best,  
I smiling credit her false-speaking tongue,  
Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest.  
But wherefore says my love that she is young?  
And wherefore say not I that I am old? 10  
O, love's best habit is a soothing tongue,  
And age, in love, loves not to have years told.  
Therefore I'll lie with love, and love with me,  
Since that our faults in love thus smother'd be.

## II.

Two loves I have, of comfort and despair,  
That like two spirits do suggest\* me still; \*Tempt.  
My better angel is a man right fair,  
My worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.  
To win me soon to hell, my female evil  
Tempteth my better angel from my side, 20  
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,  
Wooing his purity with her fair pride.  
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,  
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell:  
For being both to me, both to each friend,  
I guess one angel in another's hell;  
The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,  
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

## III.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye, 29  
'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,

Persuade my heart to this false perjury?  
 Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.  
 A woman I forswore; but I will prove,  
 Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:  
 My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;  
 Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.  
 My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;  
 Then, thou fair sun, that on this earth doth shine,  
 Exhale this vapour vow; in thee it is:  
 If broken, then it is no fault of mine. 40  
     If by me broke, what fool is not so wise  
     To break an oath, to win a paradise?

## IV.

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook  
 With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,  
 Did court the lad with many a lovely look,  
 Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.  
 She told him stories to delight his ear;  
 She show'd him favours to allure his eye;  
 To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there,—  
 Touches so soft still conquer chastity. 50  
 But whether unripe years did want conceit,  
 Or he refused to take her figured proffer,  
 The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,  
 But smile and jest at every gentle offer:  
     Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward:  
     He rose and ran away; ah, fool too froward!

## V.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?  
 O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd:  
 Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant  
     prove;  
 Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like  
     osiers bow'd. 60  
 Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine  
     eyes,  
 Where all those pleasures live that art can com-  
     prehend.  
 If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall  
     suffice;

Well learned is that tongue that well can thee  
 commend;  
 All ignorant that soul that sees thee without  
 wonder;  
 Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:  
 Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his  
 dreadful thunder,  
 Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.  
 Celestial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,  
 To sing heaven's praise with such an earthly  
 tongue. 70

## VI.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,  
 And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,  
 When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,  
 A longing tarriance for Adonis made  
 Under an osier growing by a brook,  
 A brook where Adon used to cool his spleen:  
 Hot was the day; she hotter that did look  
 For his approach, that often there had been.  
 Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,  
 And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim:  
 The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye, 81  
 Yet not so wistly\* as this queen on him. \*Wistfully.  
 He, spying her, bounced in, whereas he stood:  
 'O Jove,' quoth she, 'why was not I a flood!'

## VII.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle;  
 Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;  
 Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle;  
 Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty:  
 A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,  
 None fairer, nor none falser to deface her. 90

Her lips to mine how often hath she joined,  
 Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!  
 How many tales to please me hath she coined,  
 Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing!  
 Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,  
 Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jest-  
 ings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth;  
 She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-burneth;  
 She framed the love, and yet she foil'd the fram-  
 ing;

She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning. 100  
 Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?  
 Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

## VIII.

If music and sweet poetry agree,  
 As they must needs, the sister and the brother,  
 Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,  
 Because thou lovest the one, and I the other.  
 Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch  
 Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;  
 Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such  
 As, passing all conceit, needs no defence. 110  
 Thou lovest to hear the sweet melodious sound  
 That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes;  
 And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd  
 Whenas himself to singing he betakes.  
 One god is god of both, as poets feign;  
 One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

## IX.

Fair was the morn when the fair queen of love,  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,  
 For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild; 120  
 Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:  
 Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;  
 She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,  
 Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds:  
 'Once,' quoth she, 'did I see a fair sweet youth  
 Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a  
 boar,  
 Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!  
 See, in my thigh,' quoth she, 'here was the sore.'  
 She showed hers: he saw more wounds than  
 one,  
 And blushing fled, and left her all alone. 130

## X.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon  
vaded,\* \*Faded.

Pluck'd in the bud, and vaded in the spring!  
Bright orient pearl, alack, too timely shaded!  
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's \*sharp  
sting!

Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,  
And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;  
For why thou left'st me nothing in thy will:  
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;  
For why I craved nothing of thee still: 140  
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee,  
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

## XI.

Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her  
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:  
She told the youngling how god Mars did try  
her,

And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.  
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'the warlike god embraced  
me,'

And then she clipp'd\* Adonis in her arms;  
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'the warlike god unlaced  
me,' \*Embraced.

As if the boy should use like loving charms; 150

'Even thus,' quoth she, 'he seized on my lips,'

And with her lips on his did act the seizure:

And as she fetched breath, away he skips,

And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.

Ah, that I had my lady at this bay,  
To kiss and clip me till I run away!

## XII.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together:  
Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care;  
Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather;  
Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.

Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short; 161  
 Youth is nimble, age is lame;  
 Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold;  
 Youth is wild, and age is tame.  
 Age, I do abhor thee; youth, I do adore thee;  
 O, my love, my love is young!  
 Age, I do defy thee: O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,  
 For methinks thou stay'st too long.

## XIII.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good;  
 A shining gloss that vadeth\* suddenly; \*Fadeth.  
 A flower that dies when first it gins to bud; 171  
 A brittle glass that's broken presently:  
 A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,  
 Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are seld\* or never found, \*Seldom.  
 As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,  
 As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,  
 As broken glass no cement can redress,  
 So beauty blemish'd once's for ever lost,  
 In spite of physic, painting, pain and cost. 180

## XIV.

Good night, good rest. Ah, neither be my share:  
 She bade good night that kept my rest away;  
 And daff'd\* me to a cabin hang'd with care,  
 To descant on the doubts of my decay. \*Put me off.  
 'Farewell,' quoth she, 'and come again to-morrow.'

Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,  
 In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether:  
 'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,  
 'T may be, again to make me wander thither:  
 'Wander,' a word for shadows like myself, 191  
 As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

## XV.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!  
 My heart doth charge the watch; the morning rise

Doth cite\* each moving sense from idle rest. \*Urge.  
 Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,  
     While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,  
     And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;

For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,  
 And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night:  
 The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty; 201  
 Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight;  
     Sorrow changed to solace, solace mix'd with  
         sorrow;  
     For why, she sigh'd and bade me come to-  
         morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;  
 But now are minutes added to the hours;  
 To spite me now, each minute seems a moon;  
 Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!  
     Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now  
         borrow:  
     Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-  
         morrow. 210

## SONNETS TO SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSIC.

[xvi.]

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of  
     three,  
 That liked of her master as well as well might be,  
 Till looking on an Englishman, the fair'st that  
     eye could see,  
     Her fancy fell a-turning.  
 Long was the combat doubtful that love with love  
     did fight,  
 To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant  
     knight:  
 To put in practice either, alas, it was a spite  
     Unto the silly damsel!  
 But one must be refused; more mickle was the  
     pain



That nothing could be used to turn them both to  
 gain, 220  
 For of the two the trusty knight was wounded  
 with disdain:  
 Alas, she could not help it!  
 Thus art with arms contending was victor of the  
 day,  
 Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid  
 away:  
 Then, lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady  
 gay;  
 For now my song is ended.

## XVII.

On a day, alack the day!  
 Love, whose month was ever May,  
 Spied a blossom passing fair,  
 Playing in the wanton air: 230  
 Through the velvet leaves the wind,  
 All unseen, gan passage find;  
 That the lover, sick to death,  
 Wish'd himself the heaven's breath,  
 'Air,' quoth he, 'thy cheeks may blow;  
 Air, would I might triumph so!  
 But, alas! my hand hath sworn  
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:  
 Vow, alack! for youth unmeet:  
 Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet. 240  
 Thou for whom Jove would swear  
 Juno but an Ethiop were;  
 And deny himself for Jove,  
 Turning mortal for thy love.'

## [XVIII.]

My flocks feed not,  
 My ewes breed not,  
 My rams speed not,  
 All is amiss:  
 Love's denying,  
 Faith's defying, 250  
 Heart's renying,  
 Causer of this.

All my merry jigs are quite forgot,  
 All my lady's love is lost, God wot:  
 Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,  
 There a nay is placed without remove.  
 One silly cross  
 Wrought all my loss;  
 O frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame!  
 For now I see 260  
 Inconstancy  
 More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,  
 All fears scorn I,  
 Love hath forlorn me,  
 Living in thrall:  
 Heart is bleeding,  
 All help needing,  
 O cruel speeding,  
 Fraughted with gall. 270  
 My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal;  
 My wether's bell rings doleful knell;  
 My curtail\* dog, that wont to have play'd, \*Cur.  
 Plays not at all, but seems afraid;  
 My sighs so deep  
 Procure to weep,  
 In howling wise, to see my doleful plight.  
 How sighs resound  
 Through heartless ground,  
 Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody  
 fight! 280

Clear wells spring not,  
 Sweet birds sing not,  
 Green plants bring not  
 Forth their dye;  
 Herds stand weeping,  
 Flocks all sleeping,  
 Nymphs back peeping  
 Fearfully:  
 All our pleasure known to us poor swains,  
 All our merry meetings on the plains, 290  
 All our evening sport from us is fled,  
 All our love is lost, for Love is dead.

Farewell, sweet lass,  
 Thy like ne'er was  
     For a sweet content, the cause of all my  
     moan:  
 Poor Corydon  
 Must live alone;  
     Other help for him I see that there is none.

## XIX.

When as thine eye hath chose the dame,  
 And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst strike, 300  
 Let reason rule things worthy blame,  
 † As well as fancy partial might:  
     Take counsel of some wiser head,  
     Neither too young nor yet unwed.

And when thou comest thy tale to tell,  
 Smooth not thy tongue with filed\* talk,      \*Polished.  
 Lest she some subtle practice smell,—  
 A cripple soon can find a halt;—  
     But plainly say thou lovest her well,  
     And set thy person forth to sell.      310

What though her frowning brows be bent,  
 Her cloudy looks will calm ere night:  
 And then too late she will repent  
 That thus dissembled her delight;  
     And twice desire, ere it be day,  
     That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,  
 And ban\* and brawl, and say thee nay,      \*Curse.  
 Her feeble force will yield at length,  
 When craft hath taught her thus to say,      320  
     'Had women been so strong as men,  
     In faith, you had not had it then.'

And to her will frame all thy ways;  
 Spare not to spend, and chiefly there  
 Where thy desert may merit praise,  
 By ringing in thy lady's ear:  
     The strongest castle, tower, and town,  
     The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,  
And in thy suit be humble true; 330  
Unless thy lady prove unjust,  
Press never thou to choose anew:  
When time shall serve, be thou not slack  
To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,  
Dissembled with an outward show,  
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,  
The cock that treads them shall not know.  
Have you not heard it said full oft,  
A woman's nay doth stand for nought? 340

† Think women still to strive with men,  
To sin and never for to saint:  
There is no heaven, by holy then,  
When time with age doth them attain.  
Were kisses all the joys in bed,  
One woman would another wed.

But, soft ! enough, too much, I fear;  
Lest that my mistress hear my song,  
She will not stick to round me i' the ear,  
To teach my tongue to be so long: 350  
Yet will she blush, here be it said,  
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

## [xx.]

Live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,  
And all the craggy mountains yields.  
There will we sit upon the rocks,  
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, by whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals. 360

There will I make thee a bed of roses,  
With a thousand fragrant posies,  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,  
 With coral clasps and amber studs;  
 And if these pleasures may thee move,  
 Then live with me and be my love.

LOVE'S ANSWER.

If that the world and love were young,  
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue, 370  
 These pretty pleasures might me move  
 To live with thee and be thy love.

[XXI.]

As it fell upon a day  
 In the merry month of May,  
 Sitting in a pleasant shade  
 Which a grove of myrtles made,  
 Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,  
 Trees did grow, and plants did spring;  
 Every thing did banish moan,  
 Save the nightingale alone: 380  
 She, poor bird, as all forlorn,  
 Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,  
 And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,  
 That to hear it was great pity:  
 'Fie, fie, fie,' now would she cry;  
 'Tereu, tereu!' by and by;  
 That to hear her so complain,  
 Scarce I could from tears refrain;  
 For her griefs, so lively shown,  
 Made me think upon mine own. 390  
 Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain!  
 None takes pity on thy pain:  
 Senseless trees they cannot hear thee;  
 Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee:  
 King Pandion he is dead;  
 All thy friends are lapp'd in lead;  
 All thy fellow birds do sing,  
 Careless of thy sorrowing.

Even so, poor bird, like thee,  
None alive will pity me. 400  
Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,  
Thou and I were both beguiled.

Every one that flatters thee  
Is no friend in misery.  
Words are easy, like the wind;  
Faithful friends are hard to find:  
Every man will be thy friend  
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;  
But if store of crowns be scant,  
No man will supply thy want. 410  
If that one be prodigal,  
Bountiful they will him call,  
And with such-like flattering,  
'Pity but he were a king;'  
If he be addict to vice,  
Quickly him they will entice;  
If to women he be bent,  
They have at commandement:  
But if Fortune once do frown,  
Then farewell his great renown; 420  
They that fawn'd on him before  
Use his company no more.

He that is thy friend indeed,  
He will help thee in thy need:  
If thou sorrow, he will weep;  
If thou wake, he cannot sleep;  
Thus of every grief in heart  
He with thee doth bear a part.  
These are certain signs to know  
Faithful friend from flattering foe. 430

## THE PHŒNIX AND THE TURTLE.

LET the bird of loudest lay,  
 On the sole Arabian tree,  
 Herald sad and trumpet be,  
 To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,  
 Foul precurrer of the fiend,  
 Augur of the fever's end,  
 To this troop come thou not near!

From this session interdict  
 Every fowl of tyrant wing,  
 Save the eagle, feather'd king:  
 Keep the obsequy so strict. 10

Let the priest in surplice white,  
 That defunctive music can,  
 Be the death-divining swan,  
 Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou treble-dated crow,  
 That thy sable gender makest  
 With the breath thou givest and takest,  
 'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go. 20

Here the anthem doth commence:  
 Love and constancy is dead;  
 Phoenix and the turtle fled  
 In a mutual flame from hence.

So they loved, as love in twain  
 Had the essence but in one;  
 Two distincts, division none:  
 Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;  
 Distance, and no space was seen  
 'Twixt the turtle and his queen:  
 But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,  
That the turtle saw his right  
Flaming in the phoenix' sight;  
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appalled,  
That the self was not the same;  
Single nature's double name  
Neither two nor one was called. 40

Reason, in itself confounded,  
Saw division grow together,  
To themselves yet either neither,  
Simple were so well compounded,

That it cried, How true a twain  
Seemeth this concordant one!  
Love hath reason, reason none,  
If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne\*  
To the phoenix and the dove,      \*Lament.  
Co-supremes and stars of love,      50  
As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,  
Grace in all simplicity,  
Here enclosed in cinders lie.

Death is now the phoenix' nest;  
And the turtle's loyal breast  
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity:  
'Twas not their infirmity,      60  
It was married chastity.



Truth may seem, but cannot be;  
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;  
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair  
That are either true or fair;  
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.









1

